

No. 57

SEPT.

# GIGGLE

## COMICS

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a  
**BRAND NEW**  
**COMICS MAGAZINE!**

## BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



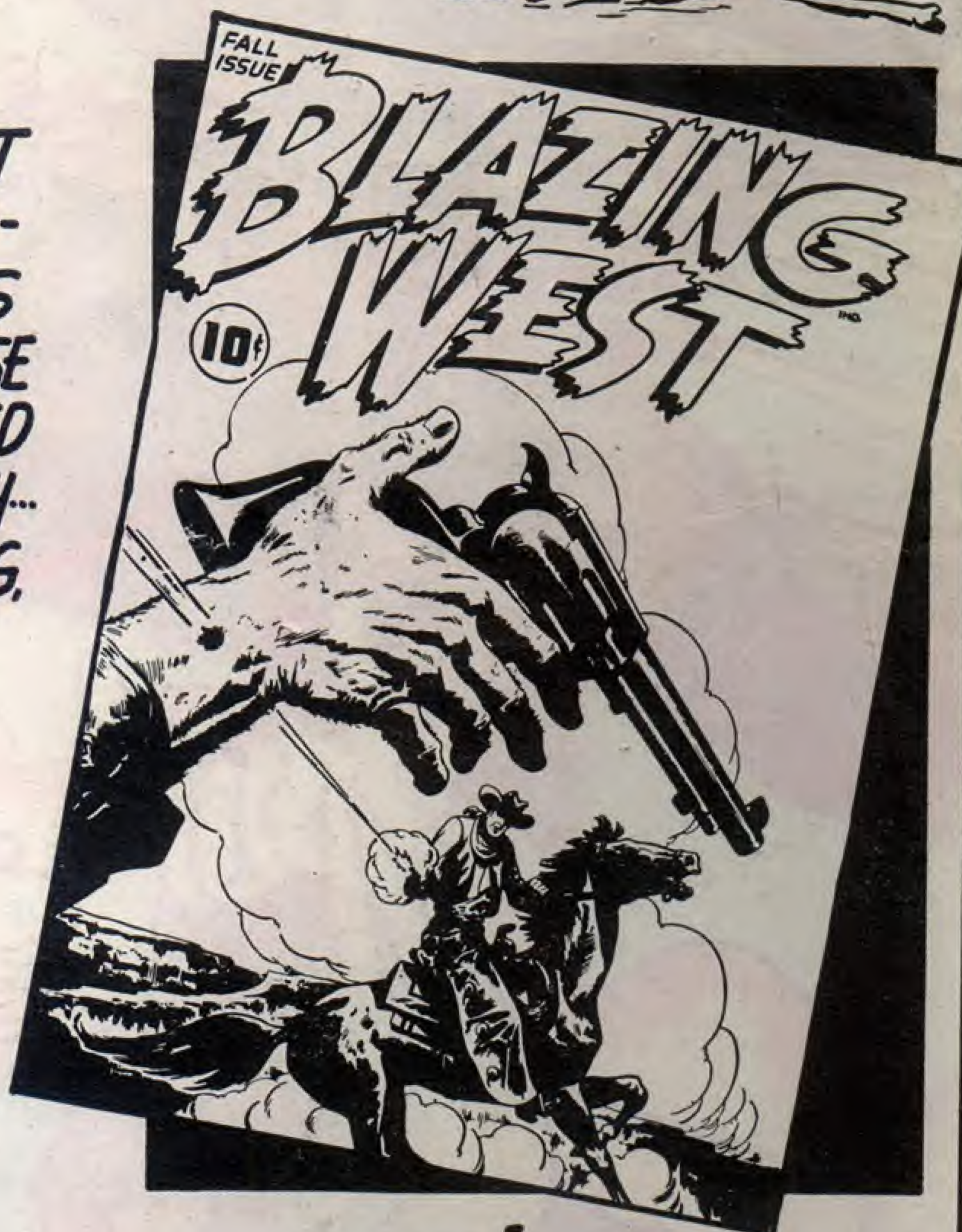
You'll **GASP** AT  
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-  
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS  
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE  
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED  
INJUNS ON THE WARRPATH...  
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,  
FAST-RIDING COWBOY  
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a  
western like this...  
it's an action-packed  
killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## BLAZING WEST!



**10¢** ON ALL  
STANDS



# SUPERKATT

...HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL, WITH A LONG NOSE AND WHISKERS! HE'S **PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1!**...IF YOU SHOULD SEE THIS CROOK OR HAVE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING HIS WHEREABOUTS, NOTIFY "**CRIME KILLERS**" IN CARE OF THIS STATION AT ONCE!

HEY! WOSSAMATTER, DOPEY... YA **BLIND?**

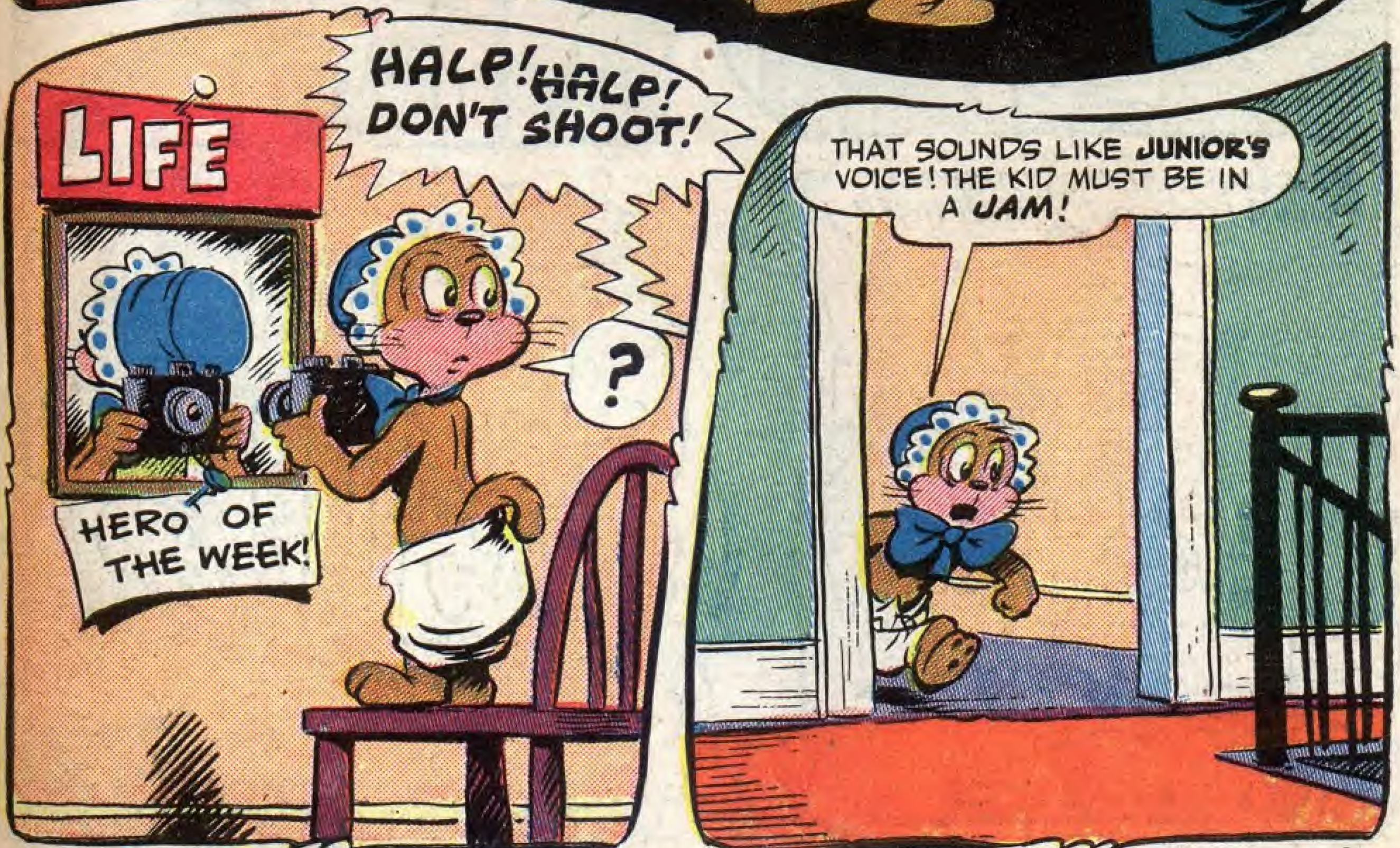


HALP! HALP!  
DON'T SHOOT!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE JUNIOR'S VOICE! THE KID MUST BE IN A JAM!

LIFE

HERO OF THE WEEK!





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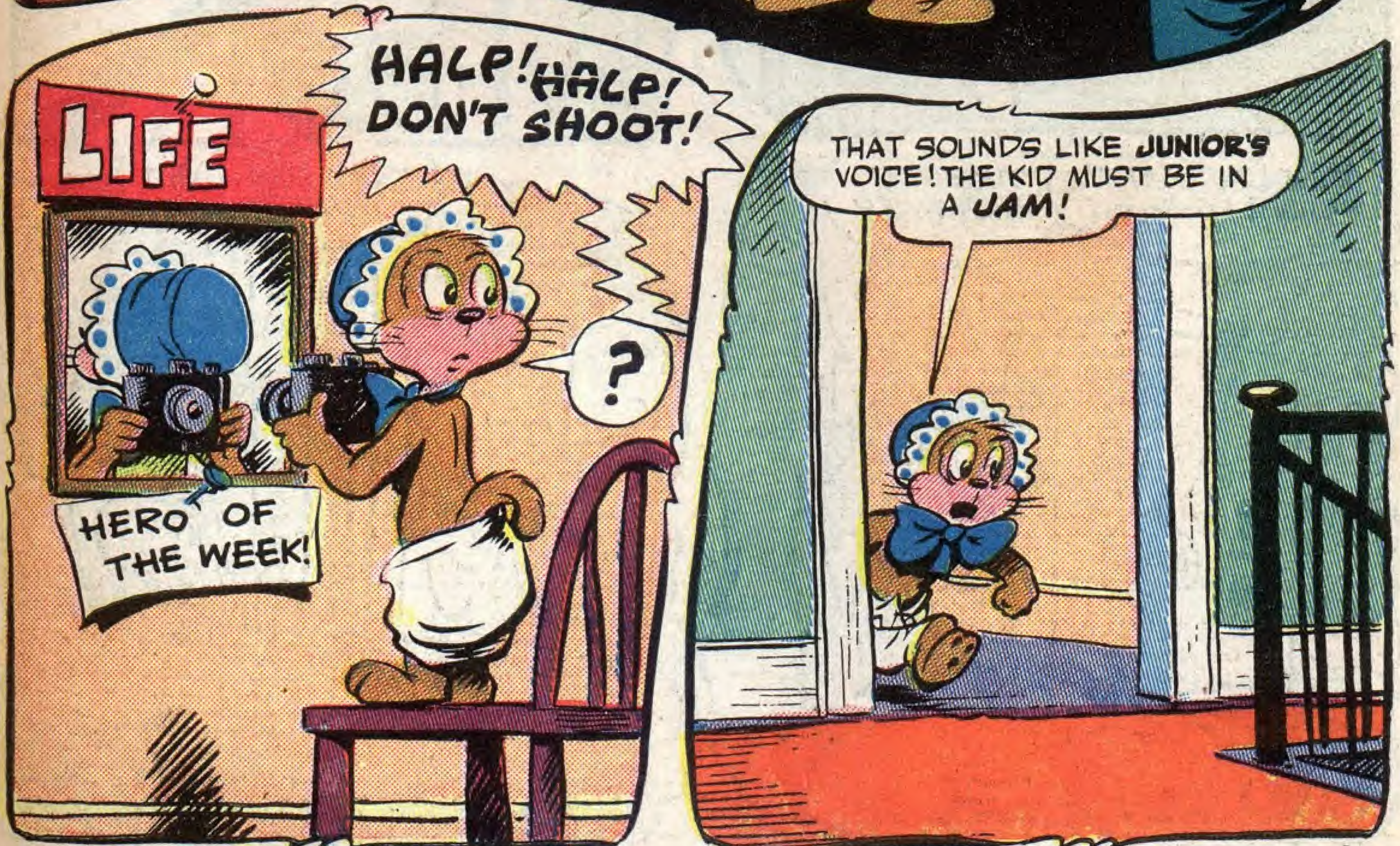


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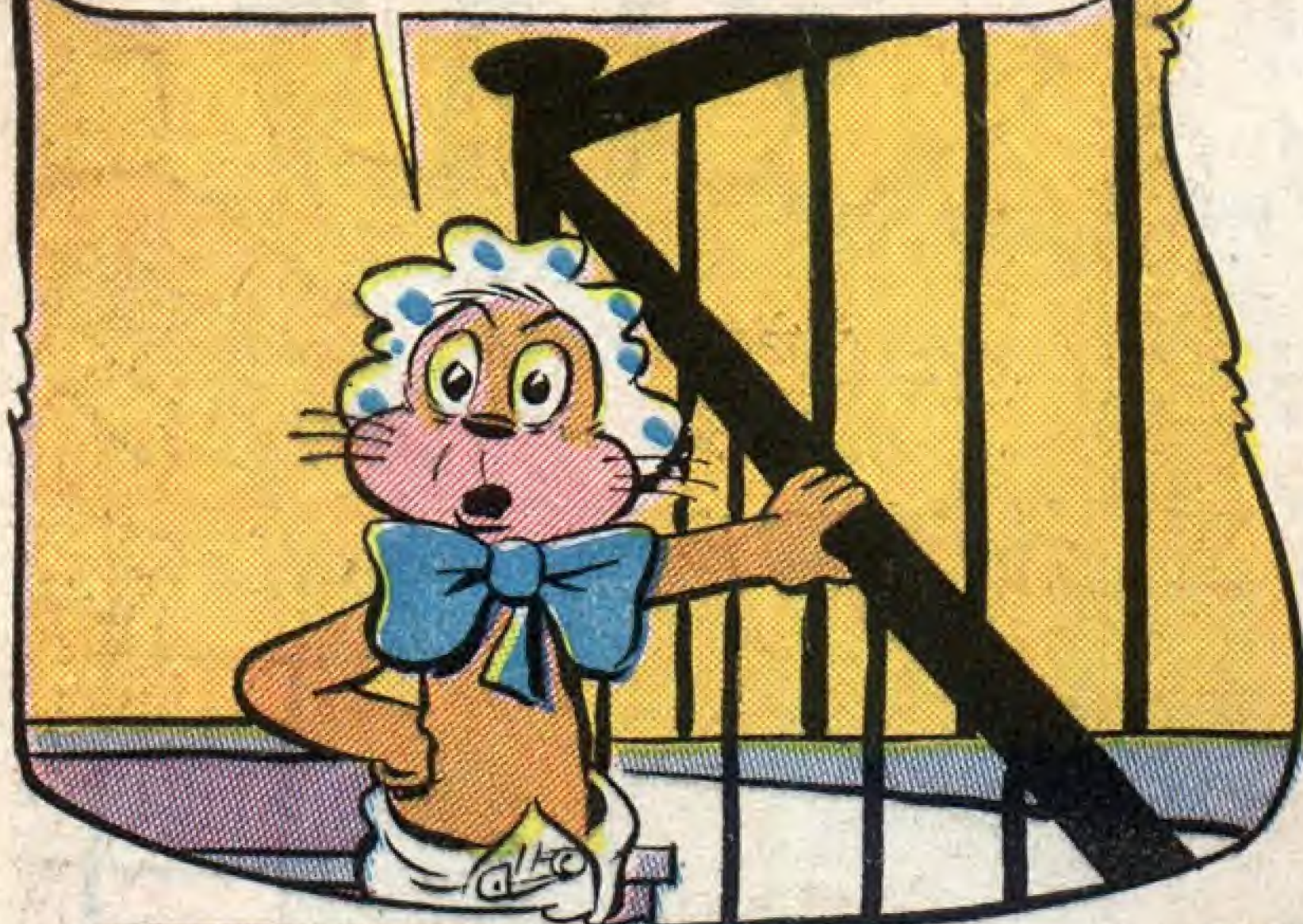
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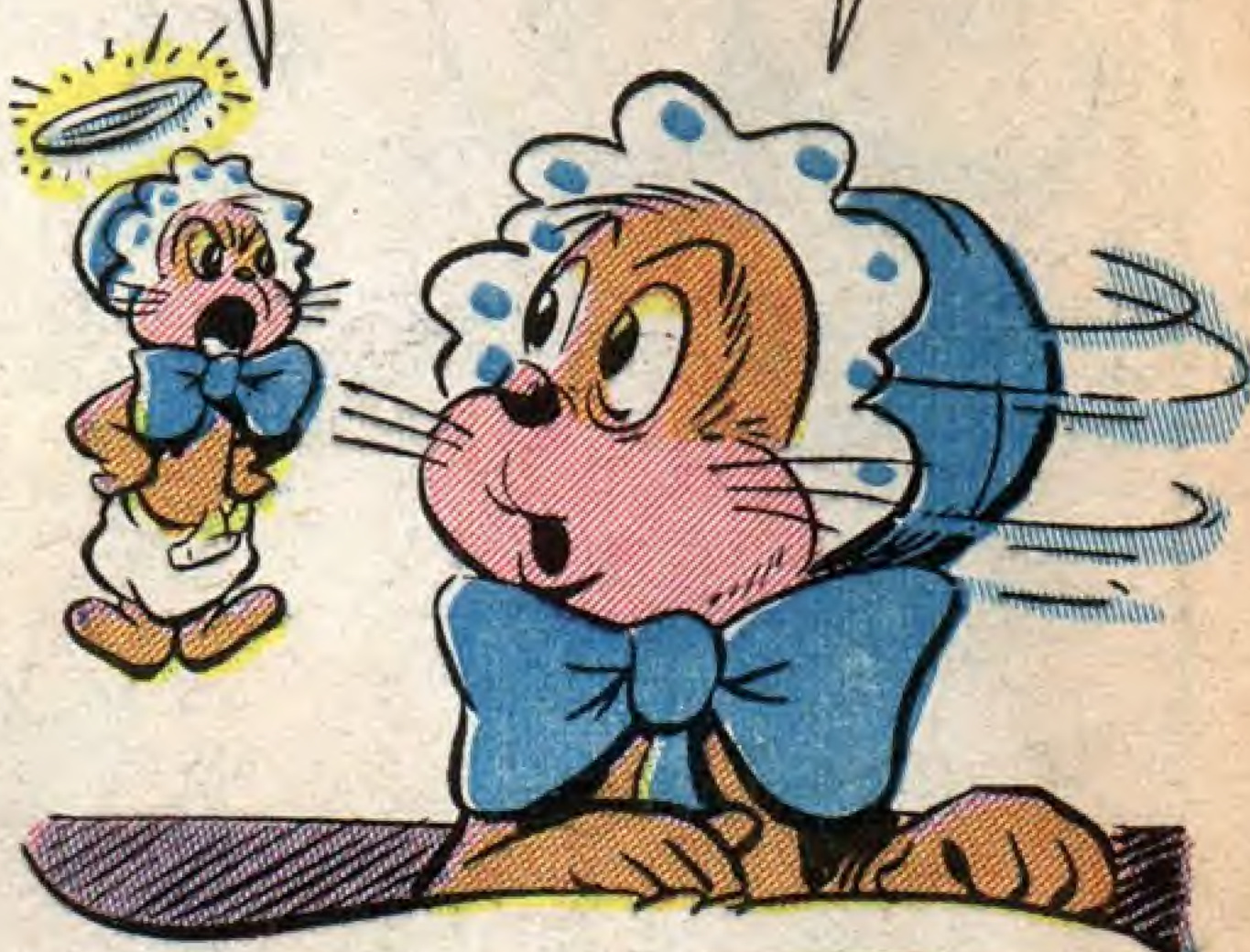


COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY SHOULD I CARE IF HE'S IN A JAM? HE'S NOTHING BUT A THORN IN MY SIDE! HE'S SELFISH AND MEAN AND...



**SUPERKATT!**

**HUH?**



FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THIS MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FEEL IF THAT POOR LITTLE FELLOW'S LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT?

ER...



AND WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE *ST. PETER* IS GOING TO SAY TO YOU WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR YOU TO KNOCK ON THOSE PEARLY GATES?



I'M **SUPERKATT!**  
...MAY I COME IN?

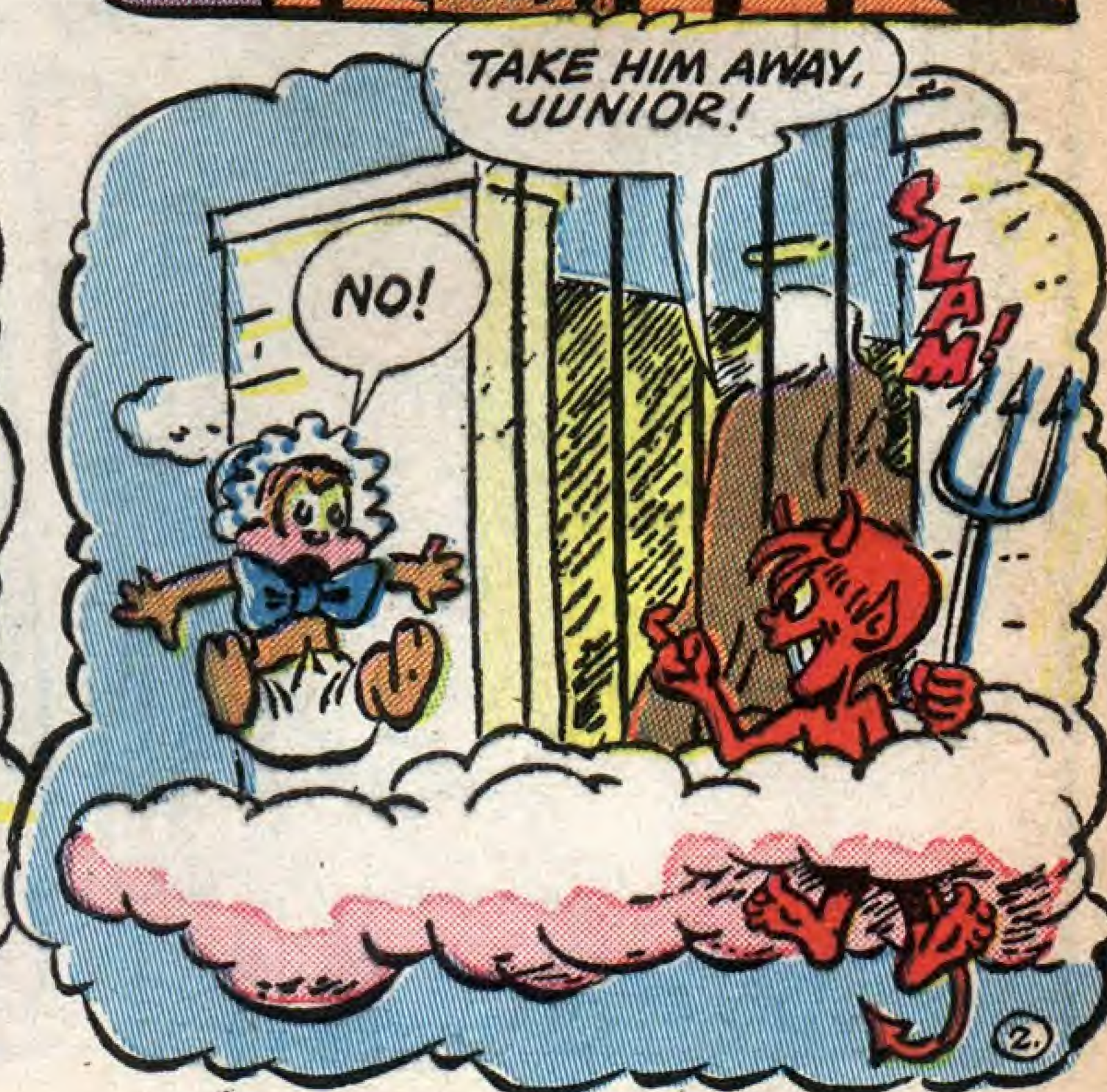
ARE YOU KIDDING?



TAKE HIM AWAY, JUNIOR!

**NO!**

**SLAM!**





HEY THERE, SUPE, ME  
FRIEND...**WOT'S UP?**  
YA LOOK LIKE YA  
JUST FOUND OUT  
DERE WUZNT NO  
**SANNY CLAWS!**

NO, HUMPHREY...IT'S NOT  
THAT! IT'S THESE **TELEVISION  
MURDER PROGRAMS!** THEY'RE  
A **BAD INFLUENCE!**

I WOULDN'T KNOW  
...I NEVER SEEN  
ONE! WOT'RE  
DEY LIKE?

WELL,  
THEY'RE...

**LISTEN!** THERE'S  
ONE COMING FROM  
THAT HOUSE NOW!

OH, YOU WILL,  
WILL YOU?

YAS,  
I WILL!

OVER MY  
DEAD BODY,  
YA WILL!

HAVE IT  
YOUR WAY!

**REALISTIC,**  
AINT IT?

OW!

**TSK, TSK!** IF YOUSE DIDN'T  
TELL ME, I'D NEVER BELIEVE  
DAT WUZ A RADIO  
PROGRAMMY!

WOT PROGRAMMY  
WUZ YA LISTENIN'  
TO, BUB?

**THAT WAS NO  
PROGRAM, THAT  
WAS MY WIFE!**

WELL, ANYWAY, ALL THESE CRIME  
PROGRAMS ON THE AIR ARE A  
BAD INFLUENCE ON THE KIDS!  
GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT  
THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE!

AW,  
SUPE...I  
THINK YER  
EGGSAGGERA-  
TIN'!

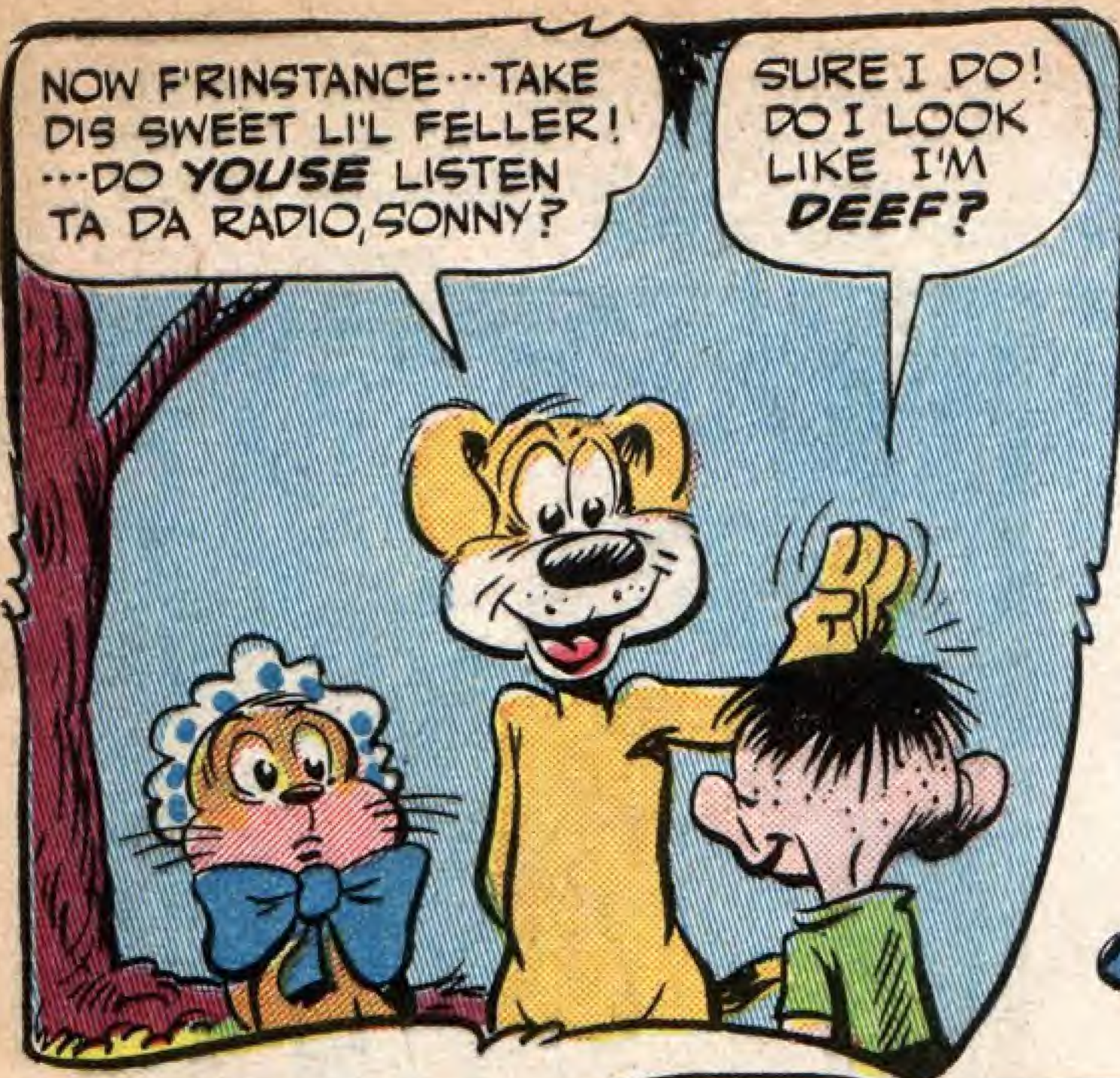


NOW F'R INSTANCE...TAKE  
DIS SWEET LI'L FELLER!  
...DO **YOUSE** LISTEN  
TA DA RADIO, SONNY?

SURE I DO!  
DO I LOOK  
LIKE I'M  
**DEEF?**

WELL, TELL ME WOTCHA  
GONNA BE WHEN YA  
GROW UP!...**A  
PRESIDENT?...  
A SENATOR?...  
A...**

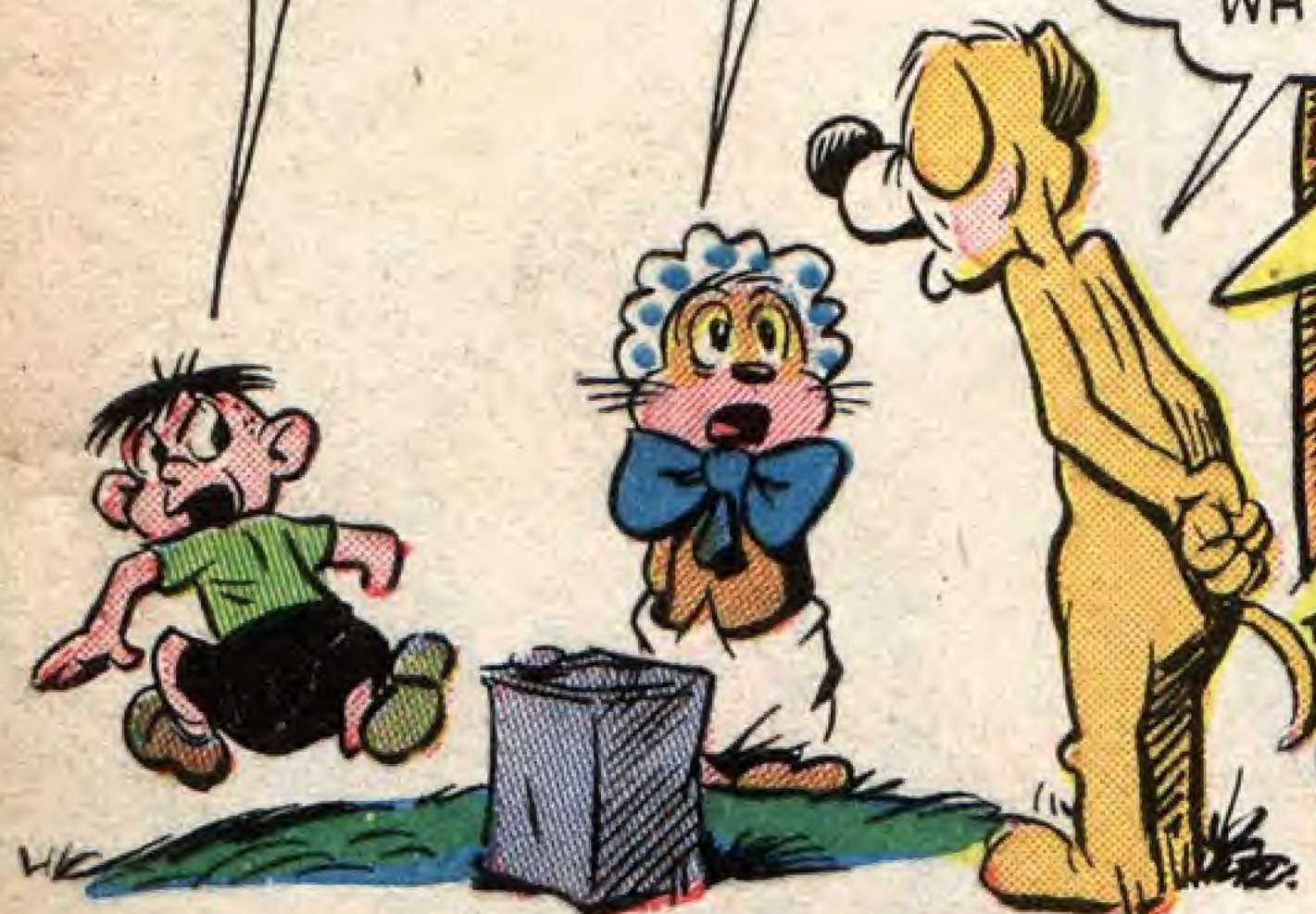
STOW IT, DOGFACE!  
I'M GONNA BE A  
**MAD SCIENTIST!**  
...**LOOK!** I JUST  
BUILT ME **FOIST  
ATOM BOMB!**



YA BETTER SCRAM  
...IT'LL GO OFF IN  
A SECOND!

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN,  
HUMPHREY?

AW, IT'S  
JUST DA  
INNERCENT  
IMAGINATION  
OF A CHILD!  
WHY...



I SEE WOT  
YA MEAN,  
**SUPERKATT!**

**THAT  
SETTLES IT!**  
AS SOON AS WE  
LAND, I'M GOING  
TO DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT  
IT!

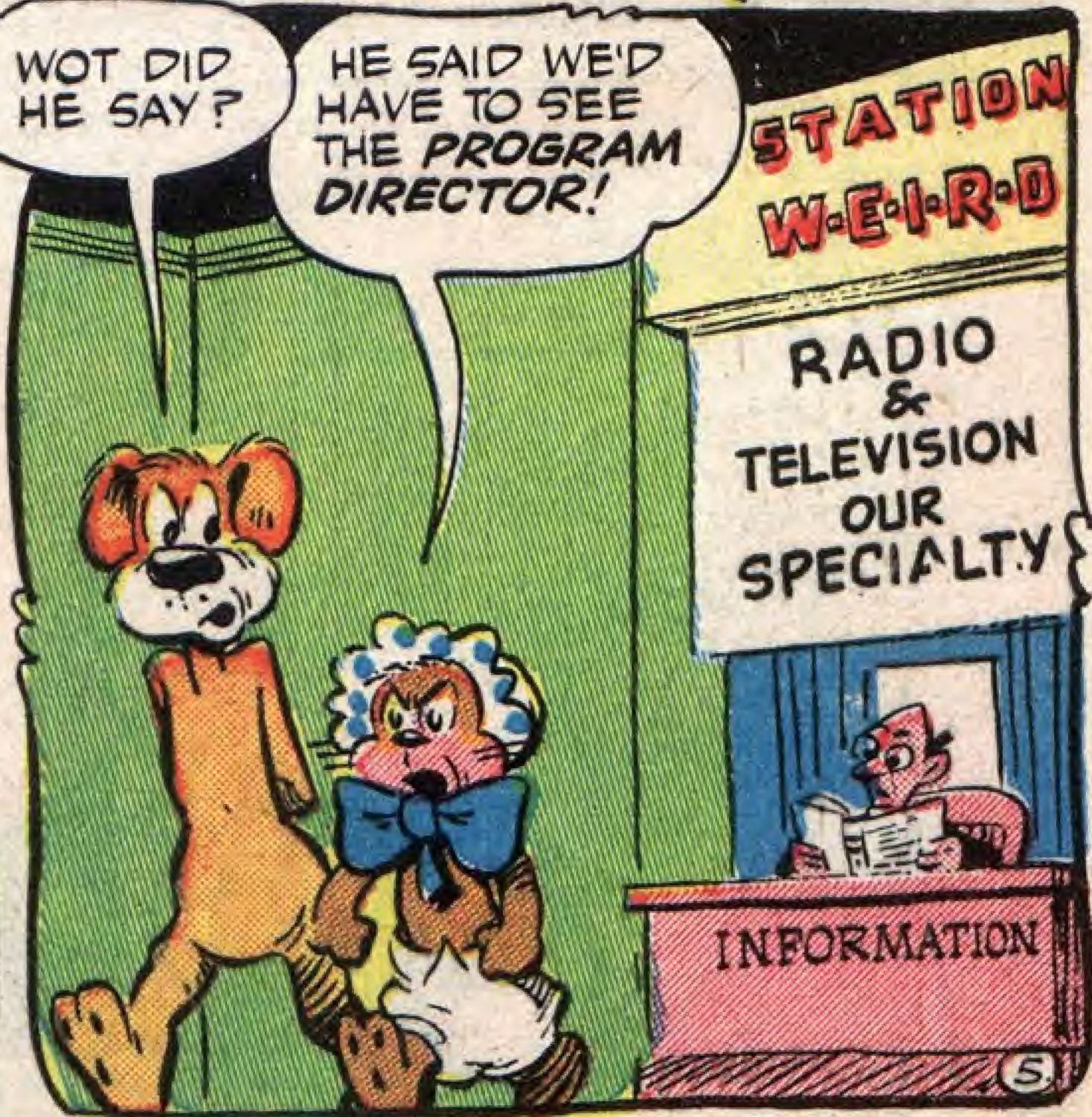
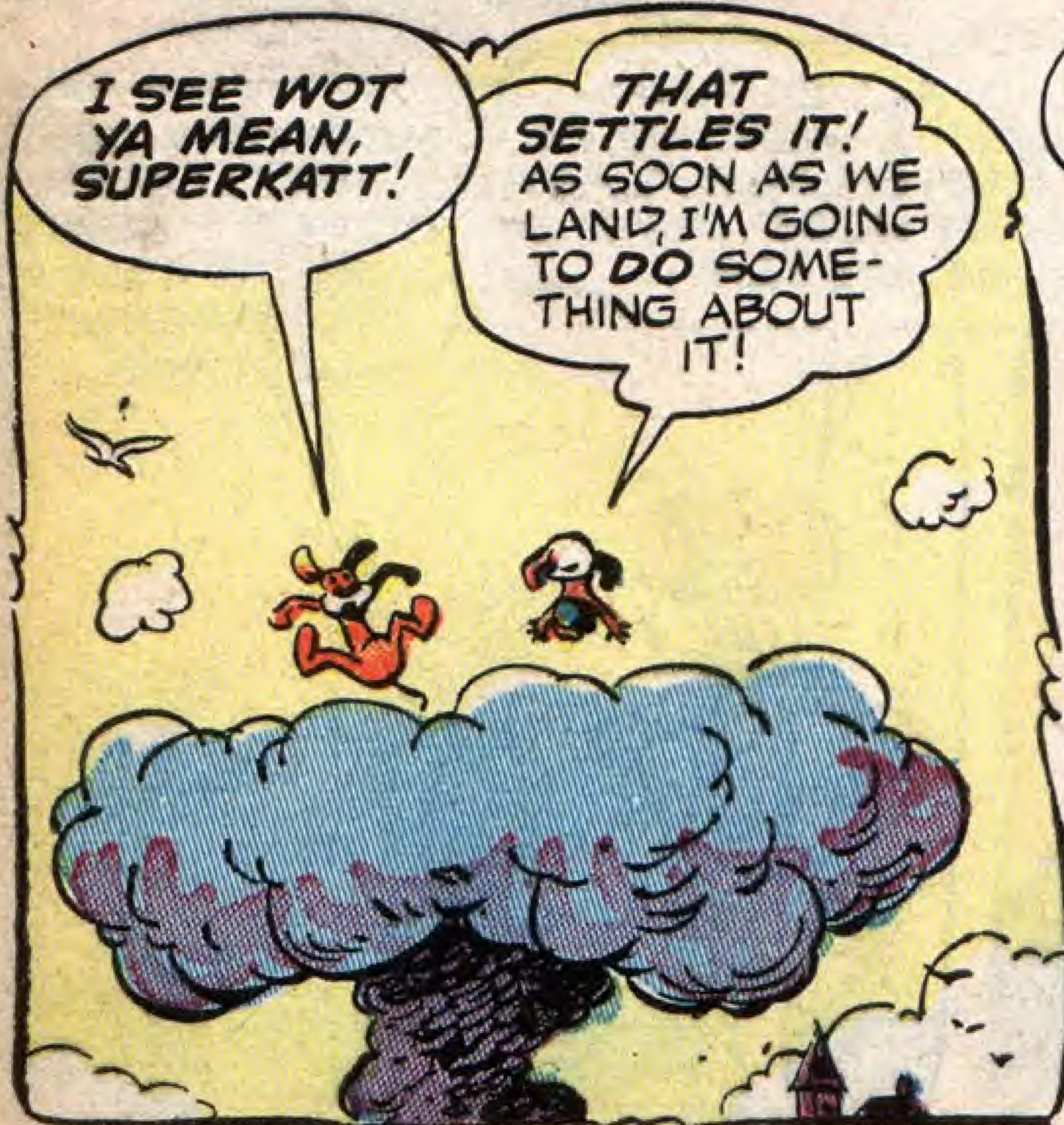
WOT DID  
HE SAY?

HE SAID WE'D  
HAVE TO SEE  
THE **PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR!**

**STATION  
W-E-I-R-D**

**RADIO  
&  
TELEVISION  
OUR  
SPECIALTY**

**INFORMATION**





HMMM... I DON'T  
SEE ANY DOOR  
MARKED **PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR!**

I'LL KNOCK  
HERE AN' ASK  
SOMEBODY!

AH SAY... SOMEBODY'S POUNDIN' MAH PANEL!  
SPEAK UP, SON... WHAT'S ON YO' MIND? AH'M  
SENATOR CLAGHORN! AH'M FROM THE SOUTH  
...THE DEEP SOUTH, THAT IS!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

?

?

OH... FORGIVE ME FOR GOING  
INTO MY ACT! I'M EXPECTING  
**FRED ALLEN**, AND FOR A  
MOMENT I THOUGHT **YOU**  
WERE HE! HA-HA!

IT'S ALL **OUR**  
FAULT, SIR... WE  
GOT THE WRONG  
DOOR!... C'MON,  
HUMPHREY!

HEY, DIS FREDDIE ALLEN  
MUST BE SOME HAN'SOME  
GENT IF HE LOOKS LIKE  
**ME!** HUH, SUPE?

SH-HHH!  
HERE HE  
COMES  
NOW!

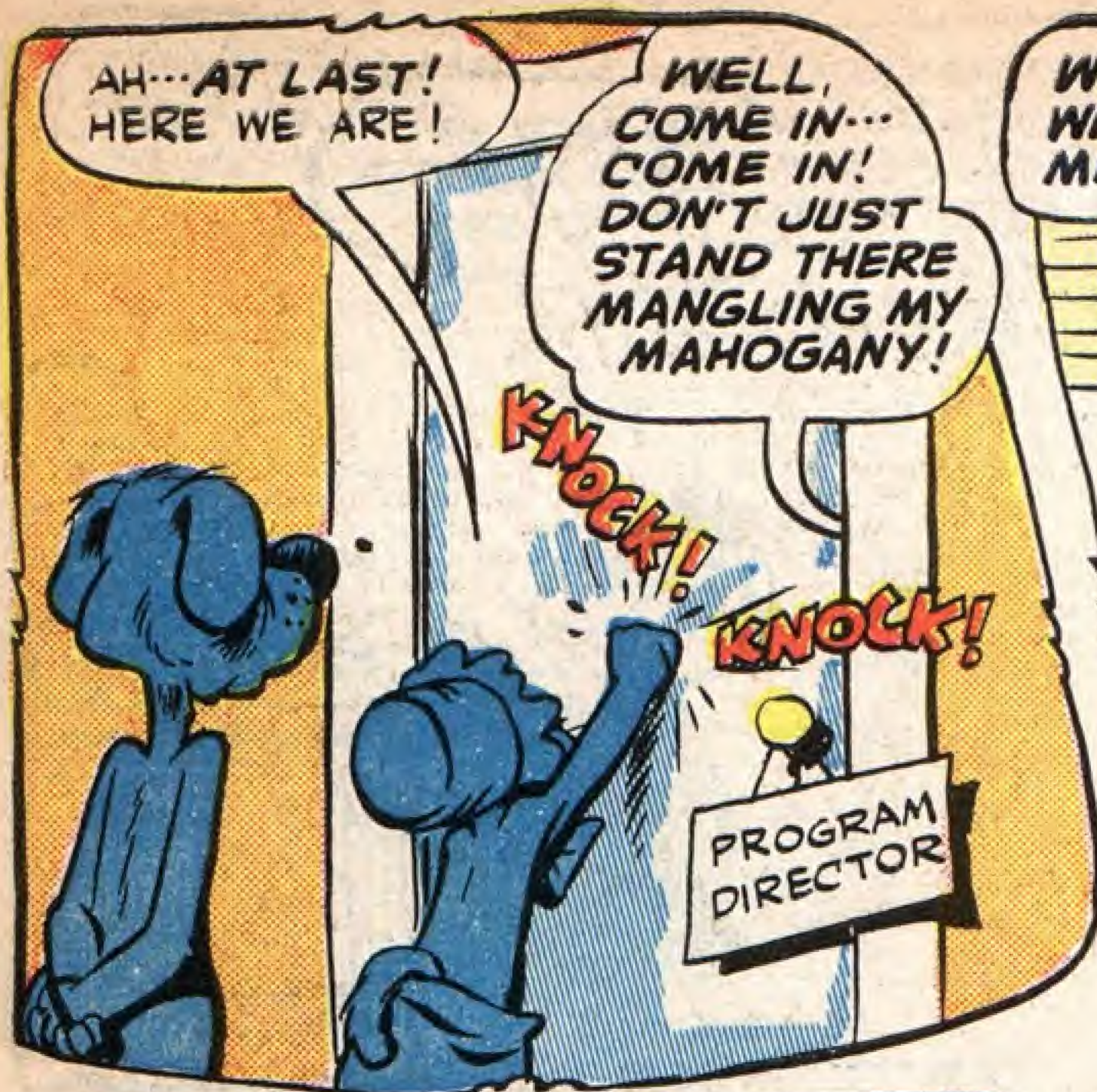
**GULP!**

!

WELL, OF ALL DA FUNNY-  
LOOKIN'... REMIND ME TA  
GET ONE OF DEM PLASTIC  
SOIGERY JOBS DONE ON  
ME KISSER!

OKAY, BEAUTIFUL  
...BUT LEAVE  
US NOT FORGET  
WHAT WE CAME  
HERE FOR!





AH...AT LAST!  
HERE WE ARE!

WELL,  
COME IN...  
COME IN!  
DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE  
MANGLING MY  
MAHOAGANY!

KNOCK!

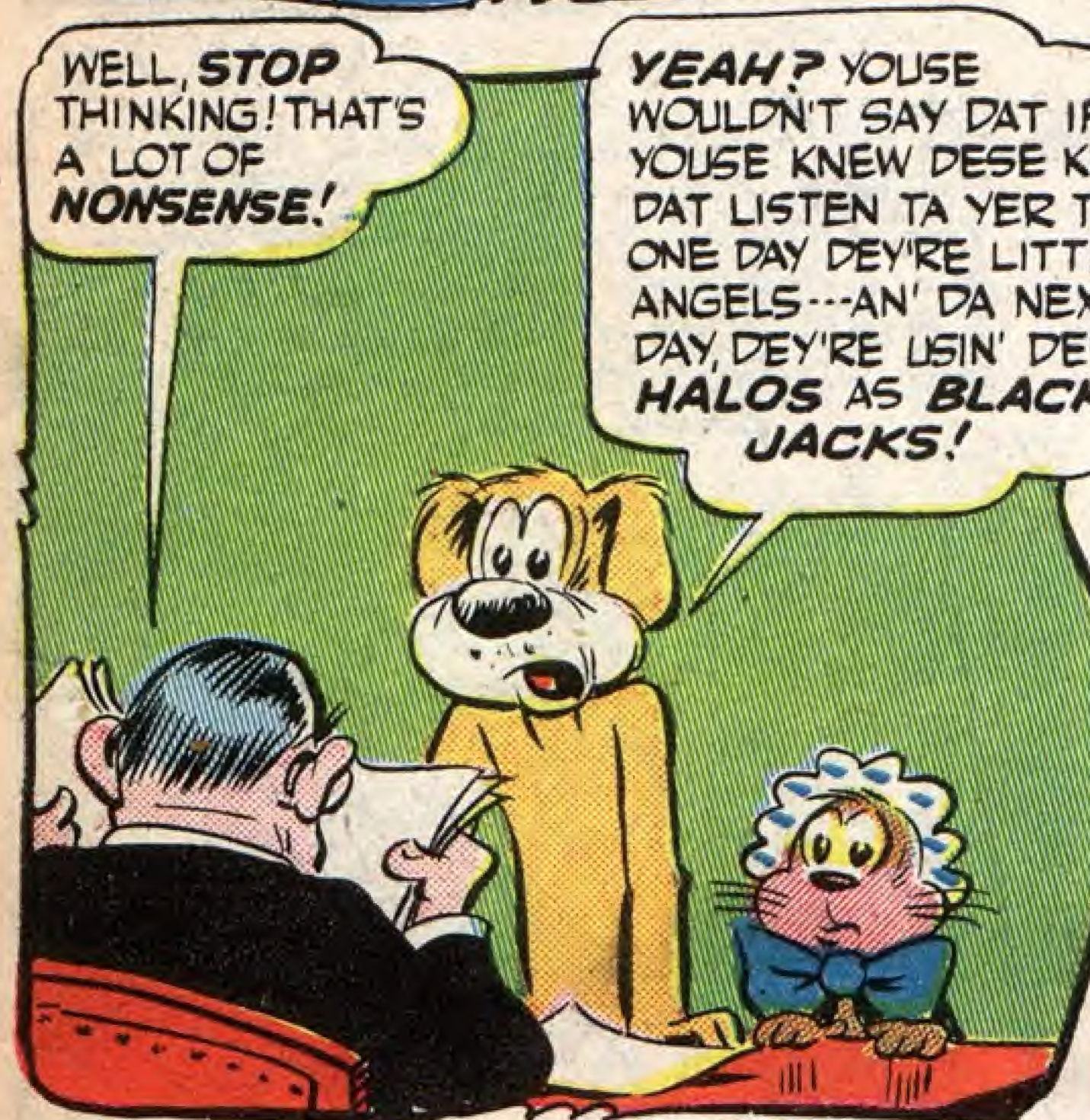
KNOCK!

PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR



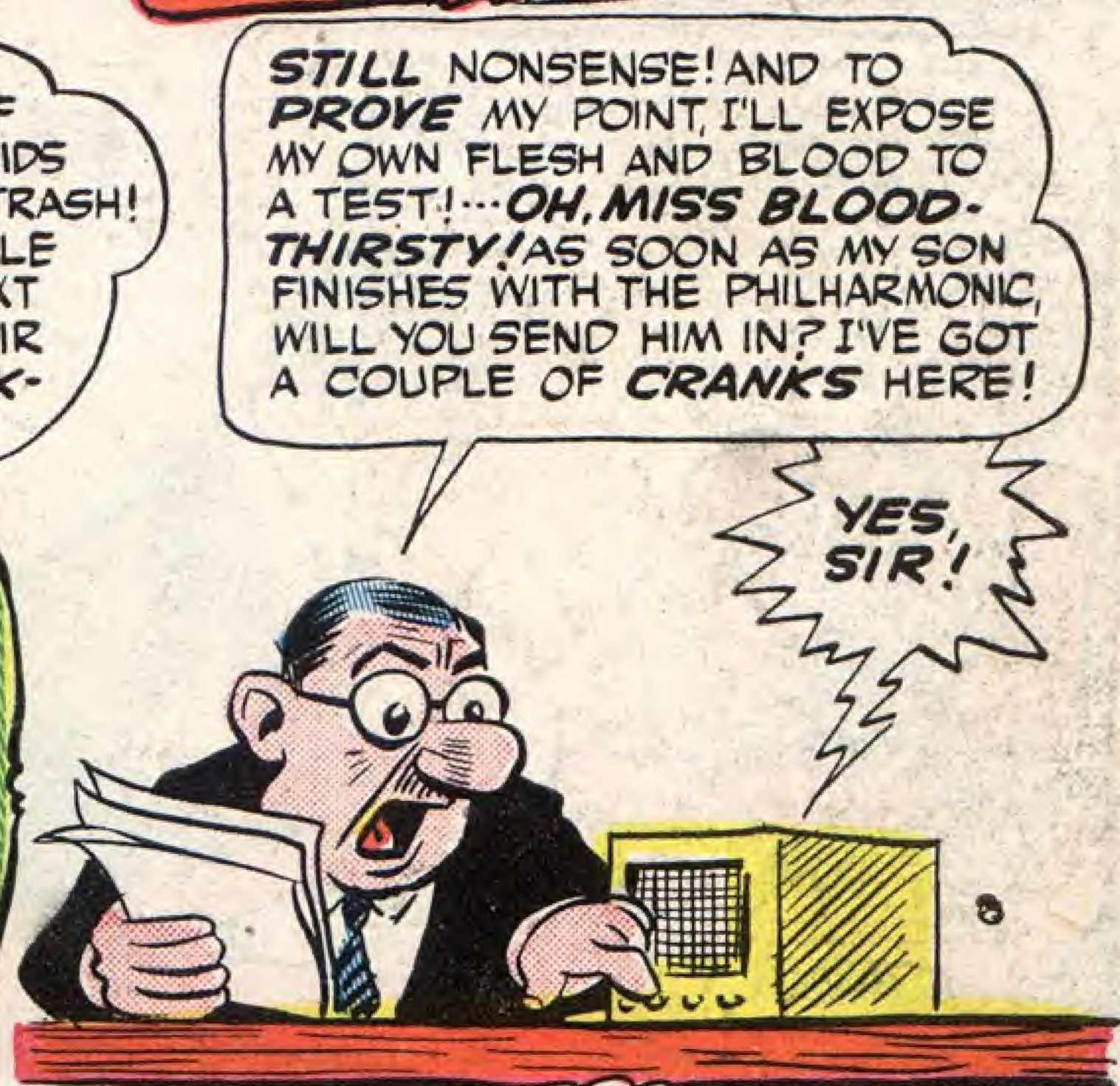
WELL,SPEAK UP!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR  
MIND?I'M A BUSY  
MAN!

MR.THROGSNUFFLE,I  
BELIEVE YOUR RADIO  
AND TELEVISION MURDER  
STORIES ARE A BAD  
INFLUENCE ON THE  
YOUNGER GENERATION!  
AND I THINK...



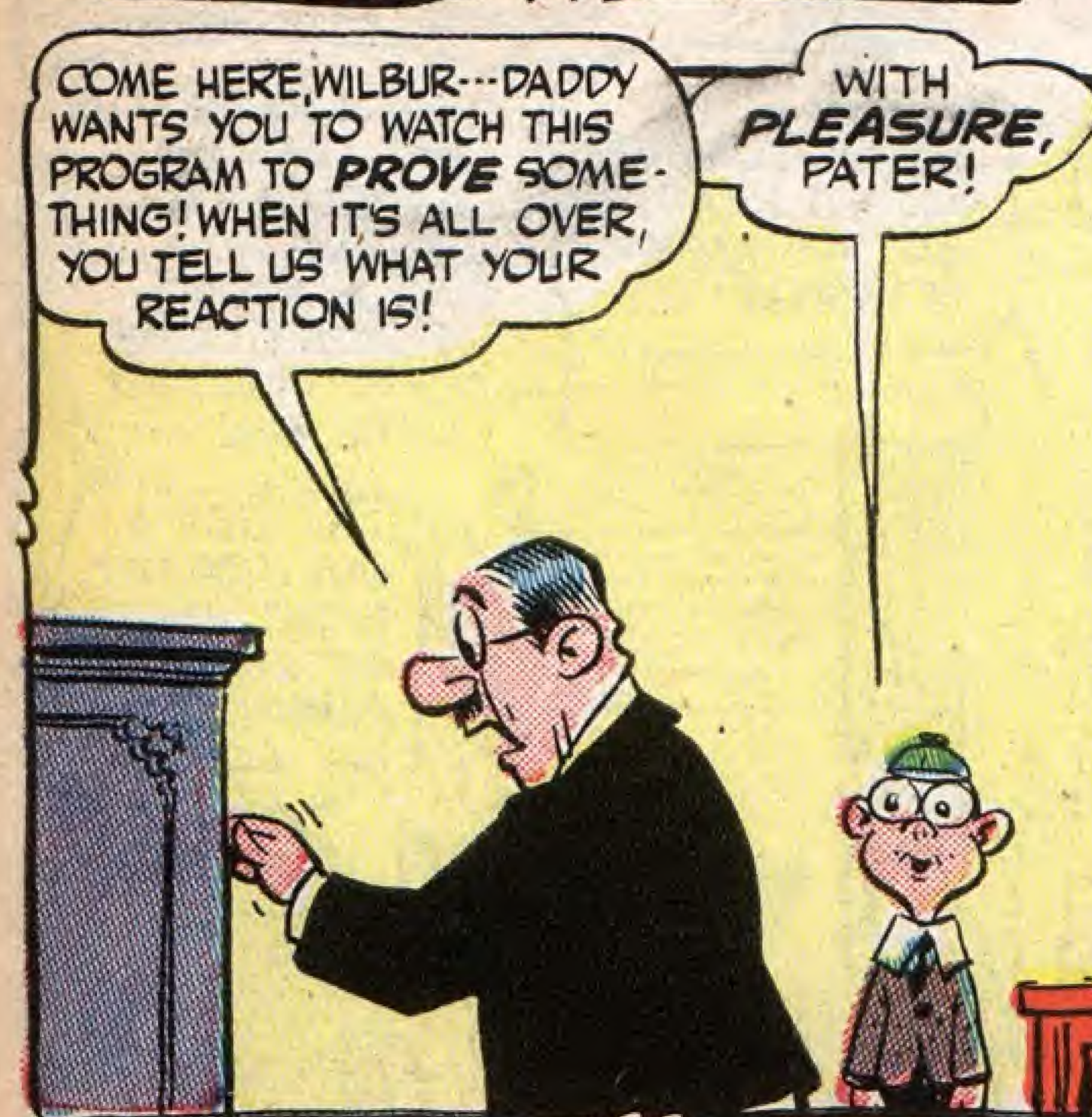
WELL, **STOP**  
THINKING! THAT'S  
A LOT OF  
**NONSENSE!**

**YEAH?** YOUSE  
WOULDN'T SAY DAT IF  
YOUSE KNEW DESE KIDS  
DAT LISTEN TA YER TRASH!  
ONE DAY DEY'RE LITTLE  
ANGELS...AN' DA NEXT  
DAY, DEY'RE USIN' DEIR  
HALOS AS **BLACK-**  
**JACKS!**



**STILL NONSENSE!** AND TO  
**PROVE** MY POINT, I'LL EXPOSE  
MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD TO  
A TEST!...**OH, MISS BLOOD-**  
**THIRSTY!** AS SOON AS MY SON  
FINISHES WITH THE PHILHARMONIC,  
WILL YOU SEND HIM IN? I'VE GOT  
A COUPLE OF **CRANKS** HERE!

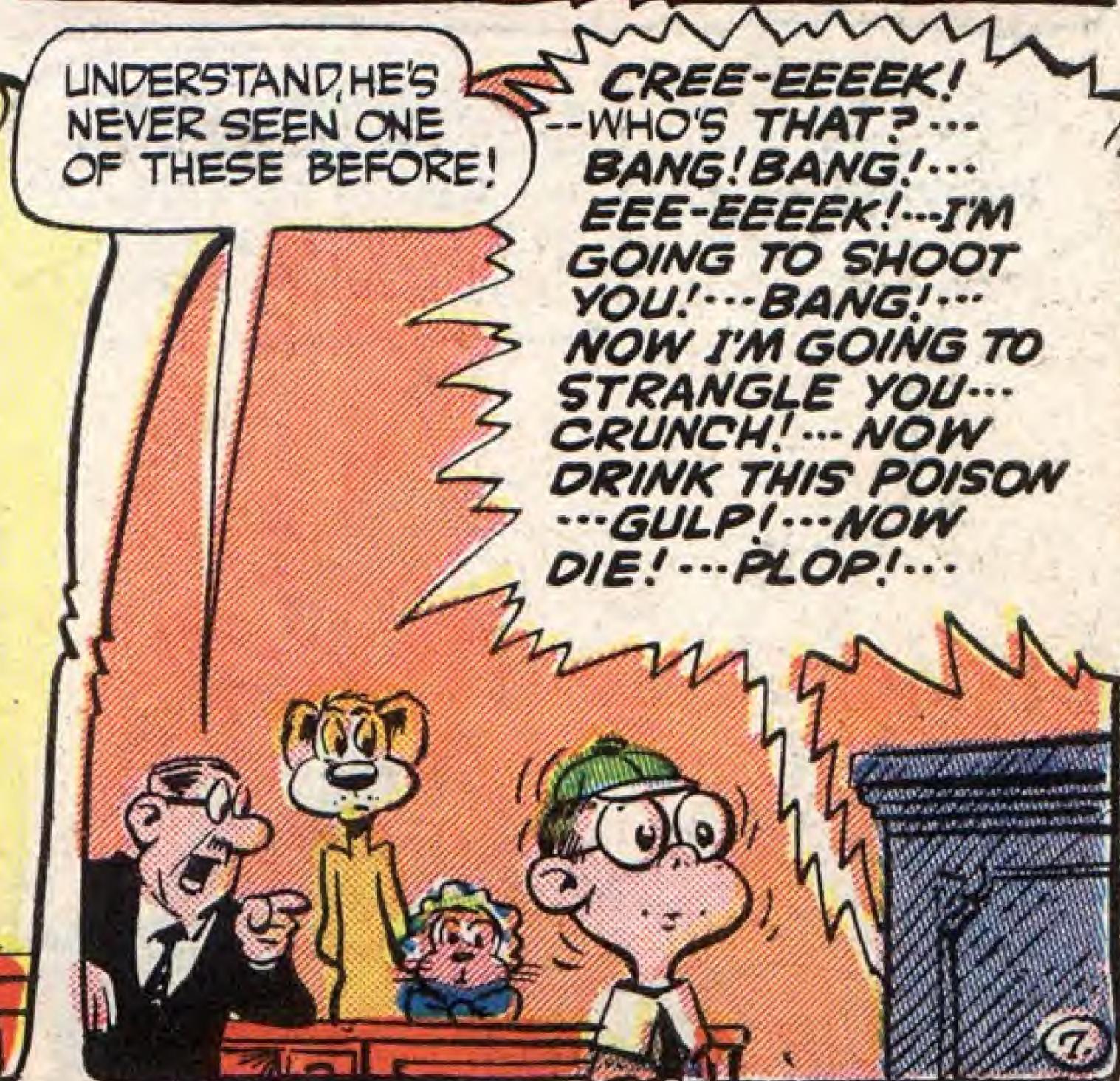
**YES,  
SIR!**



COME HERE, WILBUR...DADDY  
WANTS YOU TO WATCH THIS  
PROGRAM TO **PROVE** SOME-  
THING! WHEN IT'S ALL OVER,  
YOU TELL US WHAT YOUR  
REACTION IS!

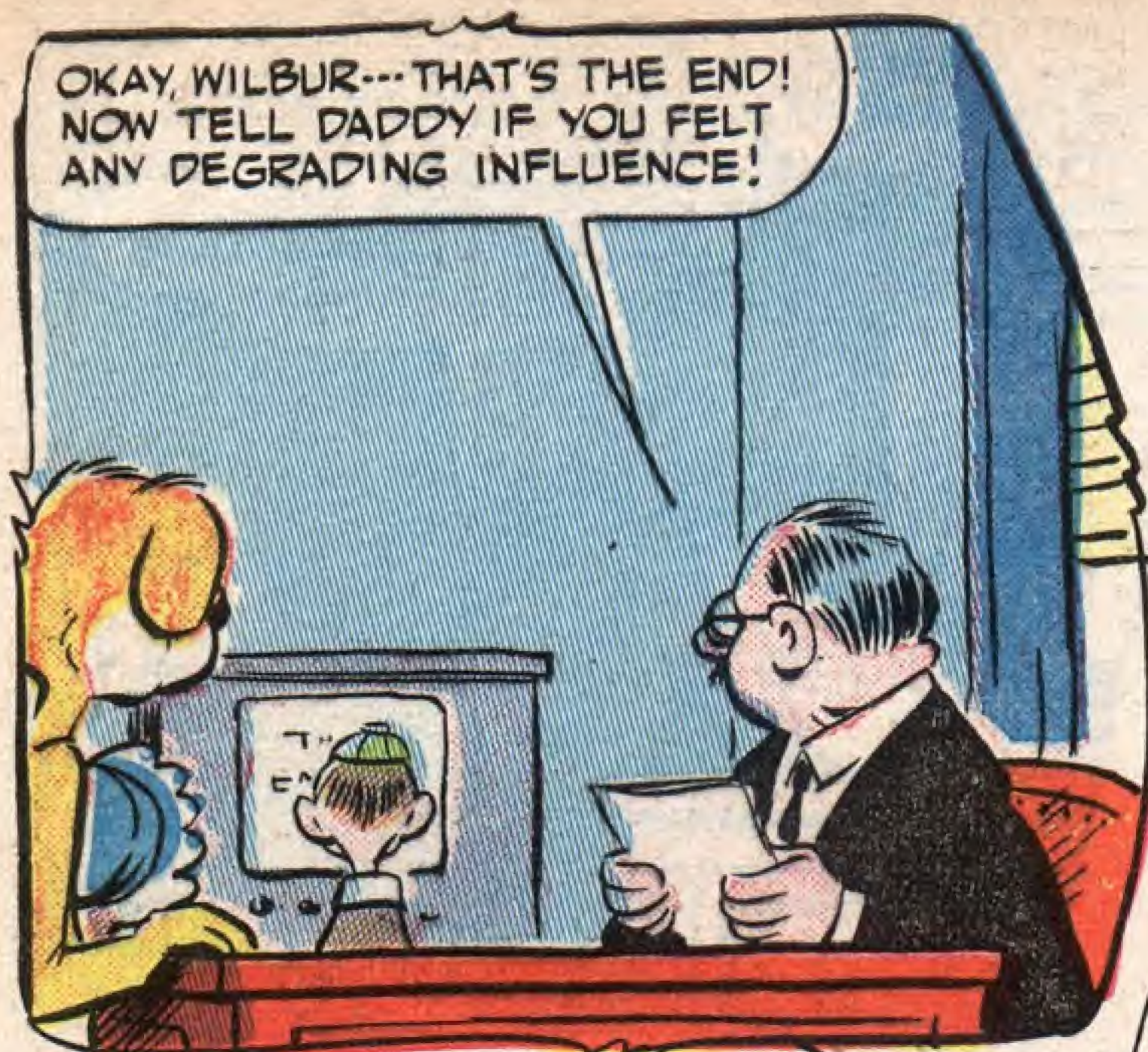
WITH  
**PLEASURE,**  
PATER!

UNDERSTAND, HE'S  
NEVER SEEN ONE  
OF THESE BEFORE!

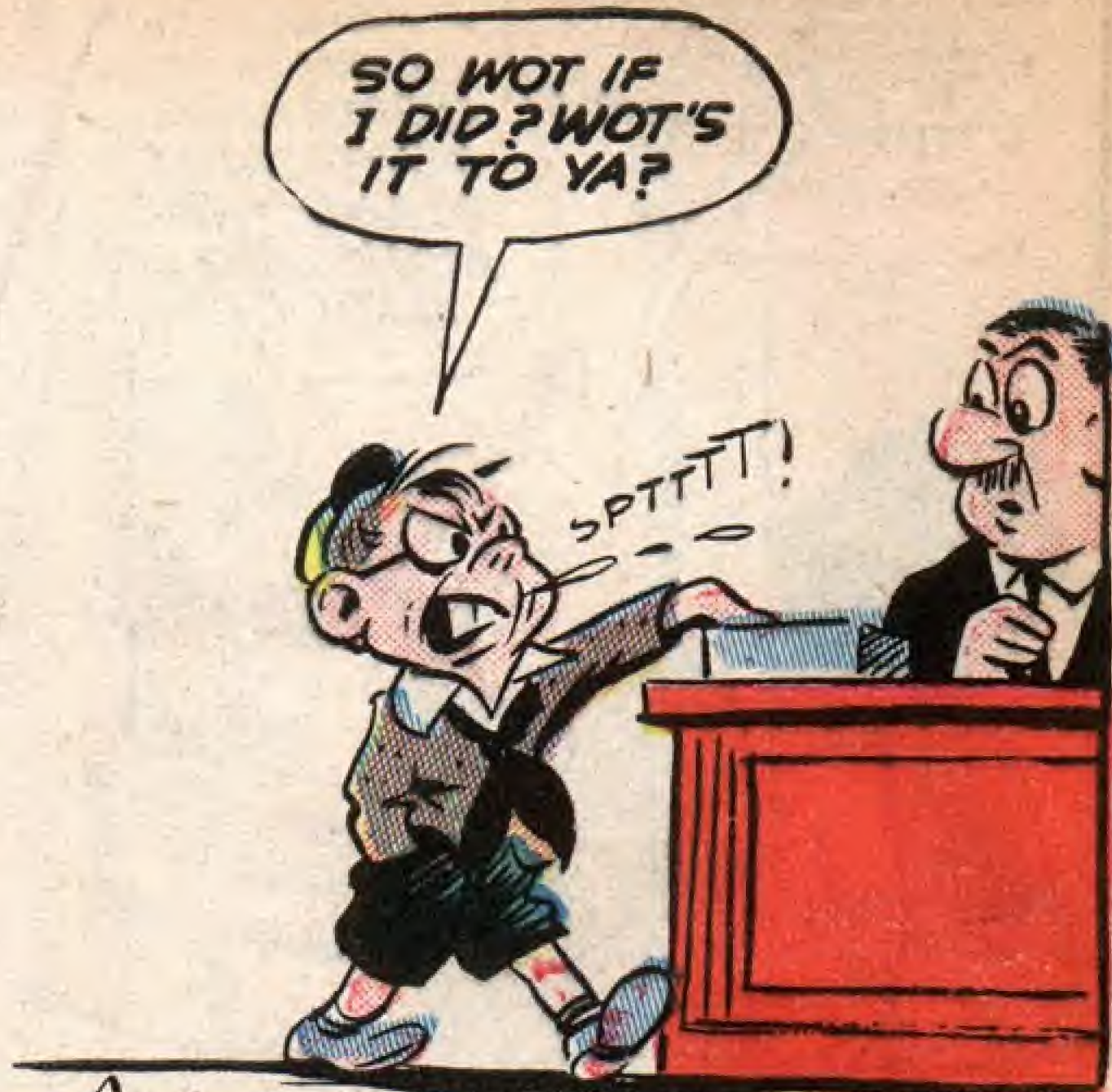


**CREE-EEEEK!**  
--WHO'S THAT?...  
**BANG! BANG!...**  
**EEE-EEEEK!...I'M**  
**GOING TO SHOOT**  
**YOU!...BANG!...**  
**NOW I'M GOING TO**  
**STRANGLE YOU...**  
**CRUNCH!...NOW**  
**DRINK THIS POISON**  
**...GULP!...NOW**  
**DIE!...PLOP!...**



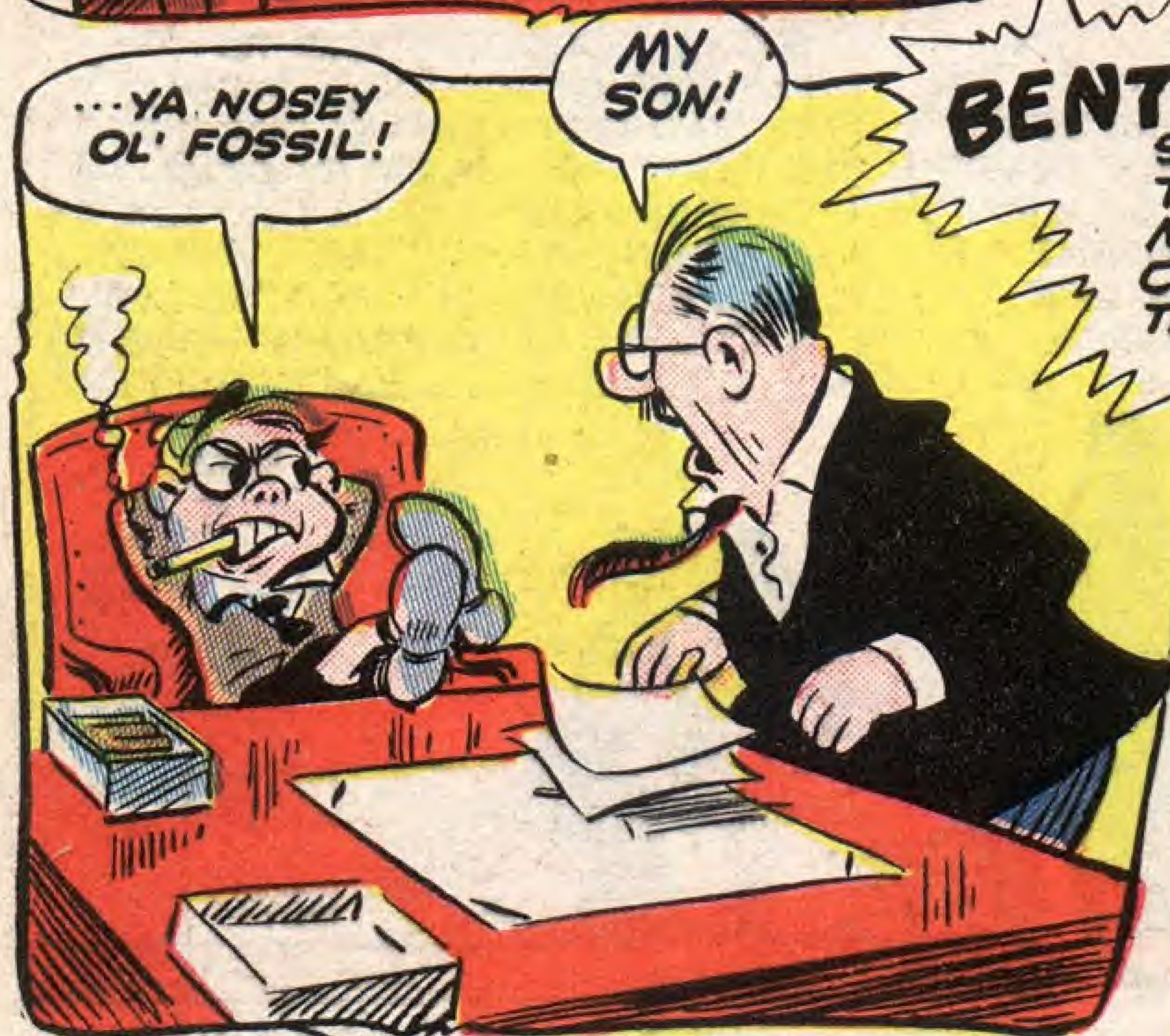


OKAY, WILBUR... THAT'S THE END!  
NOW TELL DADDY IF YOU FELT  
ANY DEGRADING INFLUENCE!



SO WOT IF  
I DID? WOT'S  
IT TO YA?

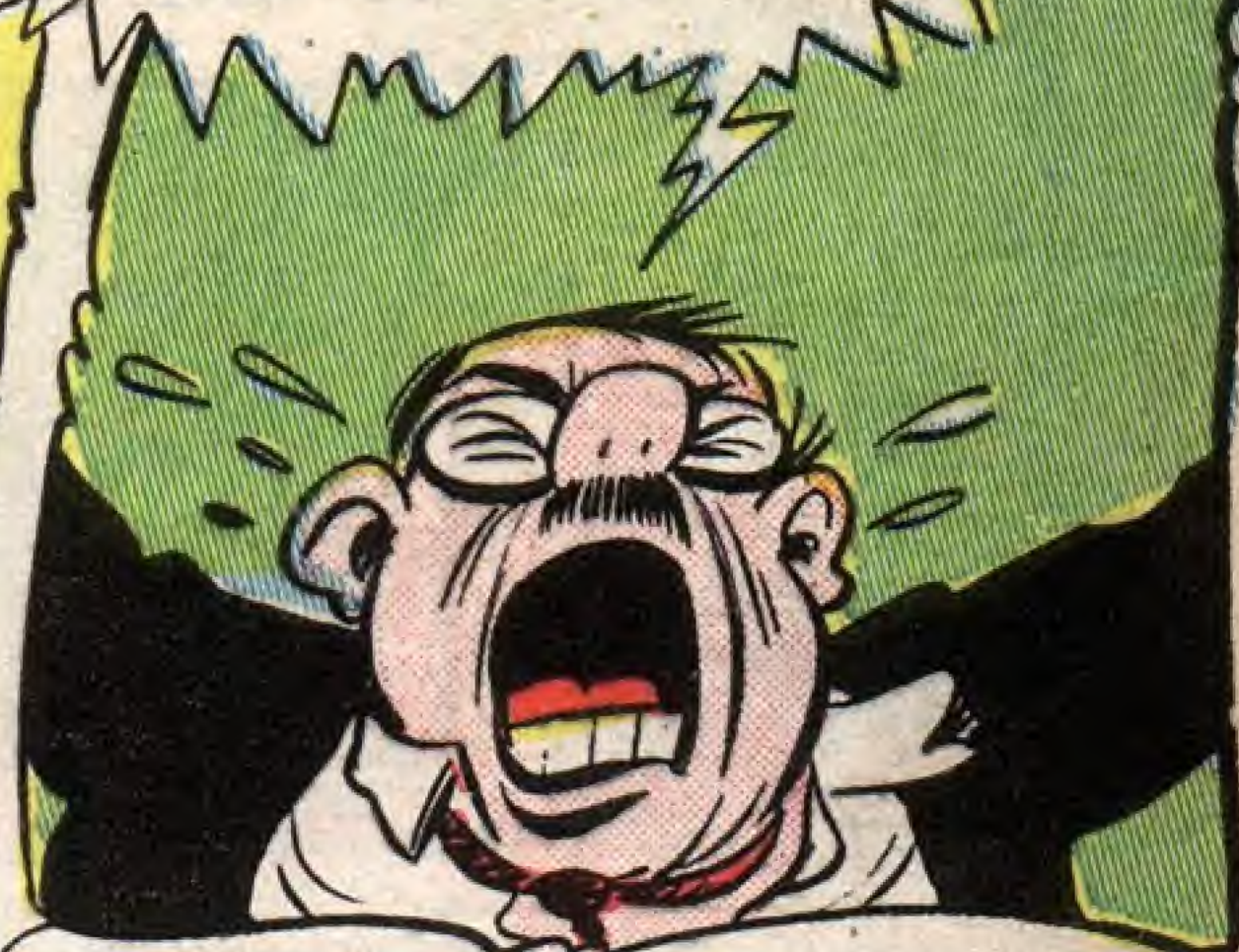
SPTTTT!



...YA NOSEY  
OL' FOSSIL!

MY  
SON!

**BENTON!**...CALL OFF ALL MURDER  
SHOWS! CALL THE MARINES! CALL  
THE COAST GUARD! THEN CALL  
MY WIFE AND TELL HER TO  
COME DOWN HERE AND BEAT  
THE STUFFINGS OUT OF HER  
BABY BOY!

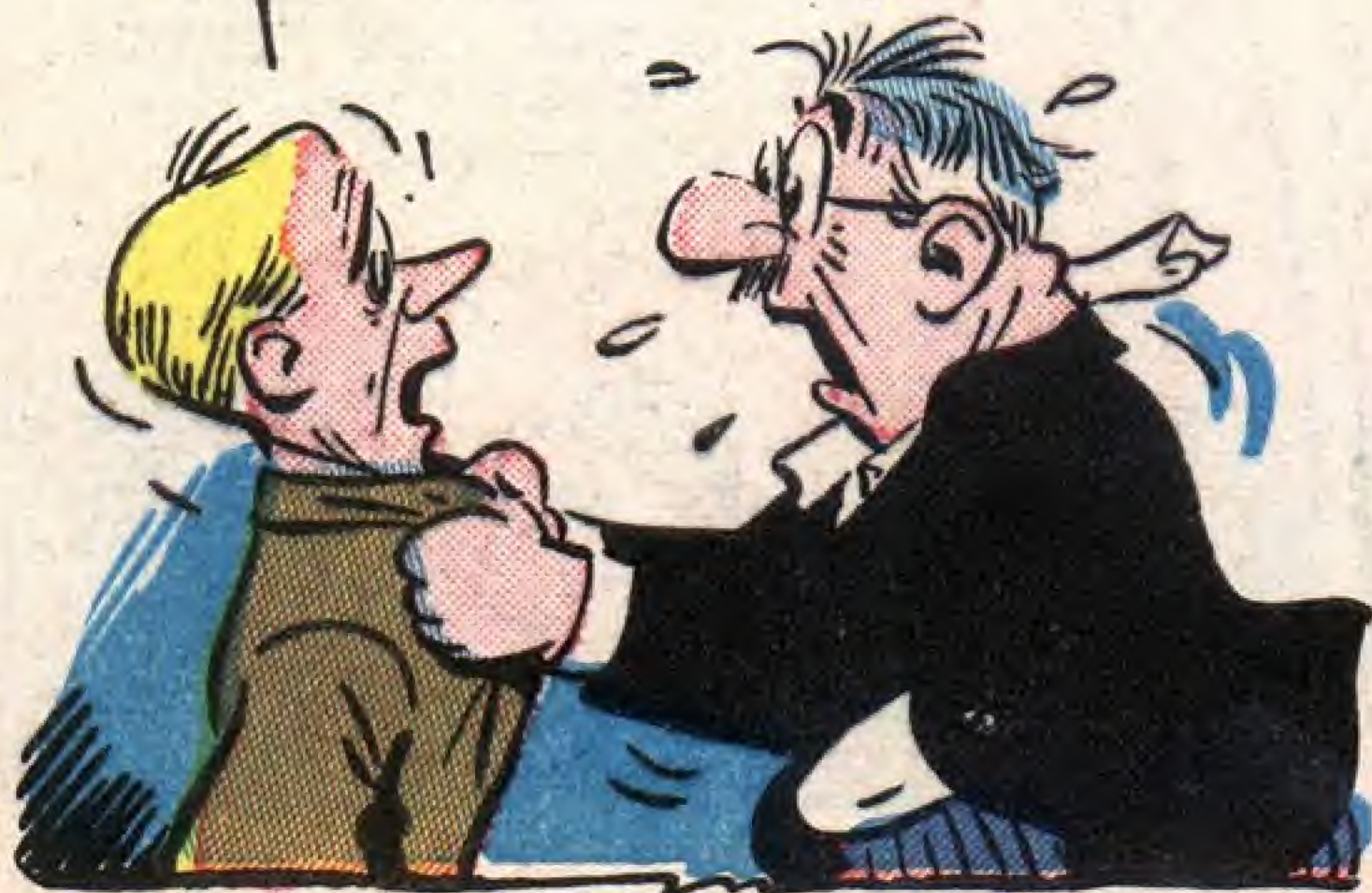


B-BUT SIR  
...WHAT'S  
WRONG?

**EVERYTHING!** WHAT  
SORT OF SHOW HAVE  
WE READY TO REPLACE  
THE "CRIME KILLERS"  
TOMORROW?...**QUICK!**

WE'VE GOT A  
**SUPERSCHMOE**  
SCRIPT READY...  
BUT NO **SUPER-  
SCHMOE!** HE...

YEAH, I KNOW! THE  
LAST TIME HE  
LEAPED A TALL  
BUILDING AT A  
SINGLE BOUND,  
HE DIDN'T COME  
DOWN!...UMMM!  
LET'S SEE...



YA GOT A  
**SUPERKATT**  
RIGHT HERE!  
AN' **SUPERKATT**  
ALWAYS COMES  
DOWN!



**SUPERKATT!** ON TELEVISION YET... **THAT'S IT!**... GET ME THAT SCRIPT, BENTON!

BUT SIR... I...

NO **"BUTS"** ABOUT IT! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU IN THE **FIRST PLACE!** NOW LISTEN, YOU TAKE THE SCRIPT HOME AND READ IT OVER! MAKE ANY CHANGES YOU WANT... BUT BE HERE TOMORROW AT SHOW-TIME!

YESSIR! **JEEPERS!**

**LATER...**  
**AT HOME...**

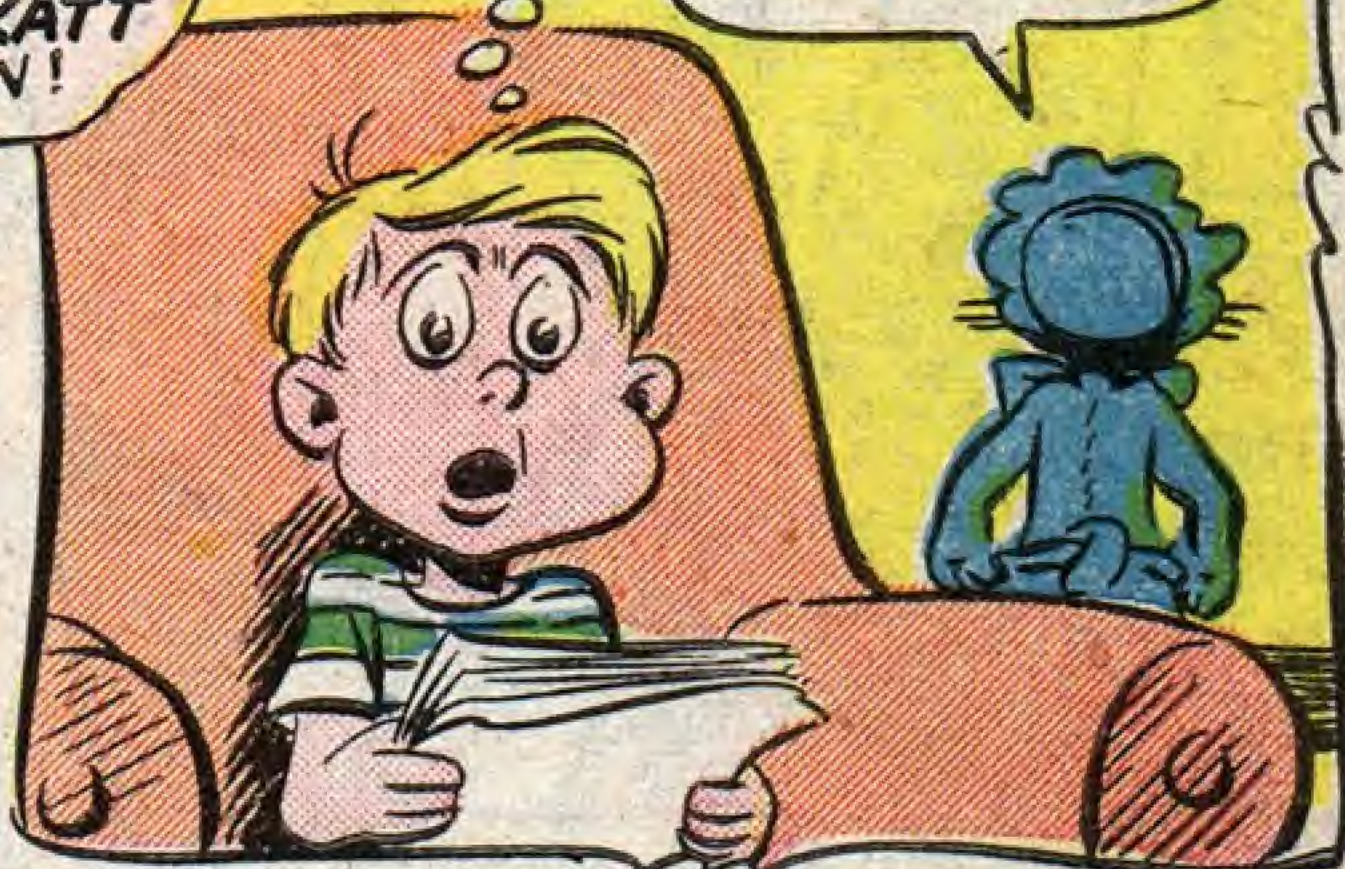
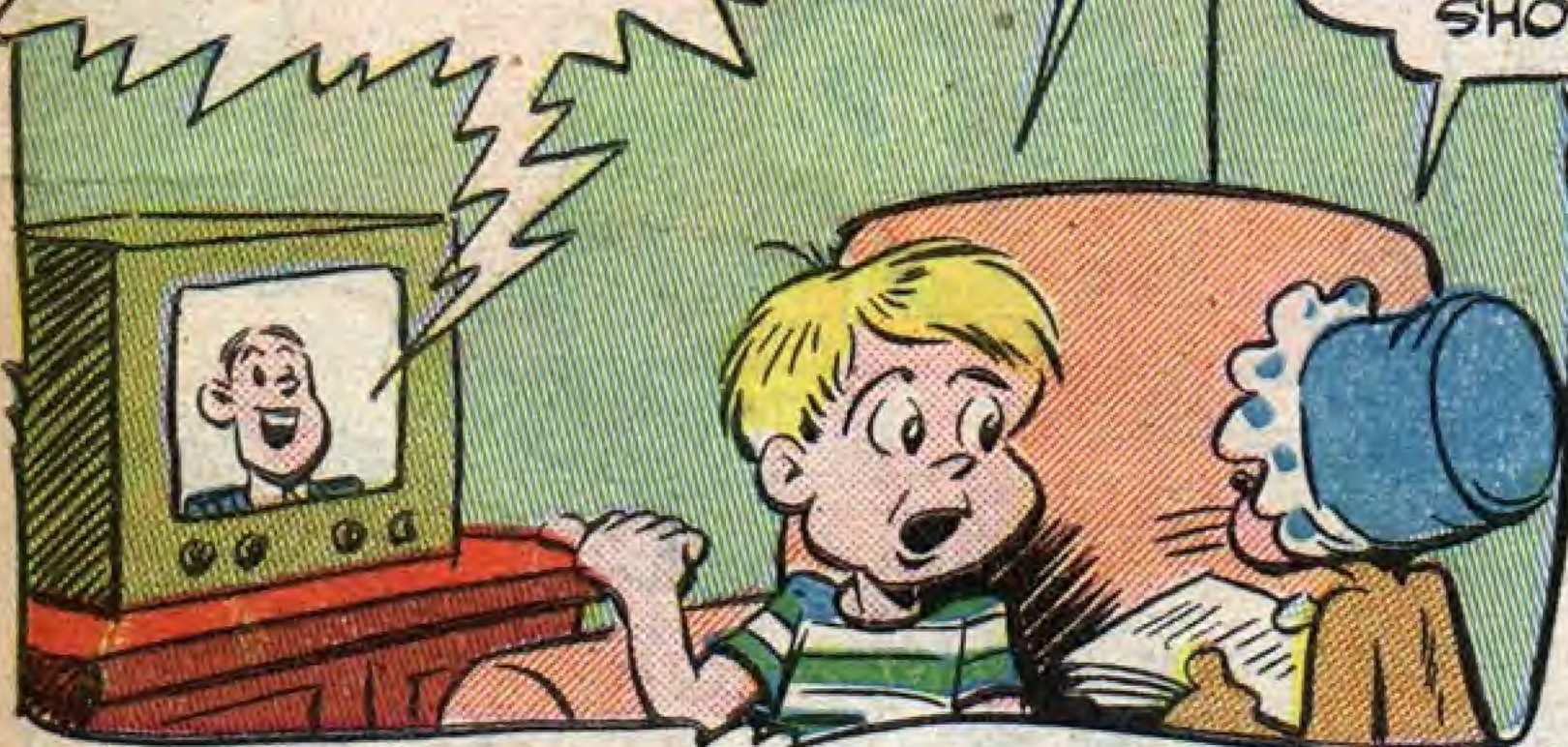
...SO THERE'LL BE NO MORE **"CRIME KILLERS!"** INSTEAD, AND BEGINNING TOMORROW, WE BRING YOU **SUPERKATT...** THAT DARING DOER OF RIGHT!

ARE THEY KIDDIN'?

NOPE! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THEM, HERE'S THE SCRIPT FOR THE NEW **SUPERKATT SHOW!**

NO MORE **"CRIME KILLERS!"** **SUPERKATT** INSTEAD!

READ IT AND WEEP, SONNY-BOY! I'M GOING TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST! AND TOMORROW... **JUST WATCH ME ON TELEVISION!**

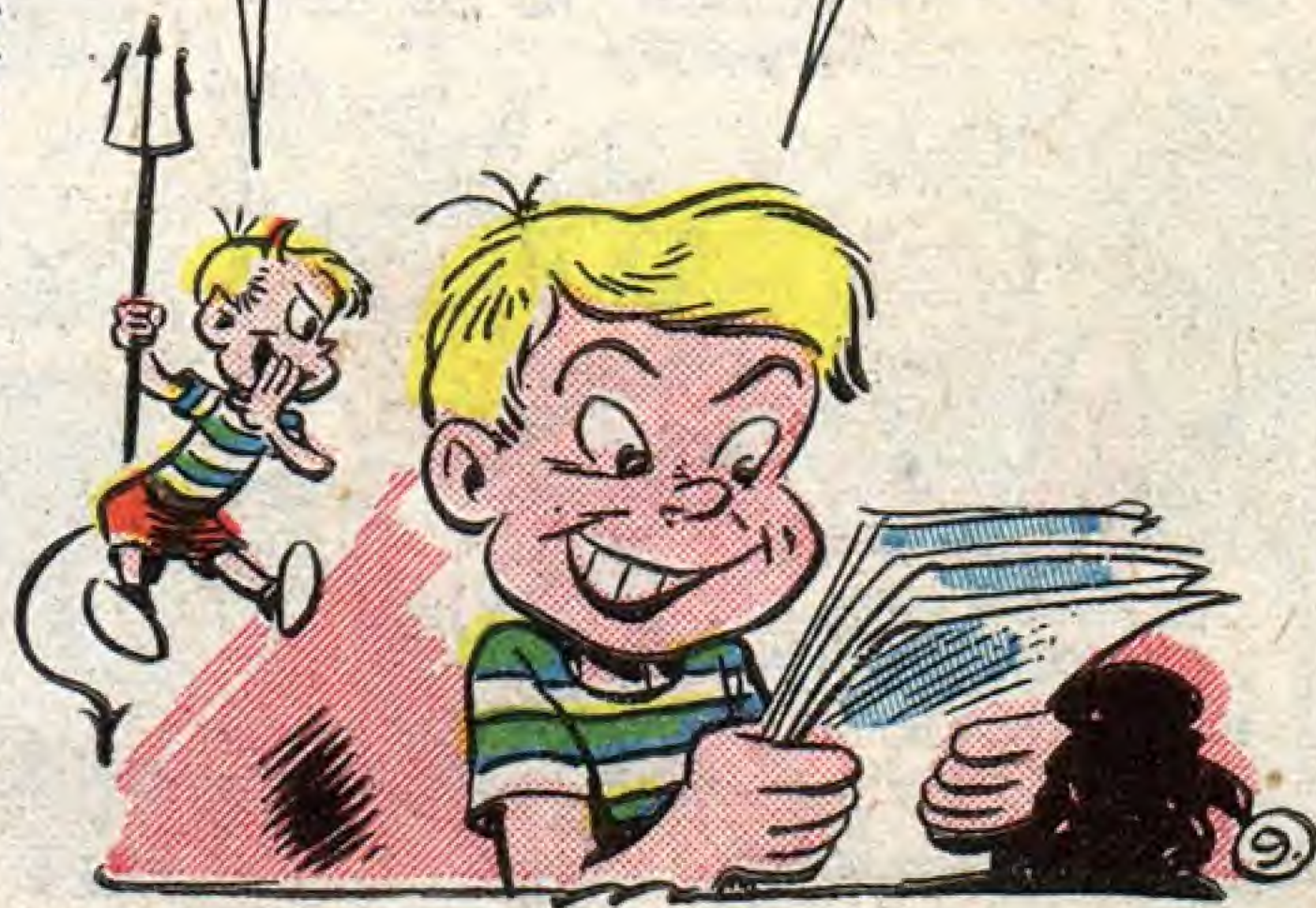
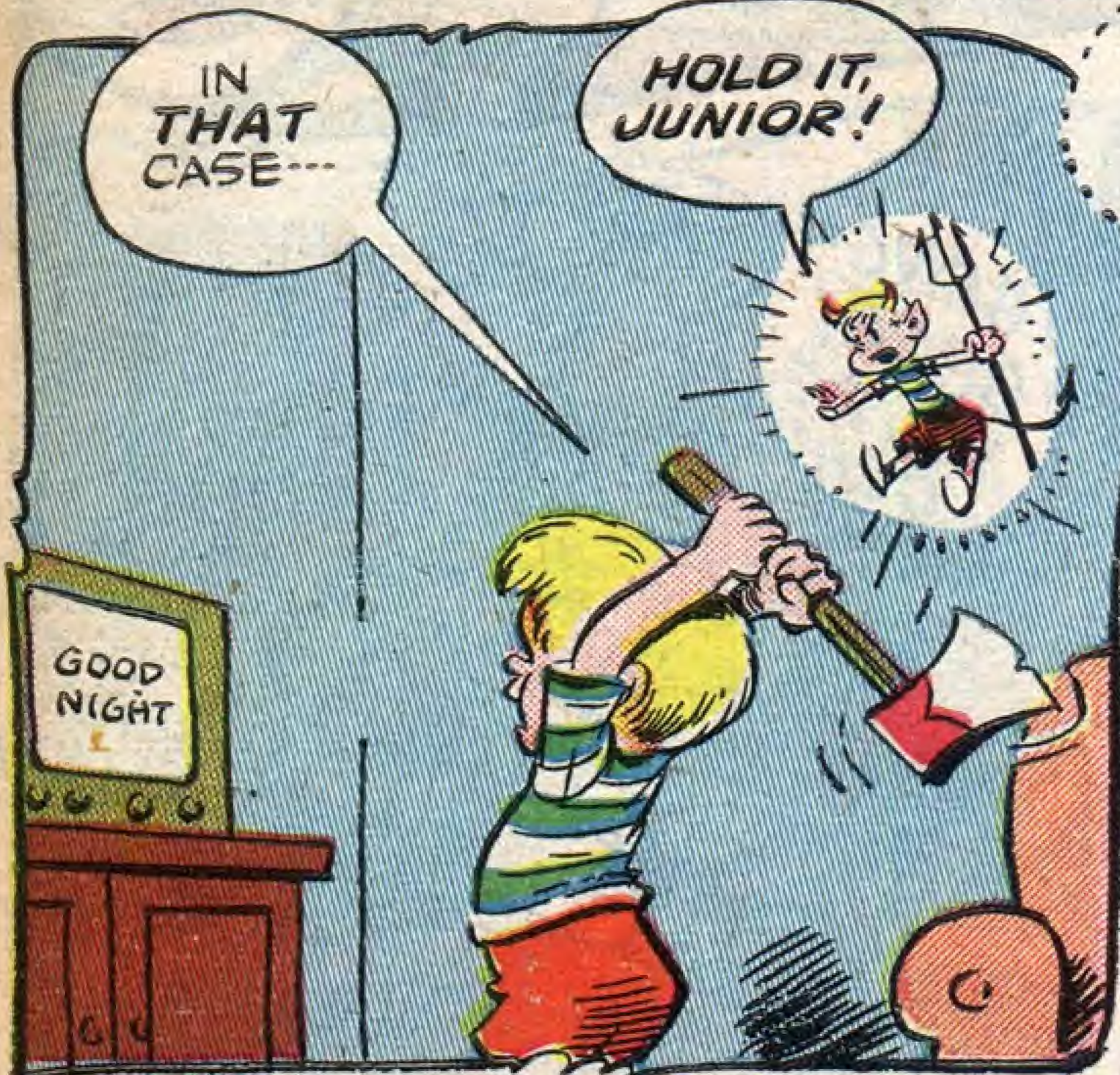


IN THAT CASE...

HOLD IT, JUNIOR!

LOOK! WITH SOME SLIGHT CHANGES IN THAT SCRIPT... WHO CAN TELL...

I HEARS YA, JACKSON!... WHERE'S A PEN?





**SHOW-TIME NEXT DAY!**

NOW IN THIS SCENE,  
THE VILLAIN IS ABOUT  
TO KIDNAP THE GIRL  
WHEN YOU JUMP  
ON HIM!

OKAY...WHERE  
IS THAT VILLAIN?  
I'M READY TO  
JUMP HIM!

YOU OUGHTA KNOW  
WHERE...IT'S LIKE THE  
SCRIPT NOW HAS  
IT! **DOWN THERE  
BY THE CAR!**

OKAY...**JUMP!**  
IT'S SHOW-TIME...  
THE TELEVISION  
CAMERAS ARE  
RUNNING...**GO  
AHEAD AND  
JUMP!**

**AWK!**

**TCH, TCH!...**  
I THOUGHT  
SUPERKATT  
COULD FLY!

OH, HE KIN FLY, ALL  
RIGHT...IT'S HIS  
**LANDIN'S DAT'S**  
BAD!

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND  
OUR CONTROL, WE ARE FORCED TO  
CONCLUDE THIS PROGRAM! AND  
WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE  
WILL RESUME OUR USUAL "**CRIME  
KILLERS**" PROGRAM **REGARDLESS**  
OF ITS BAD EFFECT ON THE KIDDIES!  
...SO THERE!

WELL, WISE GUY...  
I GUESS I FIXED  
**YOUR WAGON!**  
...LISTEN!

SO  
IT WAS  
**YOU!**  
**GR-RRR!**

**BANG!  
BANG!  
YOU'RE  
DEAD!**

**AH!**

REFORM SCHOOL

MAYBE  
IT'LL BE  
JUST AS  
WELL!

**The END**



# SPENCER SPOOK

WELL, IT'S GETTIN' ABOUT TIME TO START HAUNTIN', BOSS, SO I BETTER GET ON BACK TO MY HOUSE!

YEAH, SO LONG, SPENCER! I-- OH-OH! THERE GOES MY TELEPHONE!

RING!  
R-R-RING!

THE BOSS  
1720 -- 1776

JUST A MINUTE, WILL YA, SPENCE? THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' YOU CAN DO FOR ME!

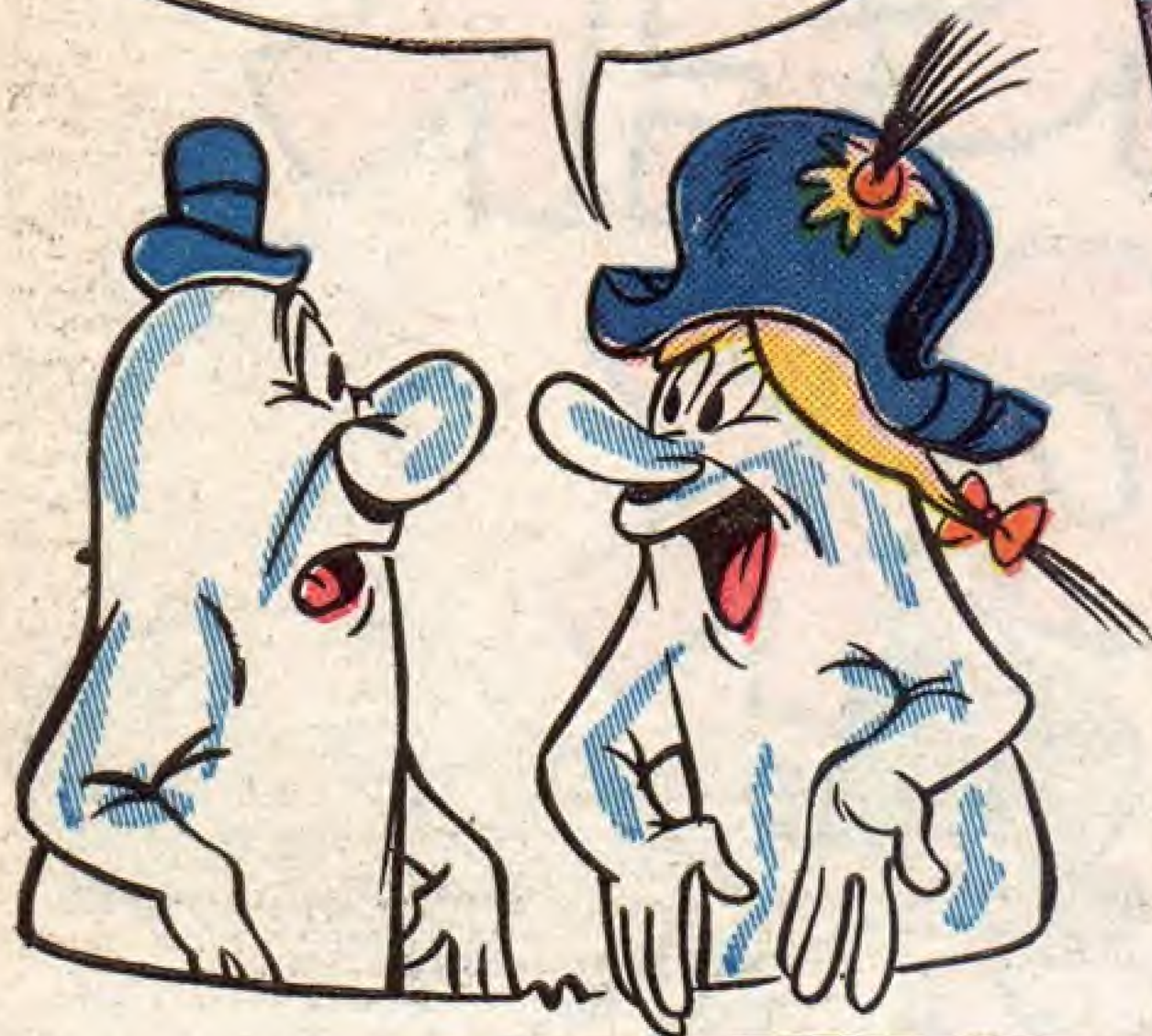
SURE, BOSS, SURE!

OH HELLO, PETE! ... THREE NEW ONES? ... SURE, PETE ... I'LL FIND **SOMEPLACE** FOR 'EM! SEND 'EM ON DOWN ... I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM **SOME WAY!**

I'LL BET A CAN OF ECTOPLASM AGAINST A GHOST'S GIRDLE THAT THIS CALL SPELLS TROUBLE!



WE'VE GOT THREE NEW GHOSTS COMING TO JOIN US! PETE'S SENDING THEM RIGHT DOW---

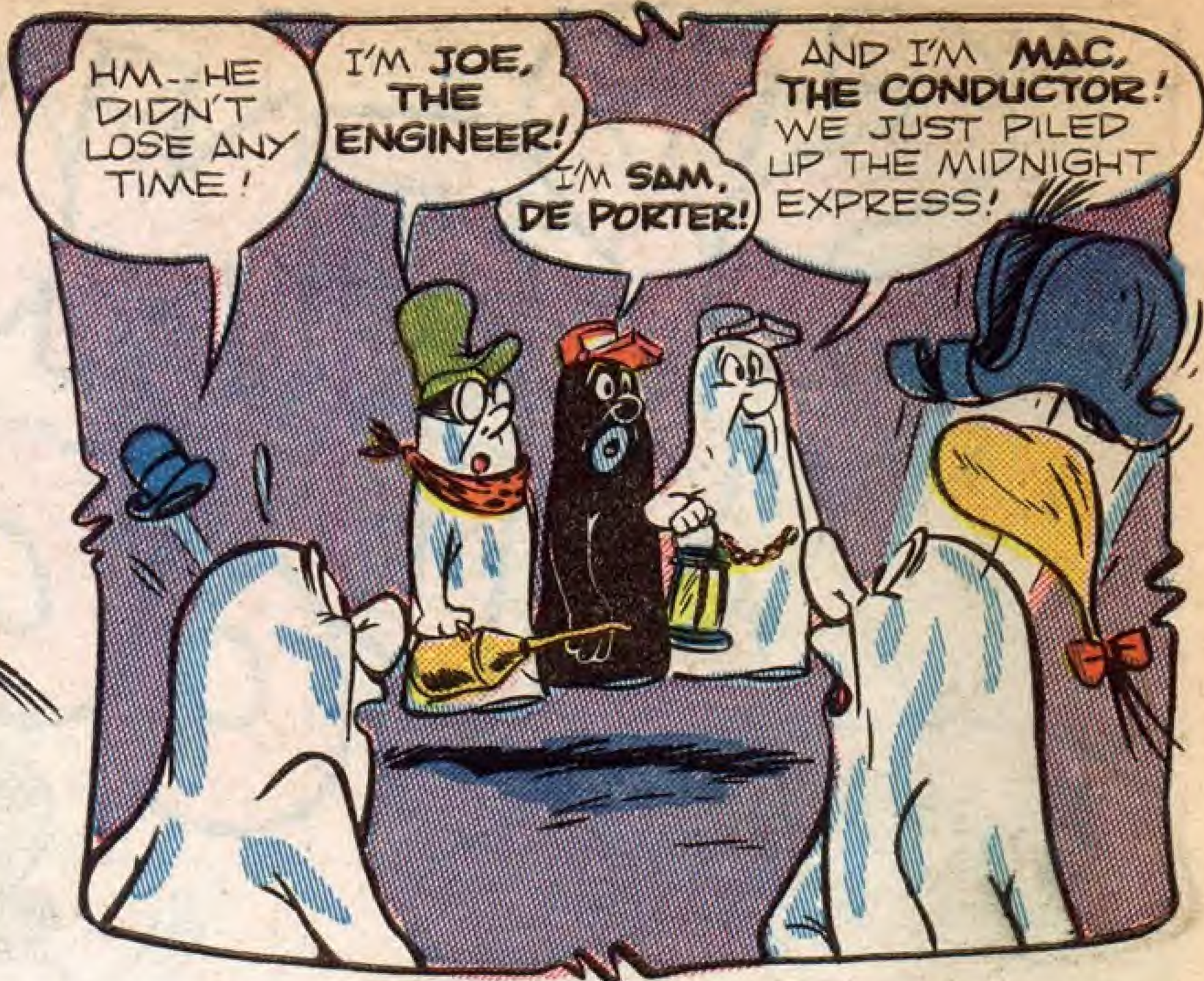


HM...HE DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME!

I'M JOE, THE ENGINEER!

I'M SAM, DE PORTER!

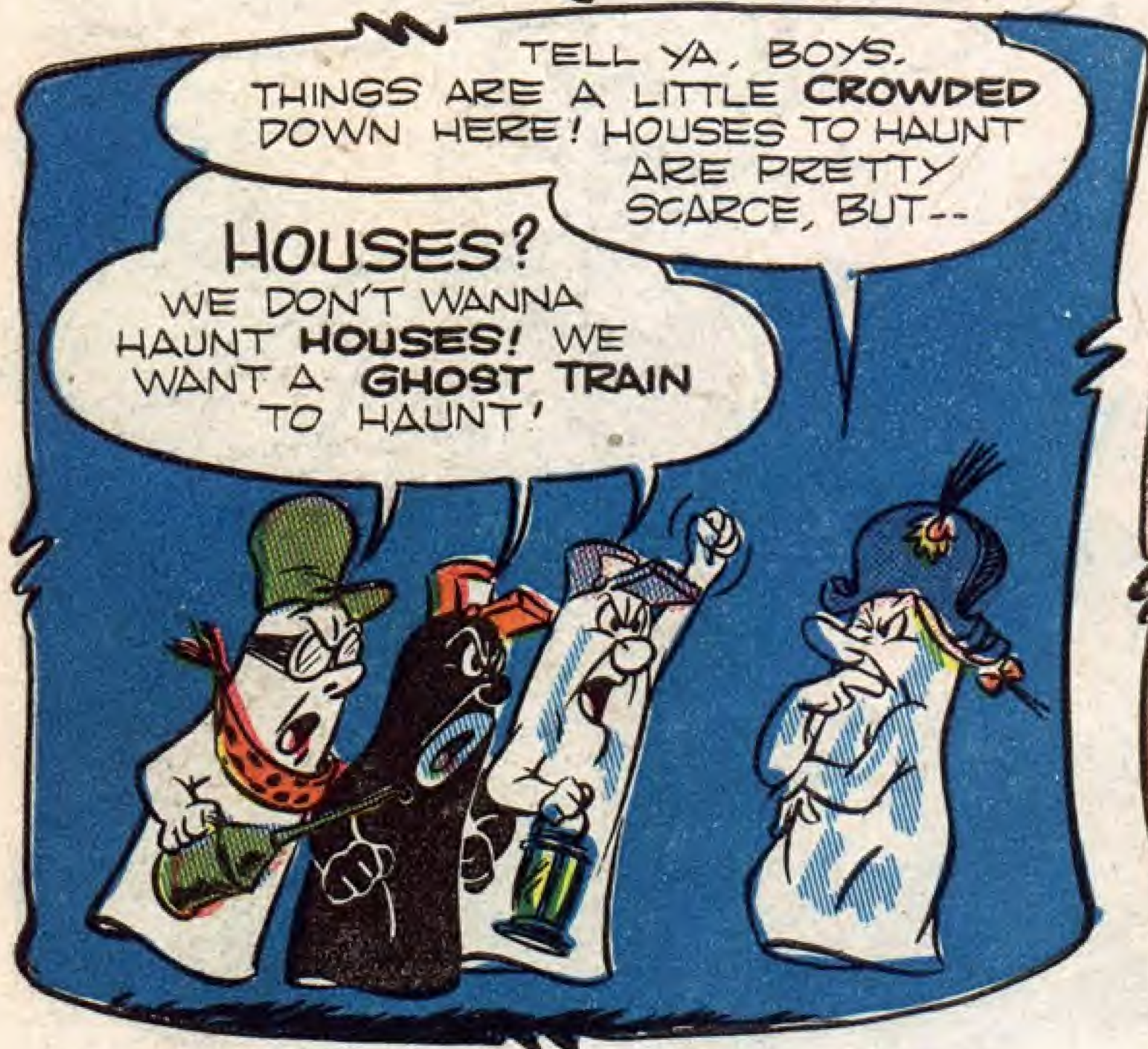
AND I'M MAC, THE CONDUCTOR! WE JUST PILED UP THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS!



TELL YA, BOYS. THINGS ARE A LITTLE **CROWDED** DOWN HERE! HOUSES TO HAUNT ARE PRETTY SCARCE, BUT--

**HOUSES?**

WE DON'T WANNA HAUNT **HOUSES!** WE WANT A **GHOST TRAIN** TO HAUNT!



A **GHOST TRAIN**? WHY, THAT'S **RIDICULOUS!** I'VE NEVER HAD A CALL FOR ONE BEFORE IN MY WHOLE **DEATH!**

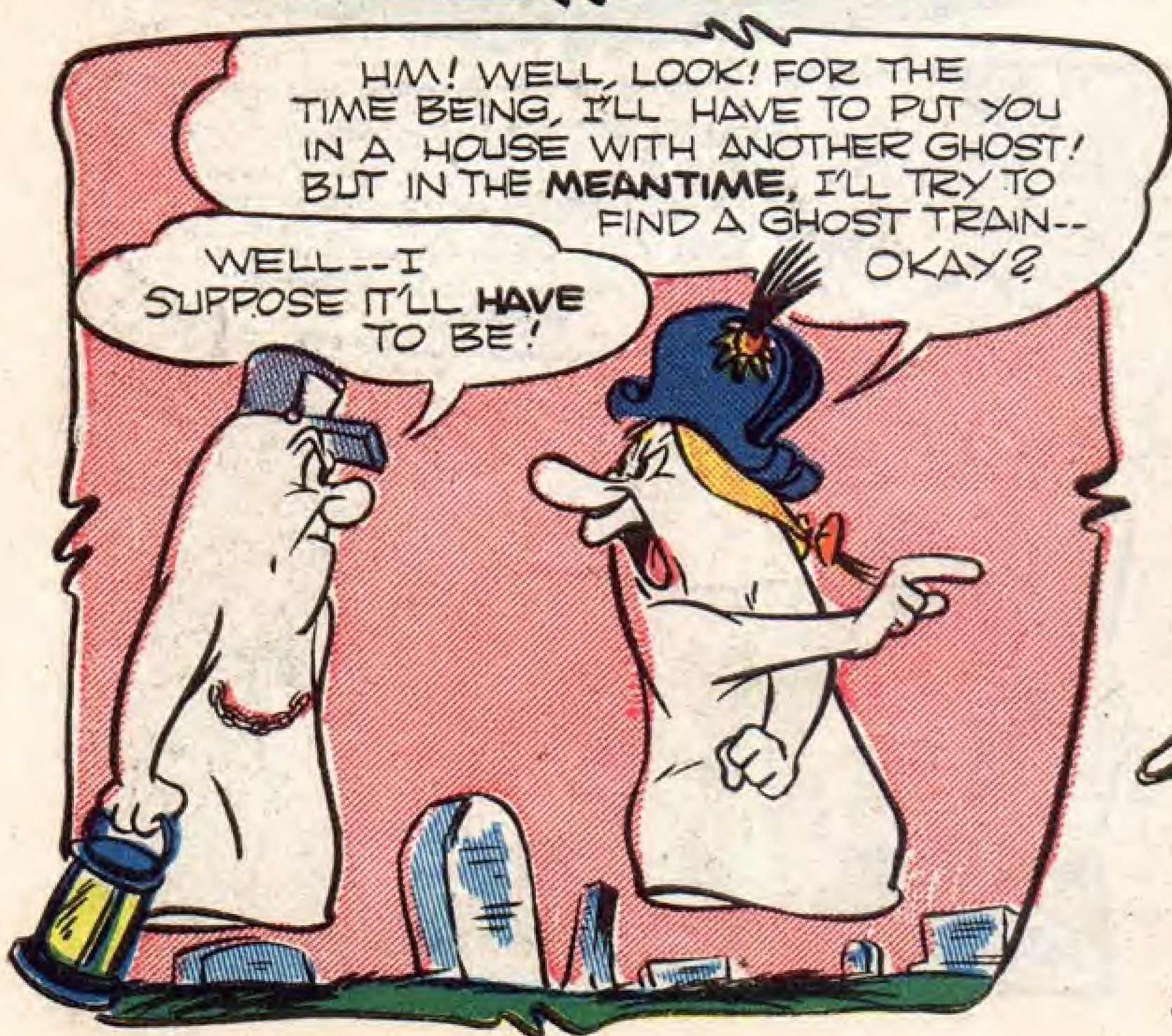
BUT PETE **SAID** YOU'D GIVE US A TRAIN! --WE **HAVE** TO RUN A --- I MEAN, HAUNT A TRAIN! --TRAINS ARE ALL WE KNOW ABOUT!



HM! WELL, LOOK! FOR THE TIME BEING, I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU IN A HOUSE WITH ANOTHER GHOST! BUT IN THE **MEANTIME**, I'LL TRY TO FIND A GHOST TRAIN--

WELL--I SUPPOSE IT'LL **HAVE** TO BE!

OKAY?

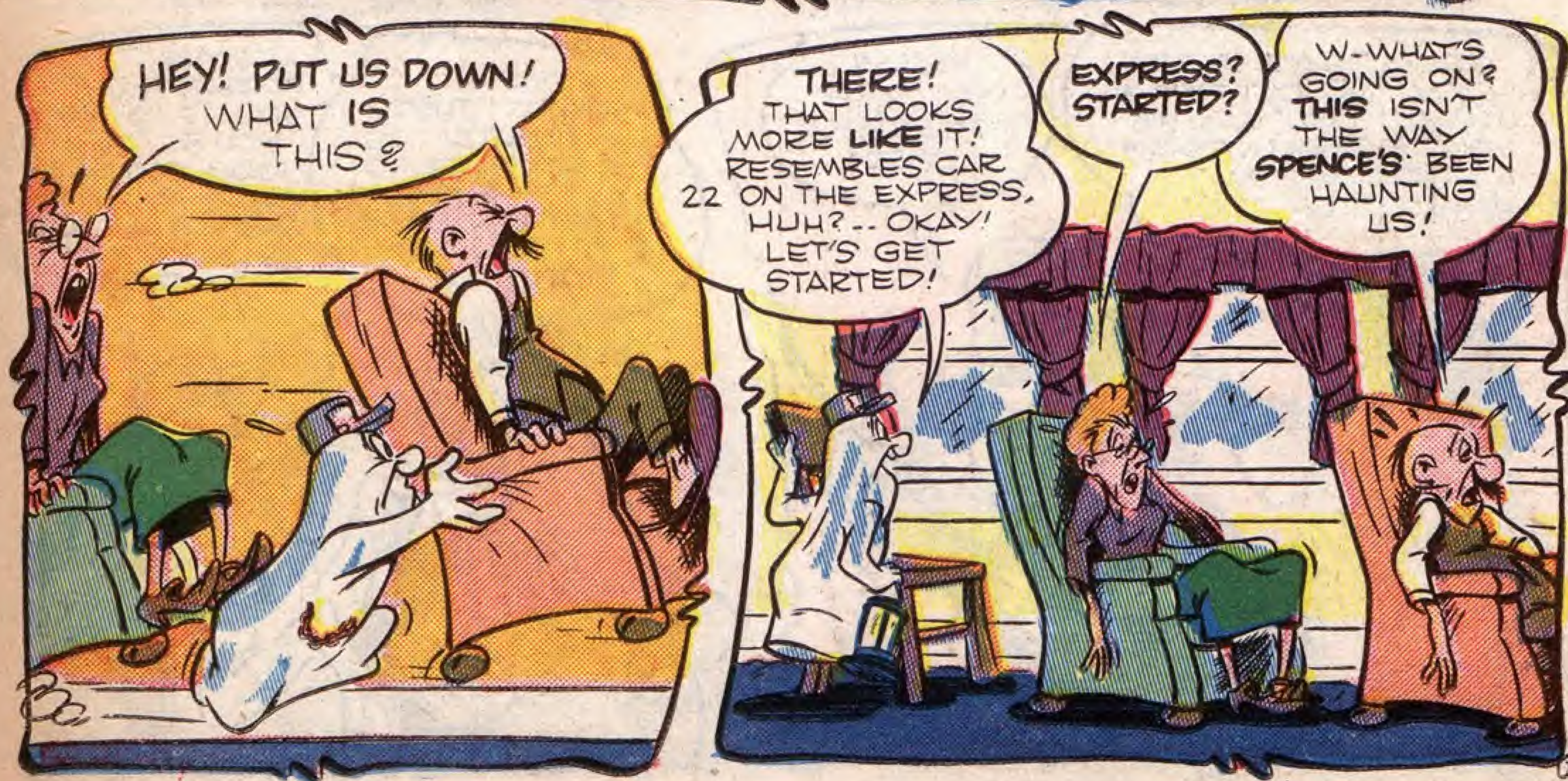
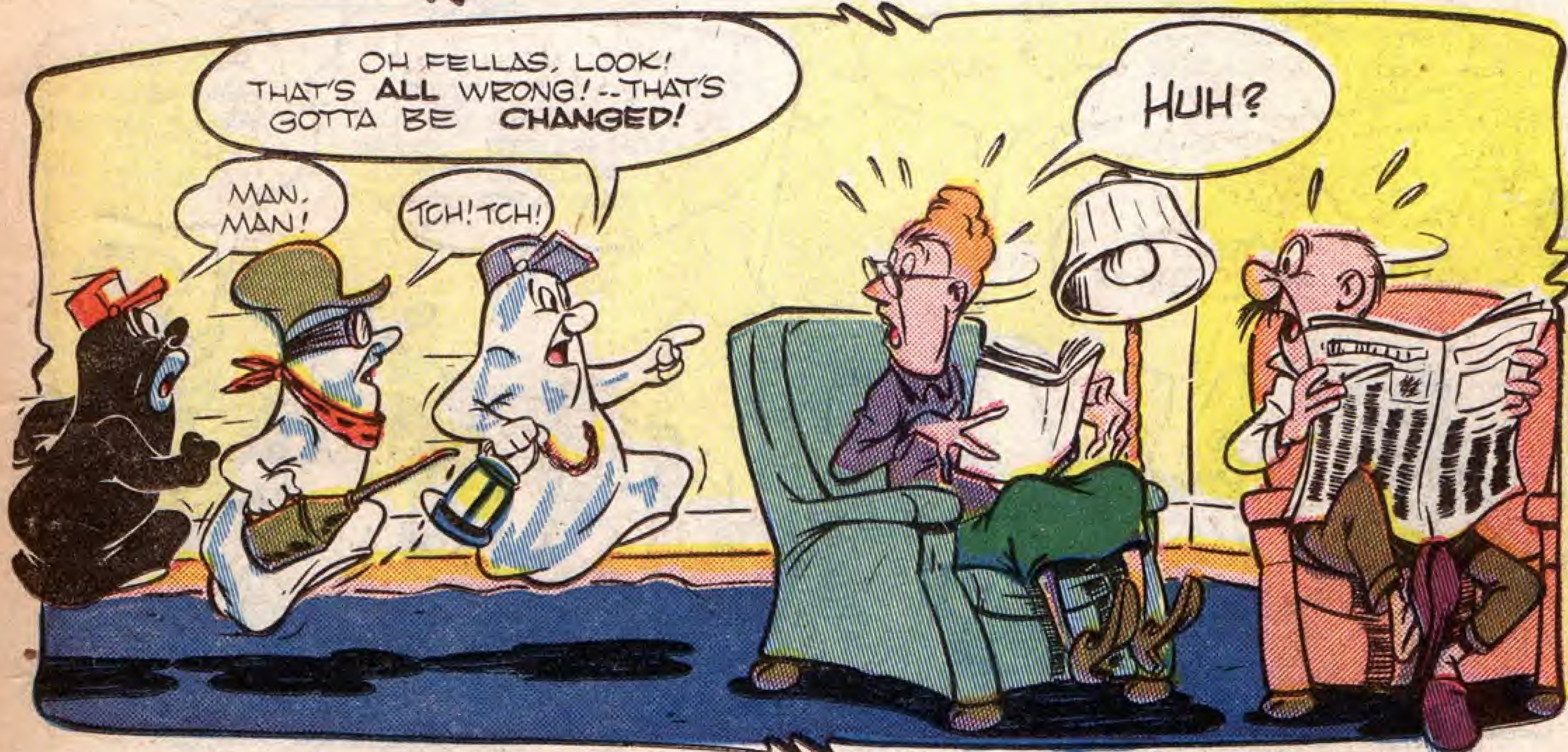
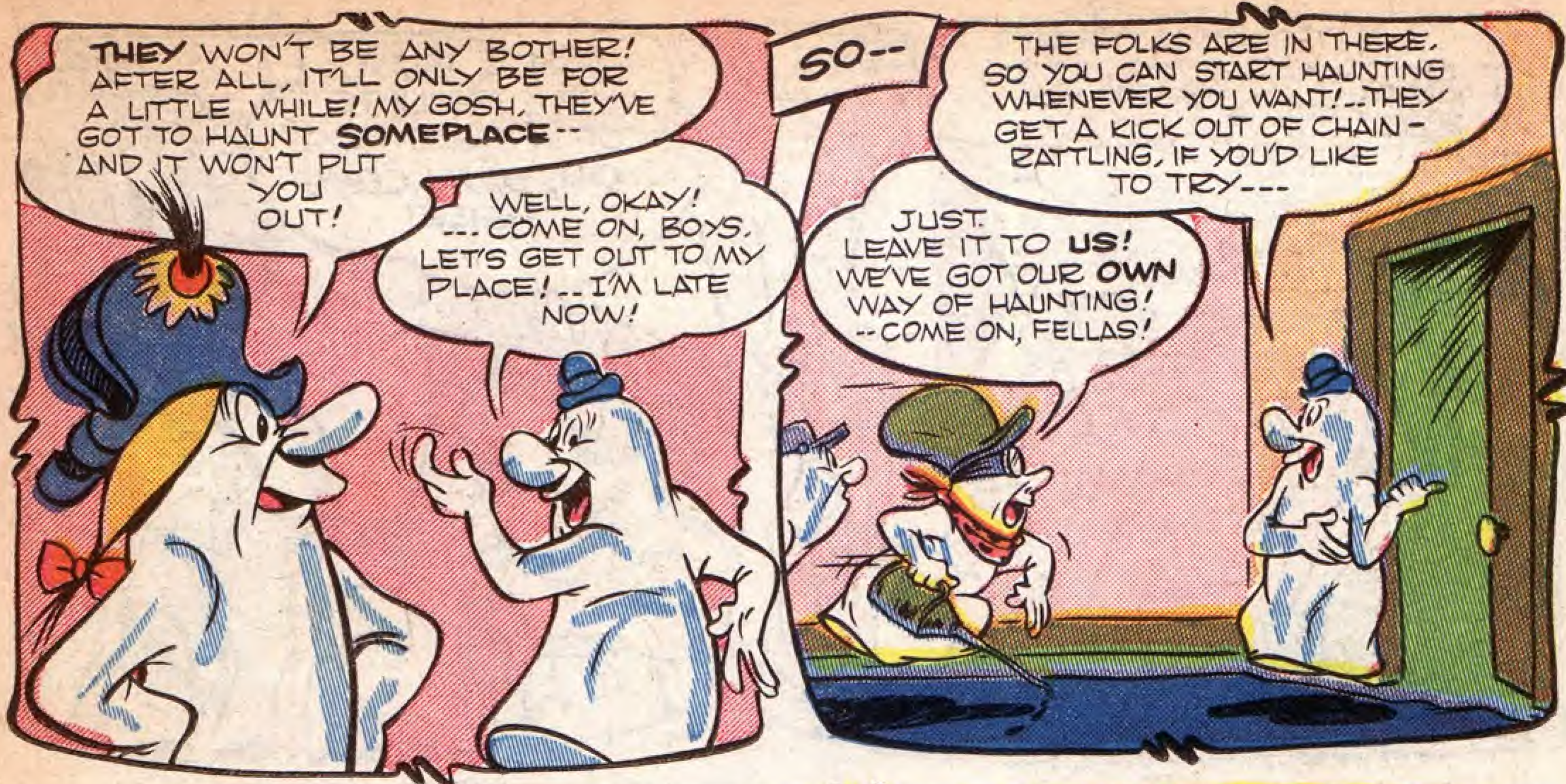


SPENCE, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU STAYED -- I'M GOING TO PUT THEM IN WITH **YOU!**

WITH **ME?** AW, NOW LOOK, BOSS! YOU **KNOW** HOW THE PEOPLE I HAUNT FEEL ABOUT COMPANY!









TICKETS! TICKETS, PLEASE!  
-- GIMME YOUR TICKET, MISTER  
-- WHERE YOU GOING ?

I HAVEN'T  
ANY TICKET, AND I'M  
NOT GOING ANYPLACE! I'M  
HERE ALREADY! THIS IS  
MY HOME!

OH! A BUM,  
HUH? TRYIN' TO  
COP A FREE RIDE!  
OH, SAM! COME  
HERE!

WE'RE THROWING THIS  
BUM OFF! THE CHEAPSKATE!

WAIT!  
WAIT!  
I'LL PAY!

OKAY... NOW DON'T  
LEAVE YOUR SEATS!...  
YOU ONLY PAID ME FOR  
COACH SEATS!... YOU'RE  
NOT ALLOWED TO  
ROOM AROUND!

HEY, MAC!  
HOW ABOUT  
ME? I HAVEN'T  
GOT AN  
ENGINE!

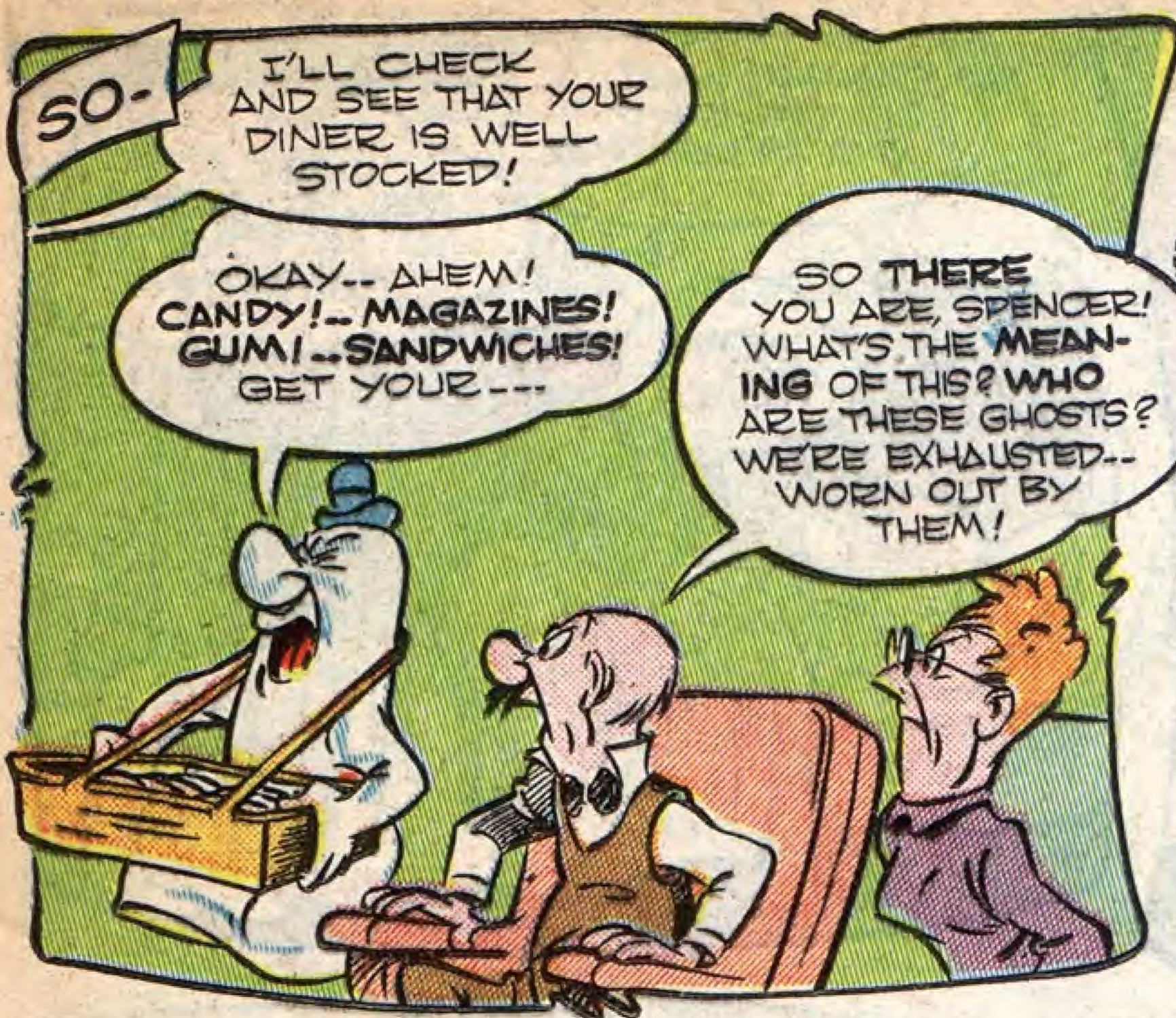
GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT!...  
LOOK! GO OUT TO THE  
GARAGE! THAT CAN BE  
YOUR ENGINE!... IT'S GOT  
A **SWELL** WINDOW TO  
HANG OUT OF, TOO!

OKAY!  
WE'LL GET  
UNDERWAY AT  
ONCE!

JUST A  
MINUTE! JUST-  
A-MINUTE! THIS  
IS MY PLACE TO  
HAUNT, YA KNOW!  
--JUST WHERE DO  
I FIT INTO THIS  
PICTURE?

OH, YES! I  
FORGOT ABOUT  
YOU-- I KNOW!  
YOU BE THE  
FELLA THAT SELLS  
CANDY AND STUFF--  
AND YOU CAN **ALSO**  
BE IN CHARGE  
OF THE DINING  
CAR!





SO-

I'LL CHECK  
AND SEE THAT YOUR  
DINER IS WELL  
STOCKED!

OKAY... AHEN!  
CANDY!... MAGAZINES!  
GUM!... SANDWICHES!  
GET YOUR ---

SO THERE  
YOU ARE, SPENCER!  
WHAT'S THE MEAN-  
ING OF THIS? WHO  
ARE THESE GHOSTS?  
WE'RE EXHAUSTED...  
WORN OUT BY  
THEM!



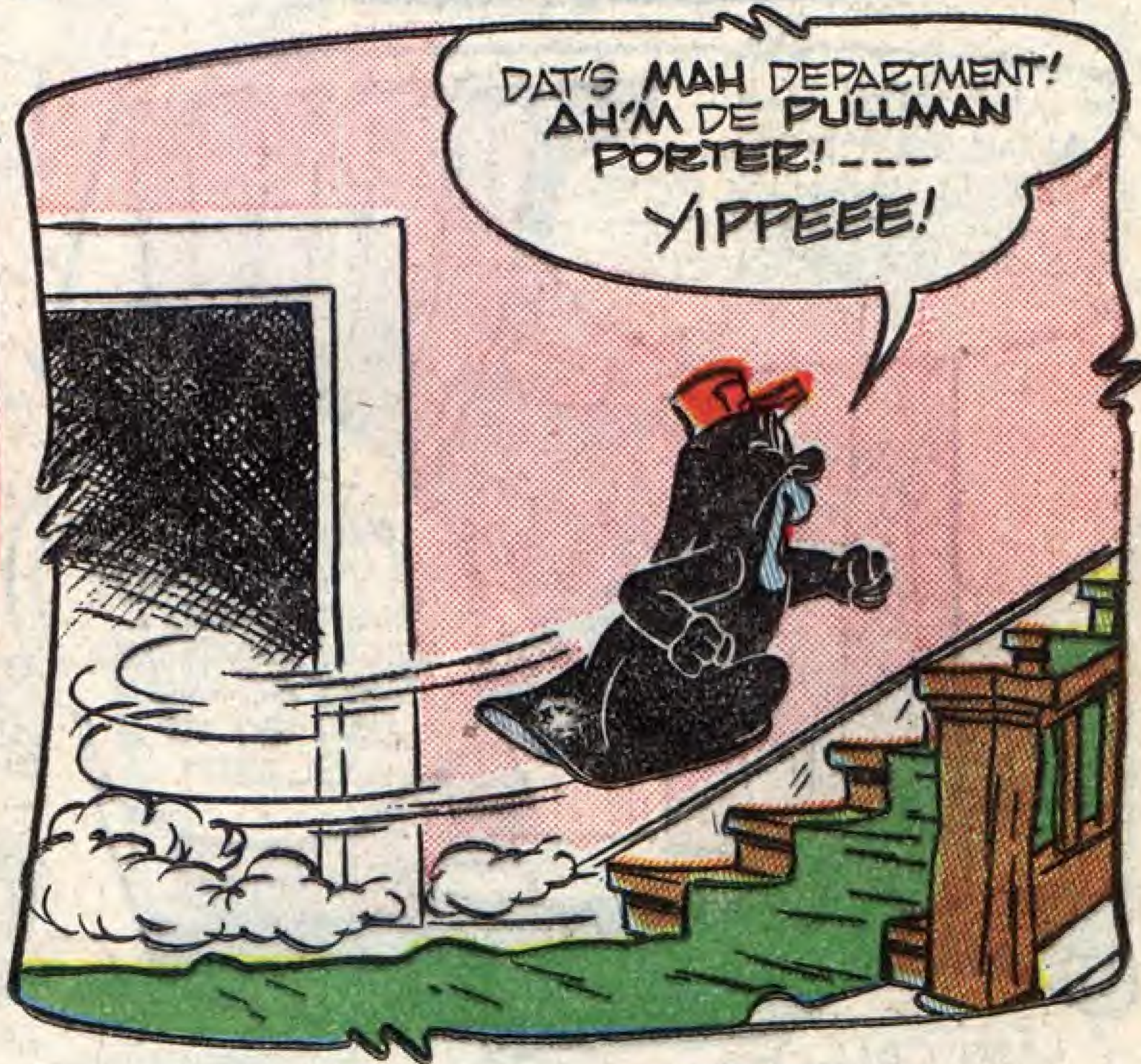
I'M SORRY, FOLKS!  
YA SEE, THEY'RE FORMER  
RAILROAD MEN, AND  
THEY'RE STAYING WITH  
ME FOR AWHILE!  
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO  
BED... THEN YOU'LL  
BE OUT OF THEIR WAY!

A  
GOOD  
IDEA!  
COME  
ON,  
MARGE!

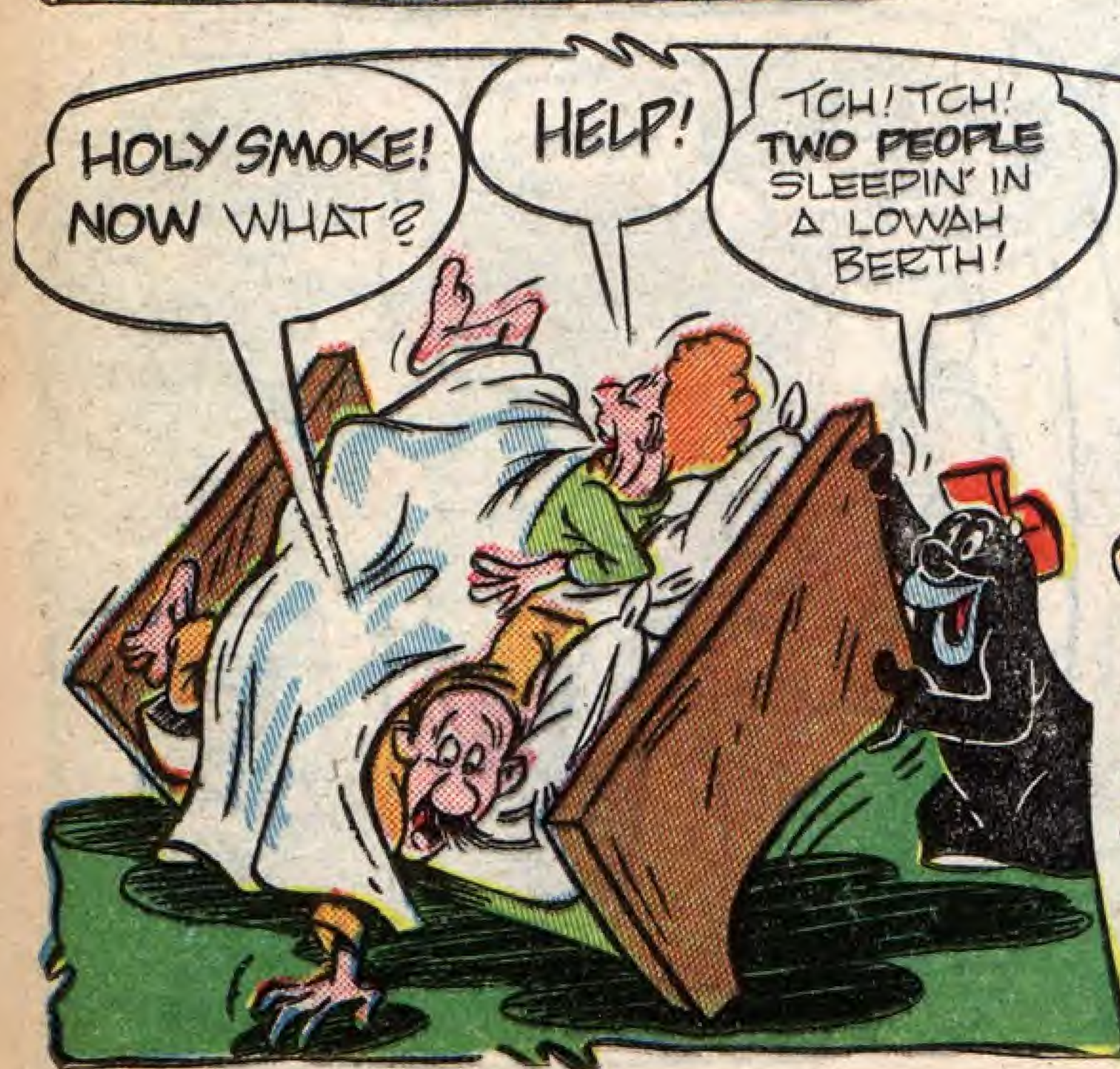


WHERE'S DE  
PASSENGERS?

THEY'VE  
GONE TO  
BED!



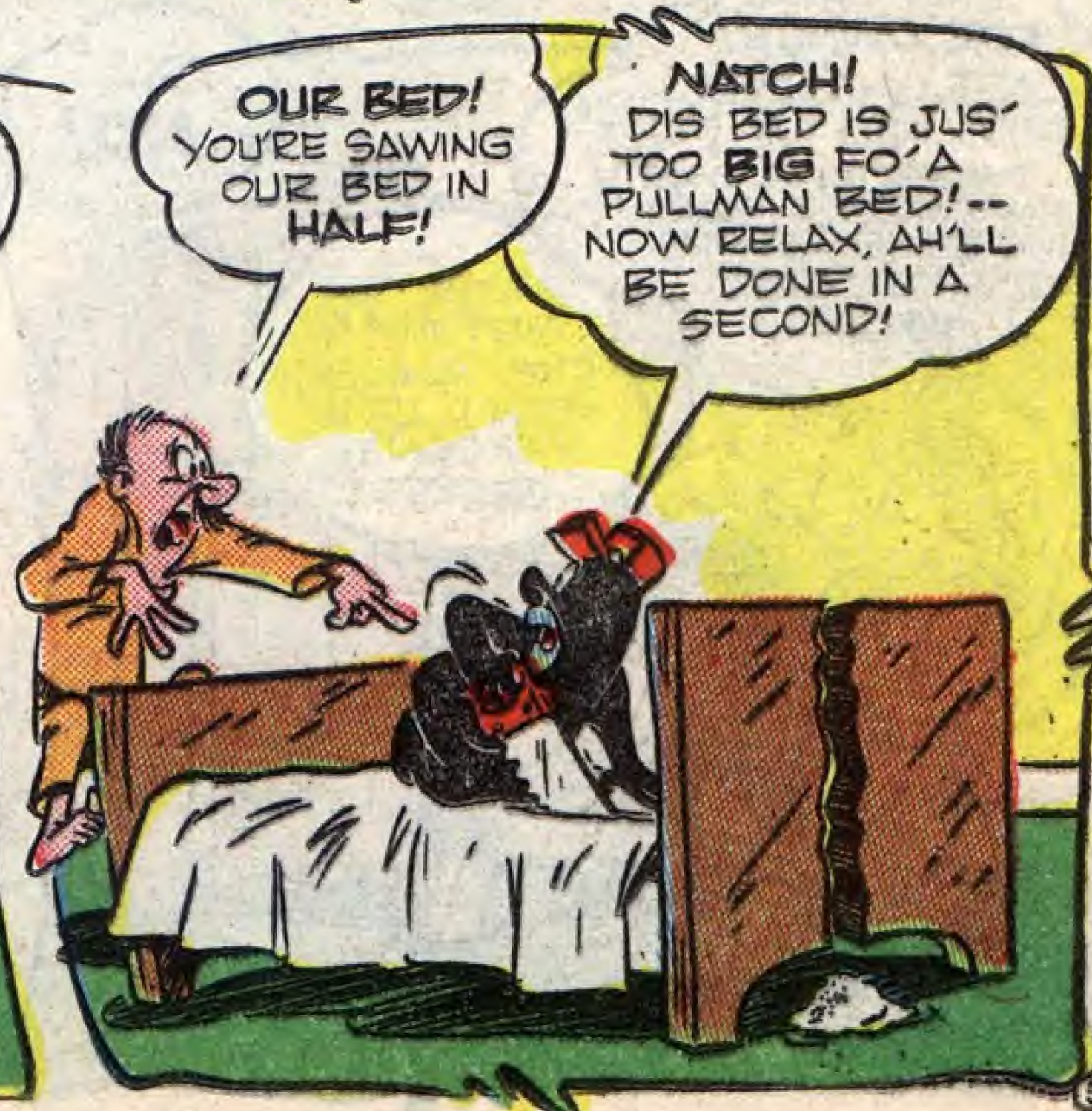
DAT'S MAH DEPARTMENT!  
AH'M DE PULLMAN  
PORTER! ---  
YIPPEEE!



HOLY SMOKE!  
NOW WHAT?

HELP!

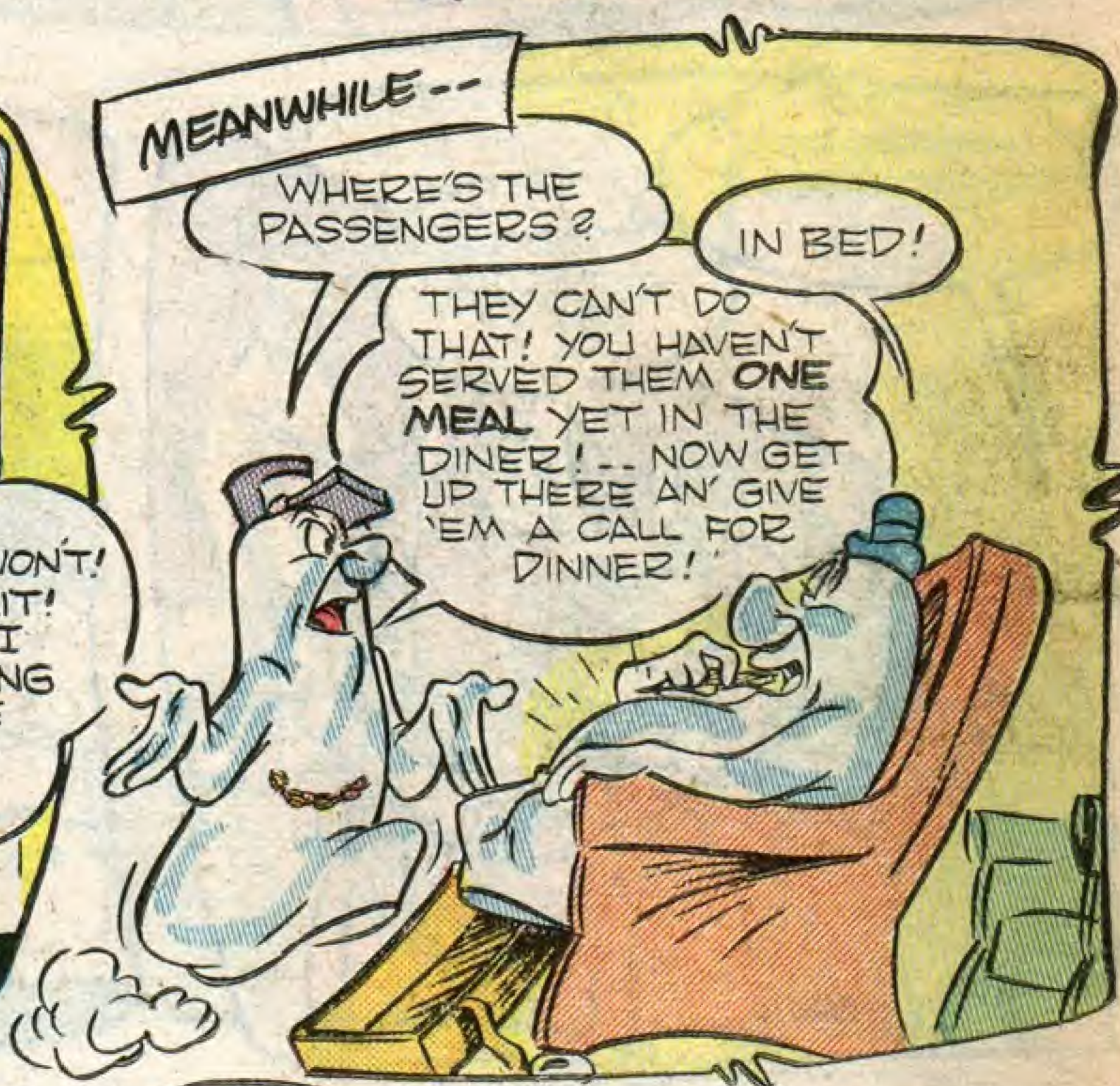
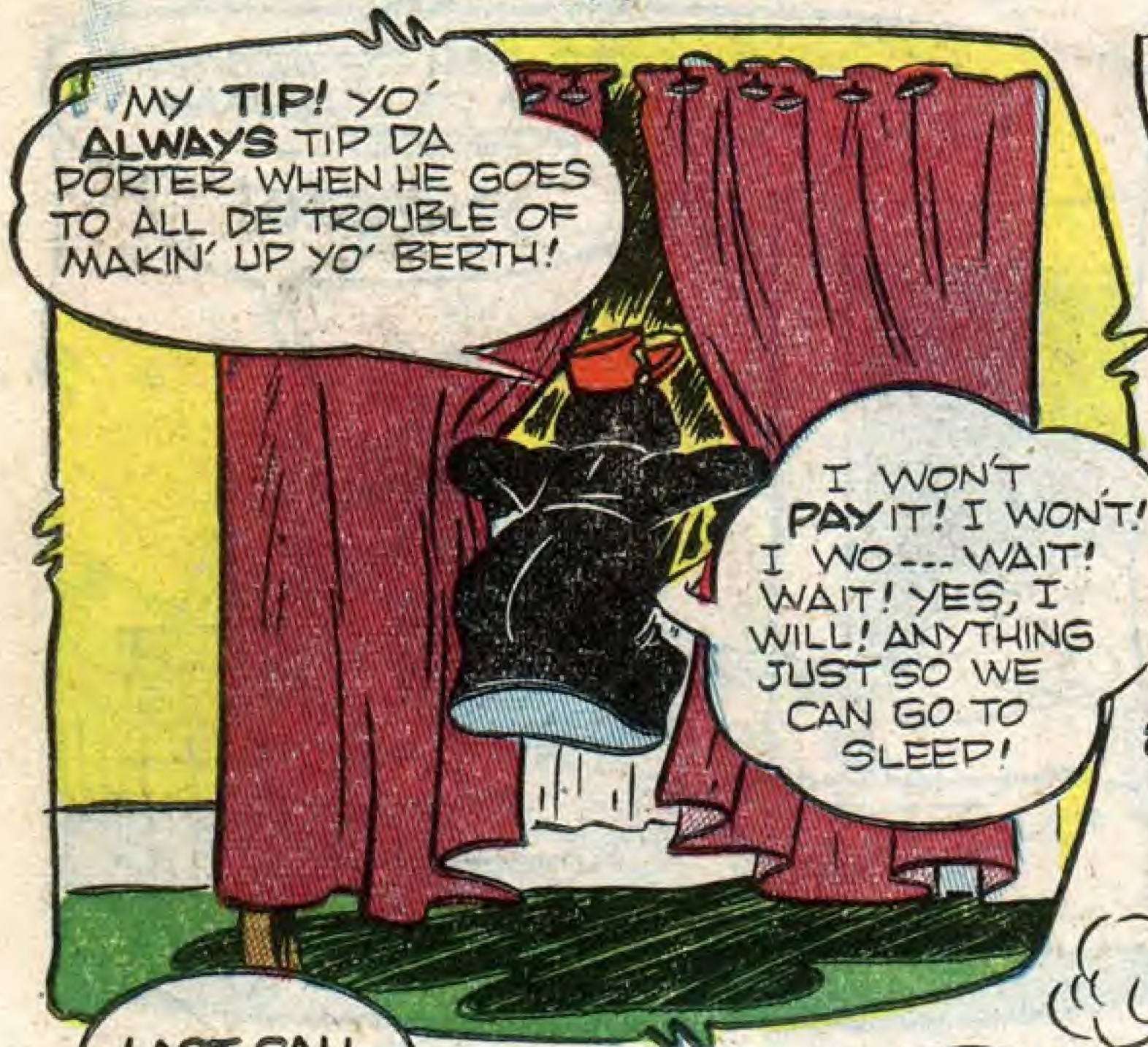
TCH! TCH!  
TWO PEOPLE  
SLEEPIN' IN  
A LOWAH  
BERTH!



OUR BED!  
YOU'RE SAWING  
OUR BED IN  
HALF!

NATCH!  
DIS BED IS JUS'  
TOO BIG FO'A  
PULLMAN BED!...  
NOW RELAX, AH'LL  
BE DONE IN A  
SECOND!







JOE! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? LEAVING YOUR ENGINE AND COMING BACK HERE IN THE TRAIN --- WE'LL JUMP THE TRACK!

NO WE WON'T! THAT'S WHAT I CAME IN HERE TO TELL YA!... I'VE BEEN OUT IN THAT GARAGE TWO HOURS-- AND WE HAVEN'T MOVED ONE INCH!

WE HAVEN'T? WHAT TIME IS IT? --- 3:25! --YE GODS! WE'RE TWO HOURS LATE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- AND I'LL BE DARNED IF I KNOW HOW TO GET THAT GARAGE TO PULL THIS PLACE!

ON OUR WAY HERE FROM THE CEMETERY, I SAW JUST THE THING WE NEED! COME ON, EVERY BODY! ...I'LL NEED YOUR HELP

THEY'VE LEFT, MARGE! HOORAY! WE CAN GO TO BED IN PEACE NOW!

THERE'S THE OUTFIT WE NEED! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET TO WORK!

I DON'T THINK OUR PASSENGERS -- I MEAN THE PEOPLE THAT OWN THE HOUSE -- ARE GONNA LIKE THIS!

LATER

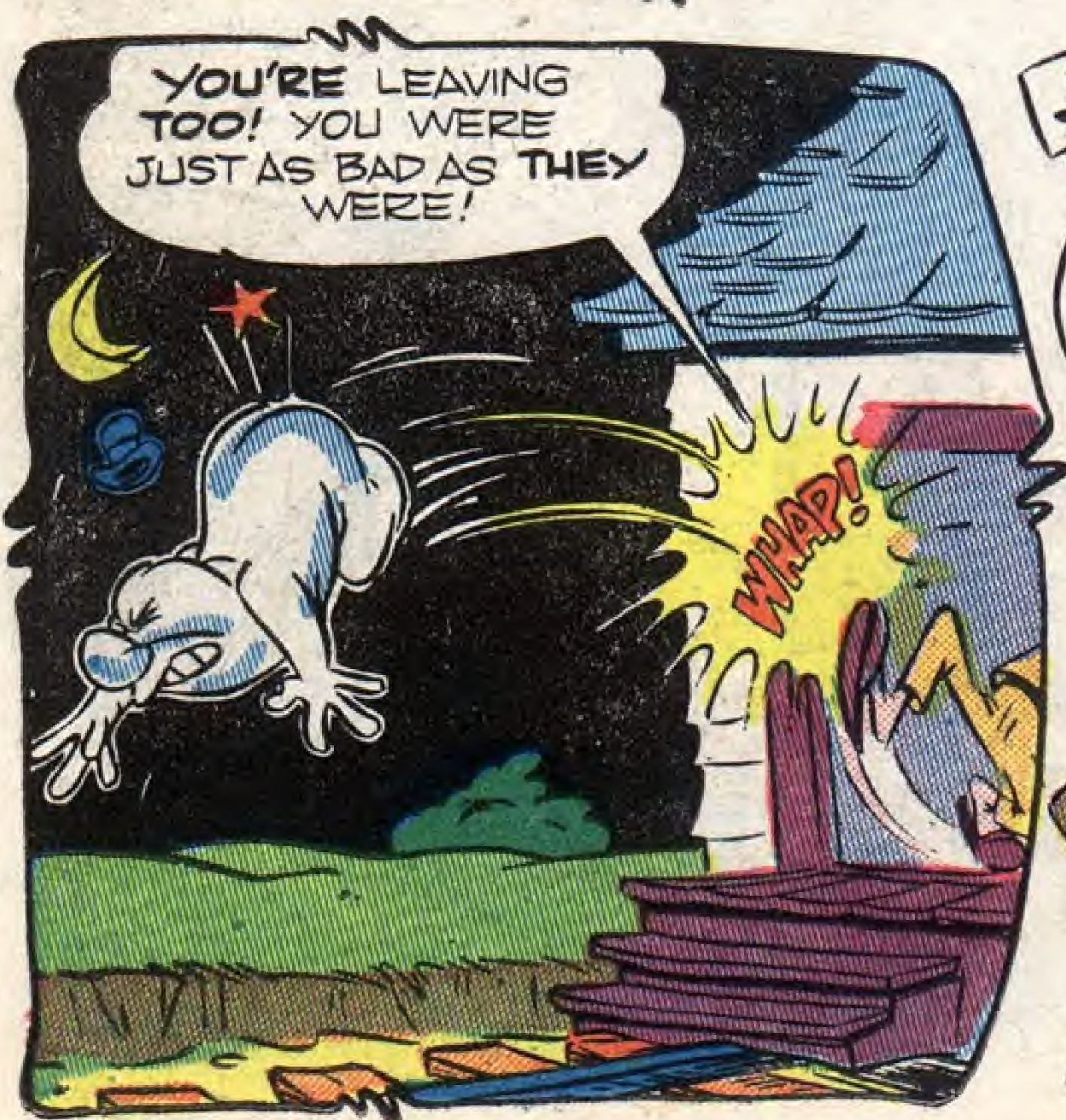
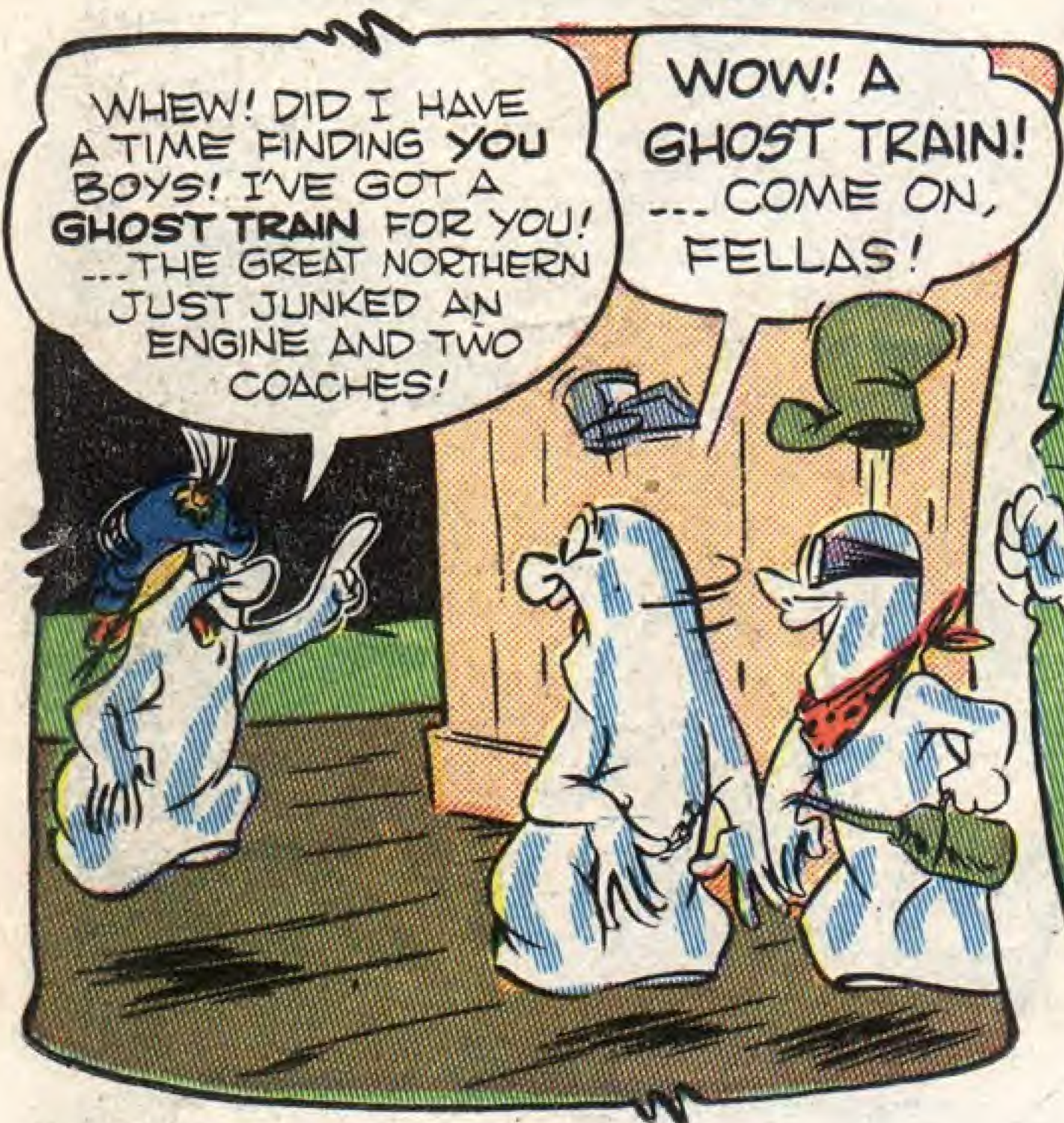
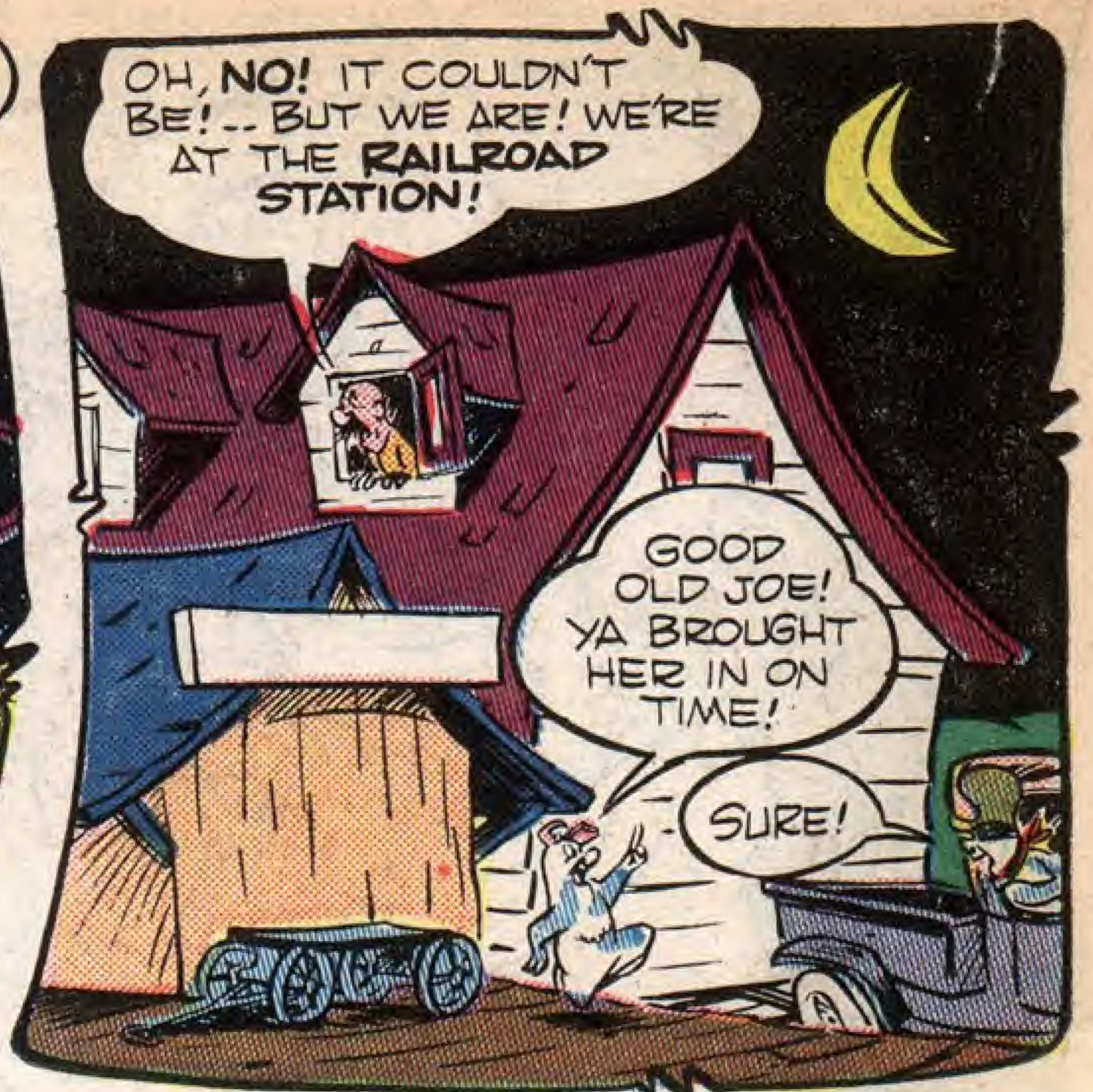
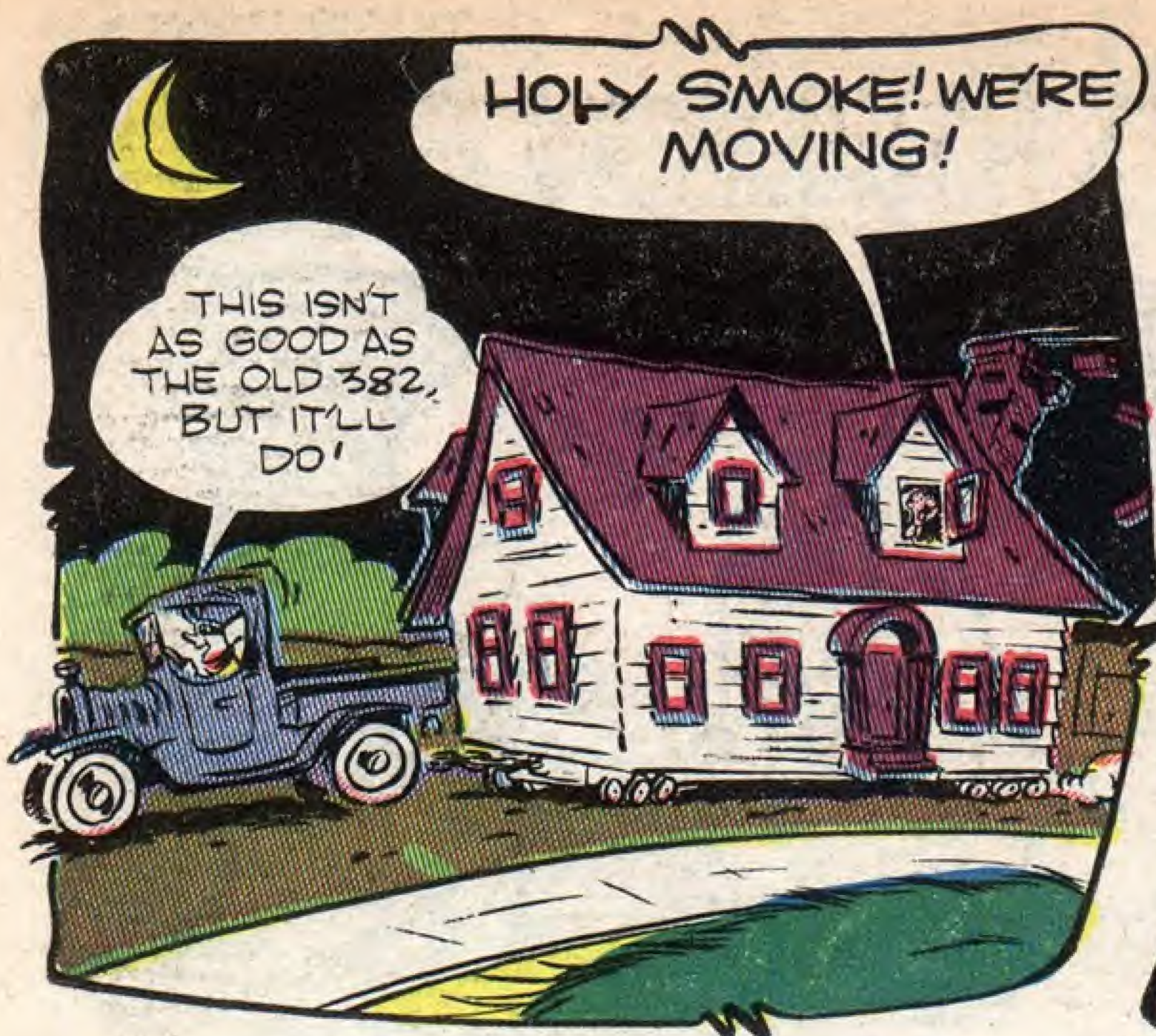
ALL ABOARD! LET 'ER ROLL, JOE!

MY GOSH, WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW? AN EARTHQUAKE?

RUMBLE!  
RUMBLE!

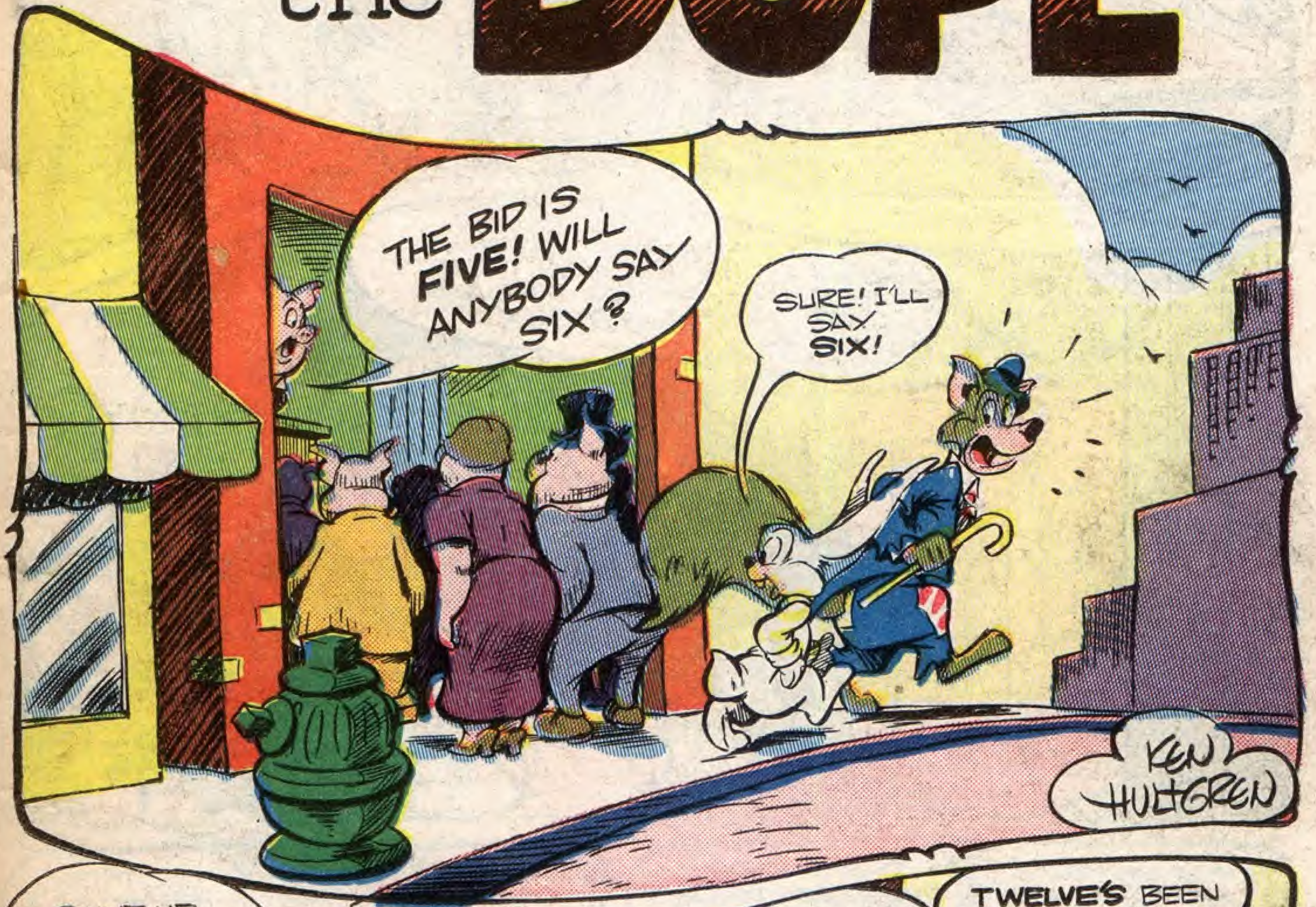
RUMBLE!



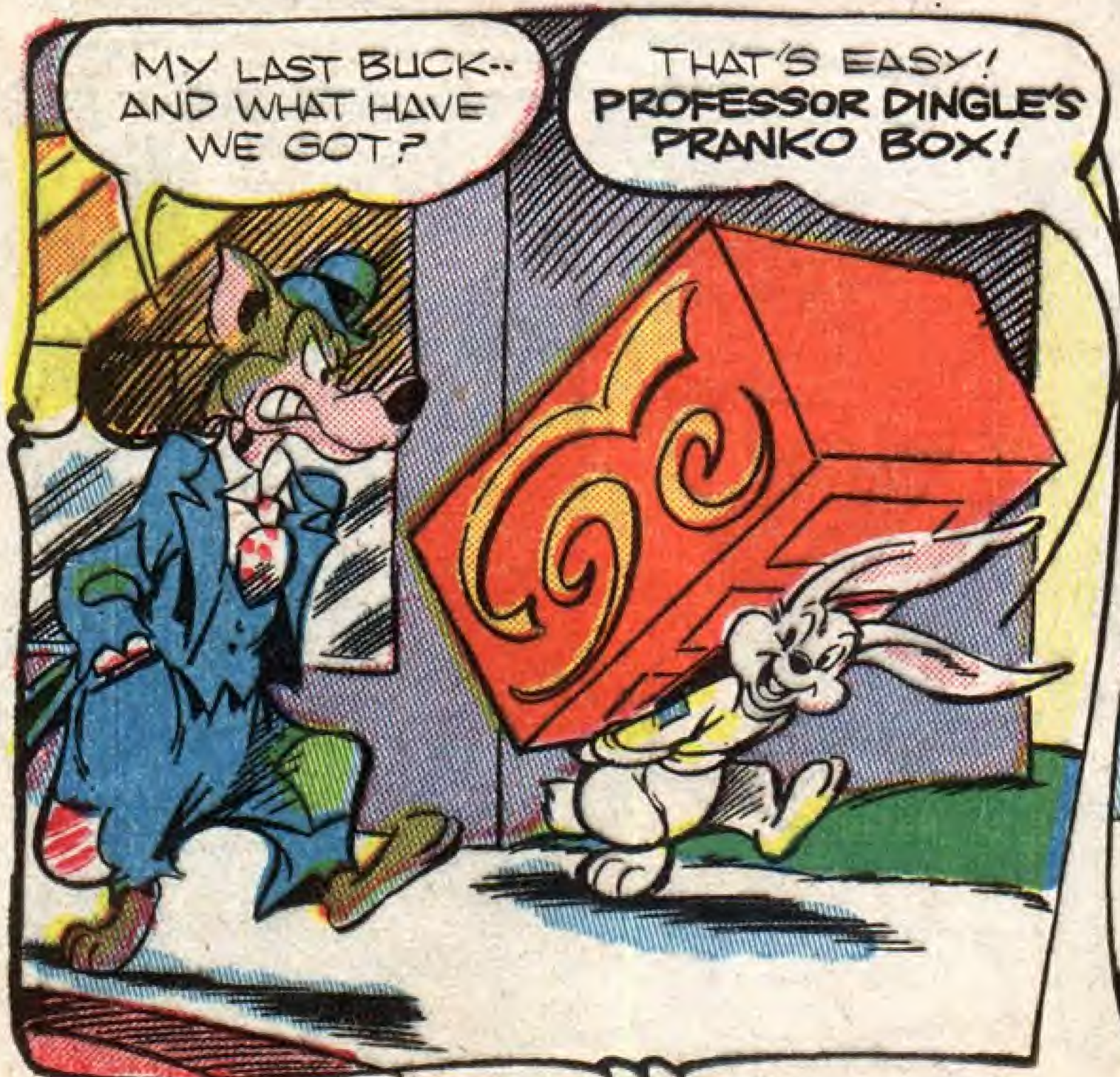
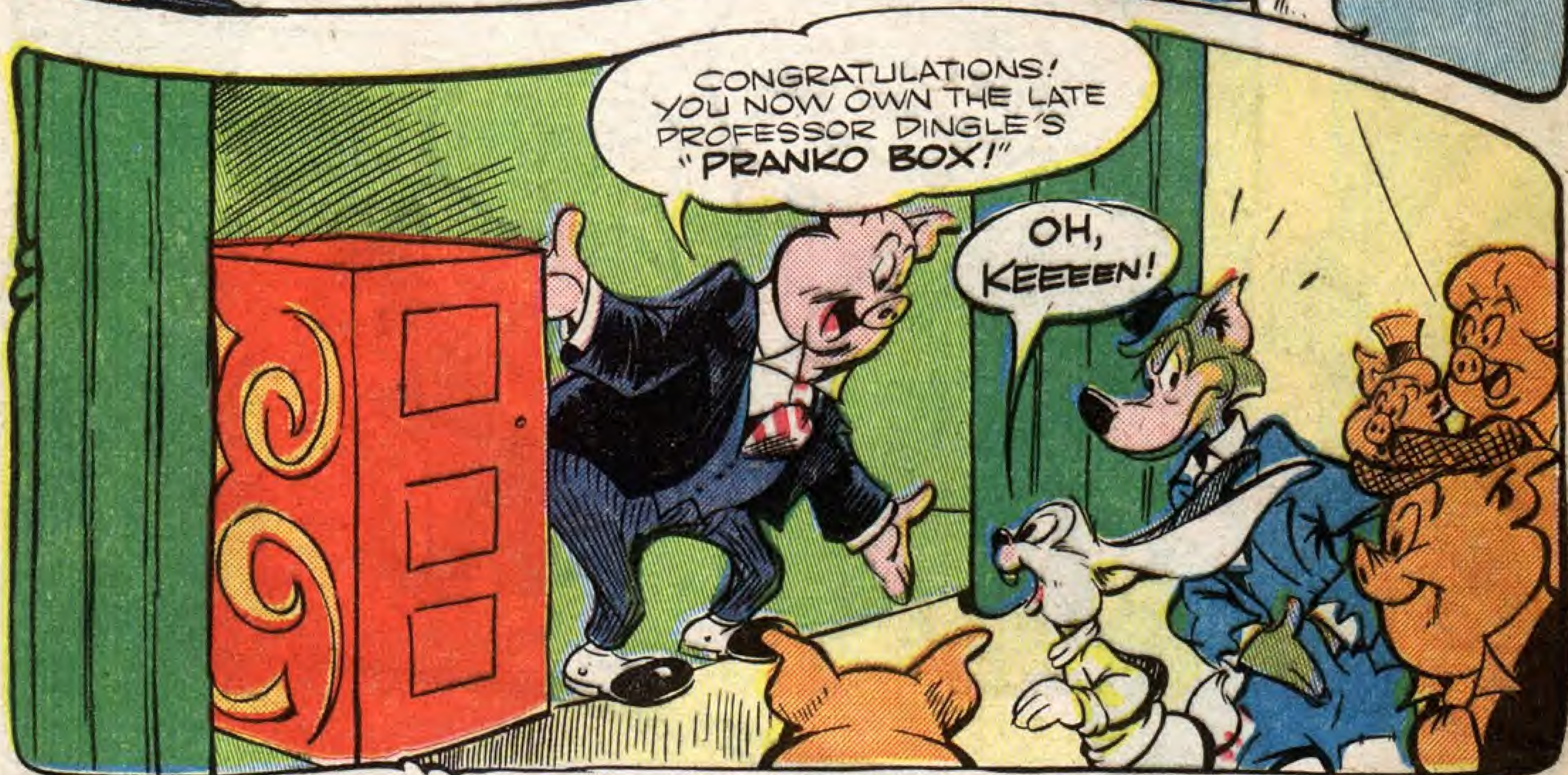




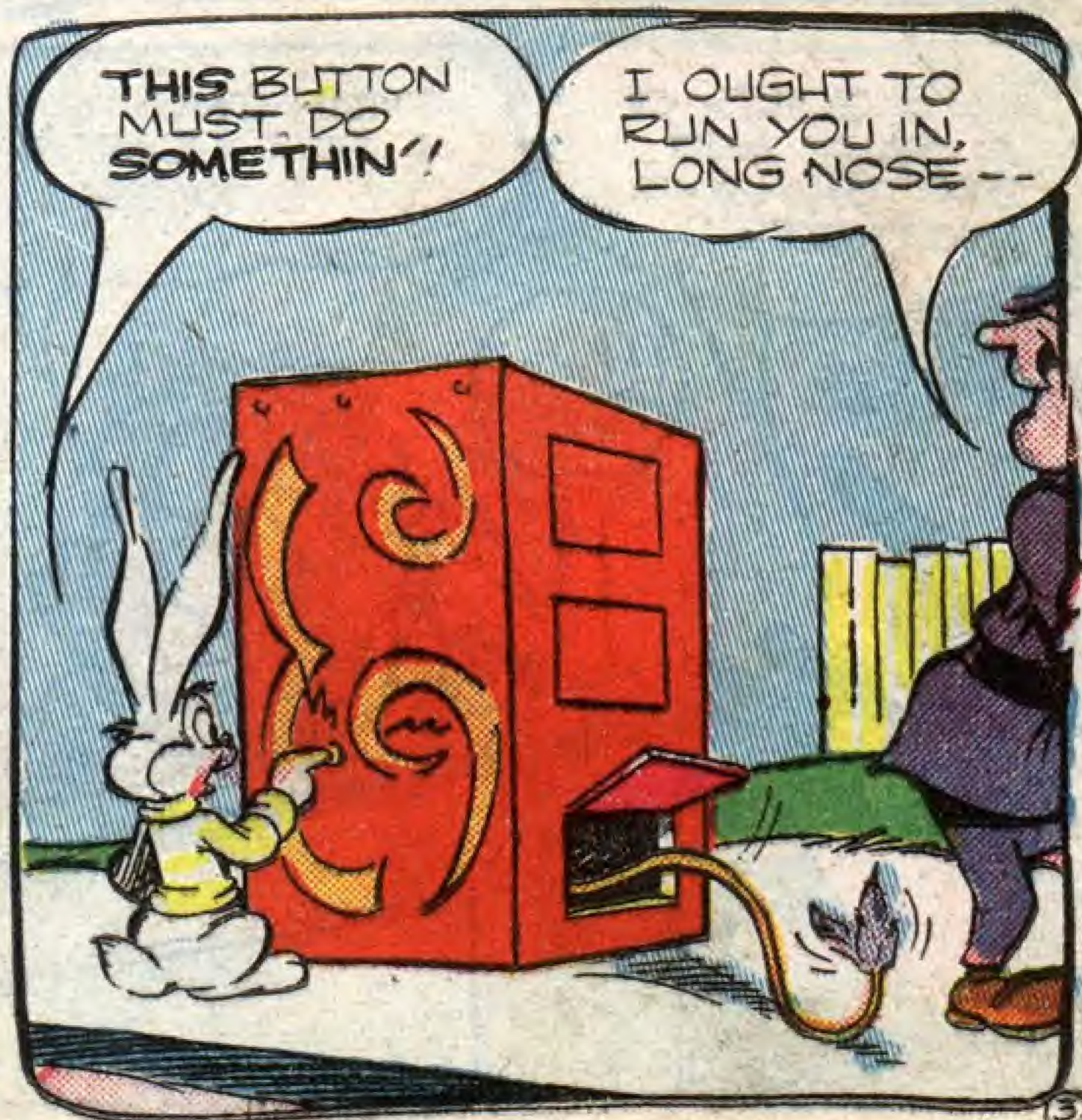
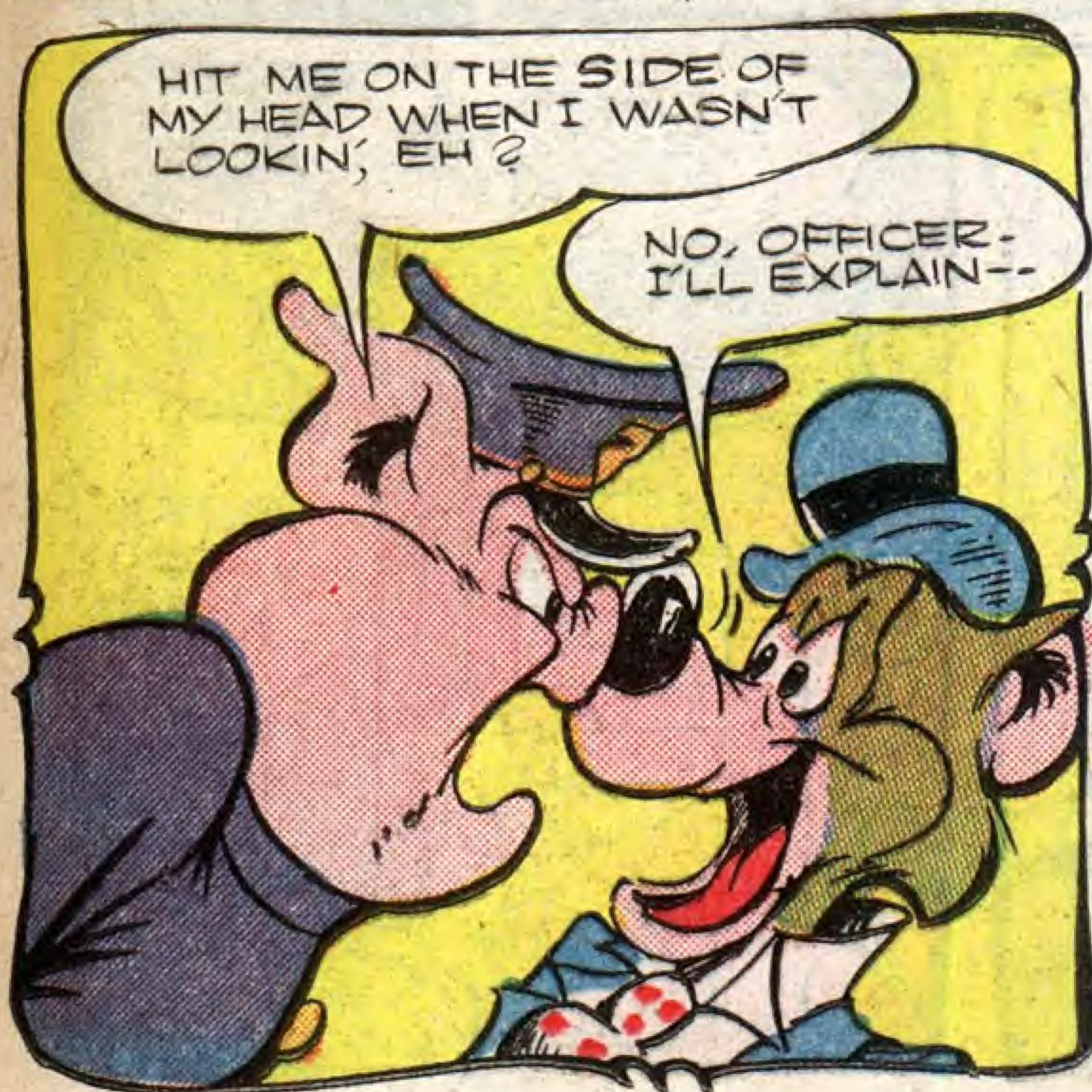
# the **DUKE** and the **DOPE**



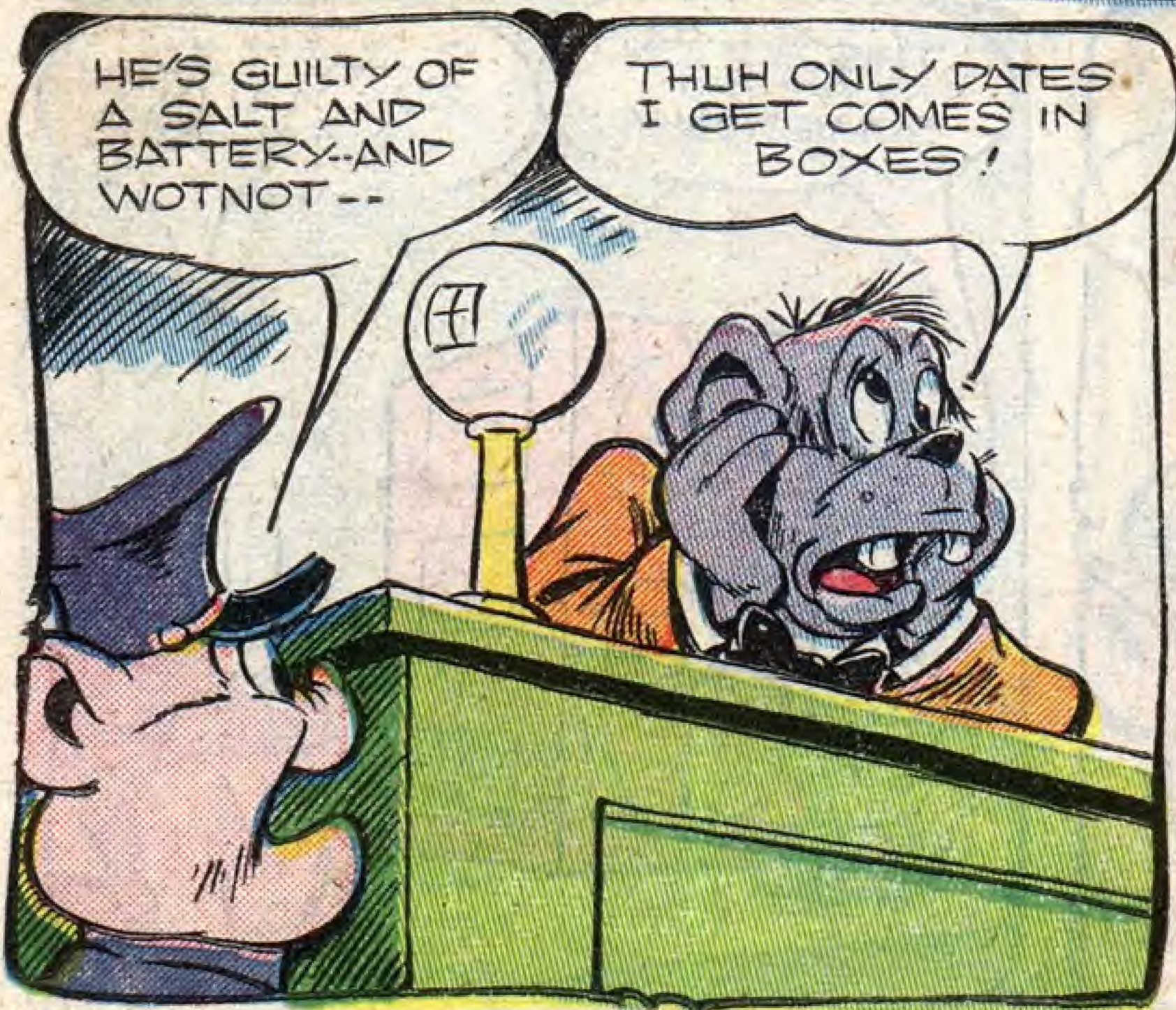
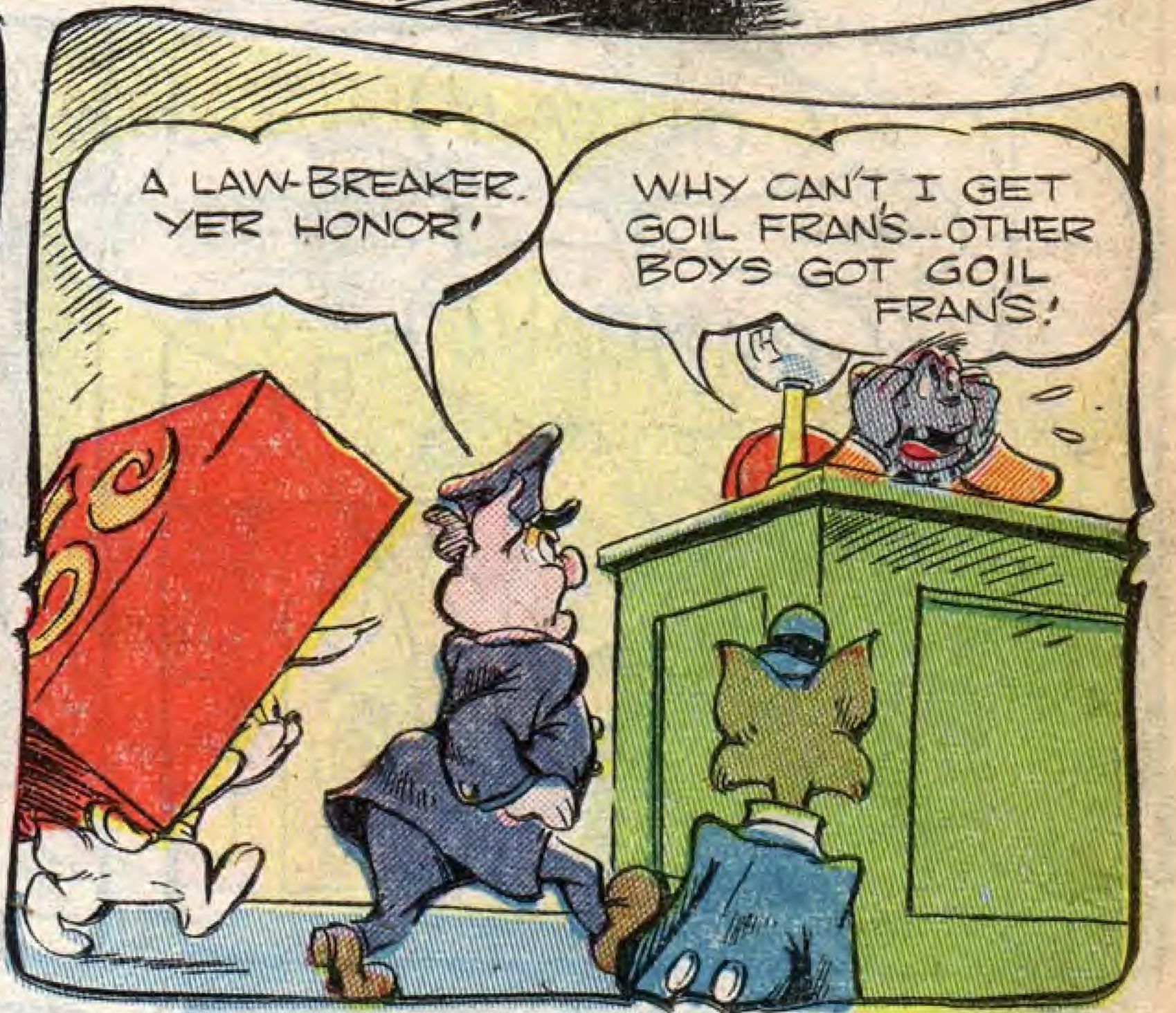
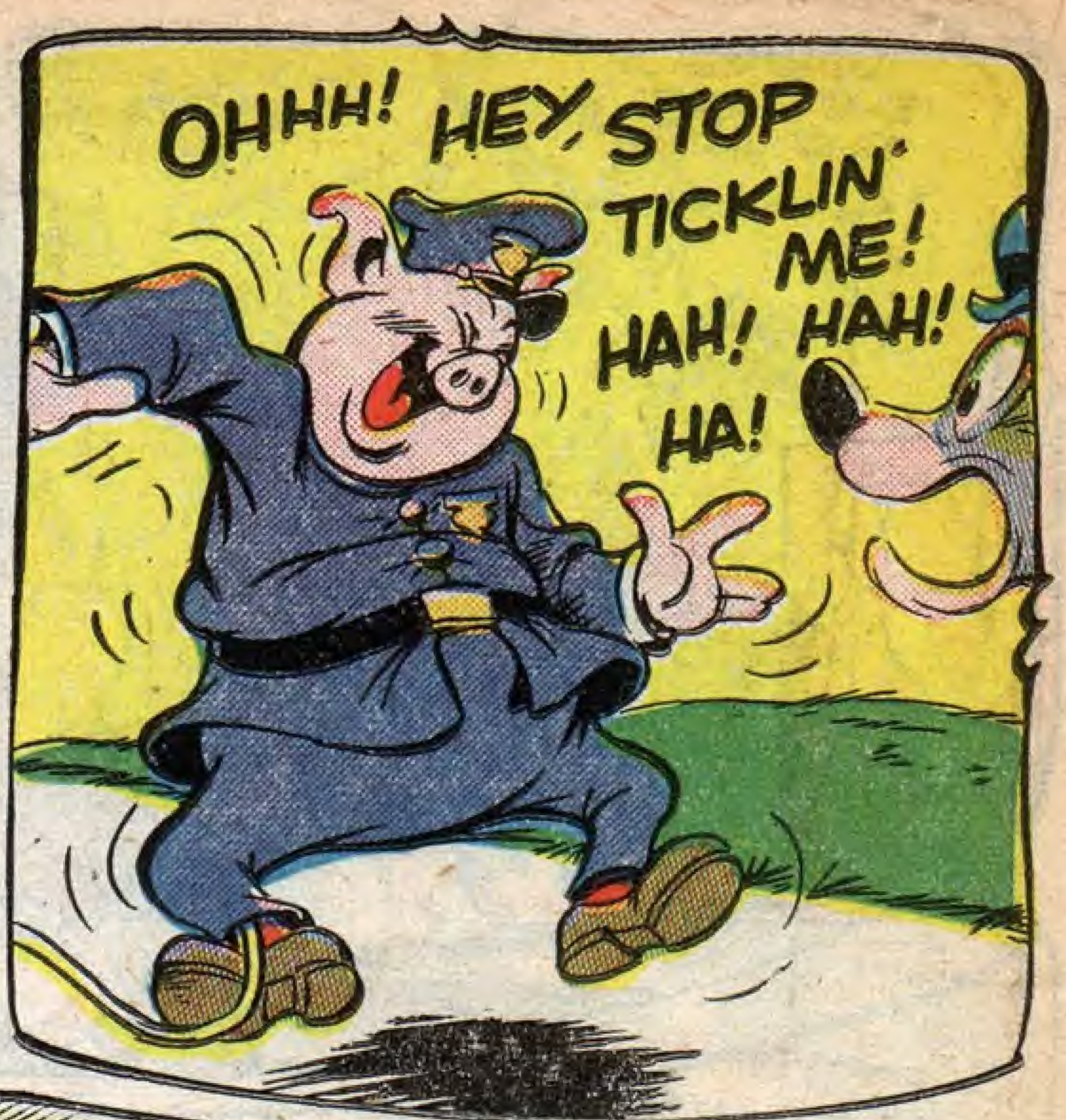
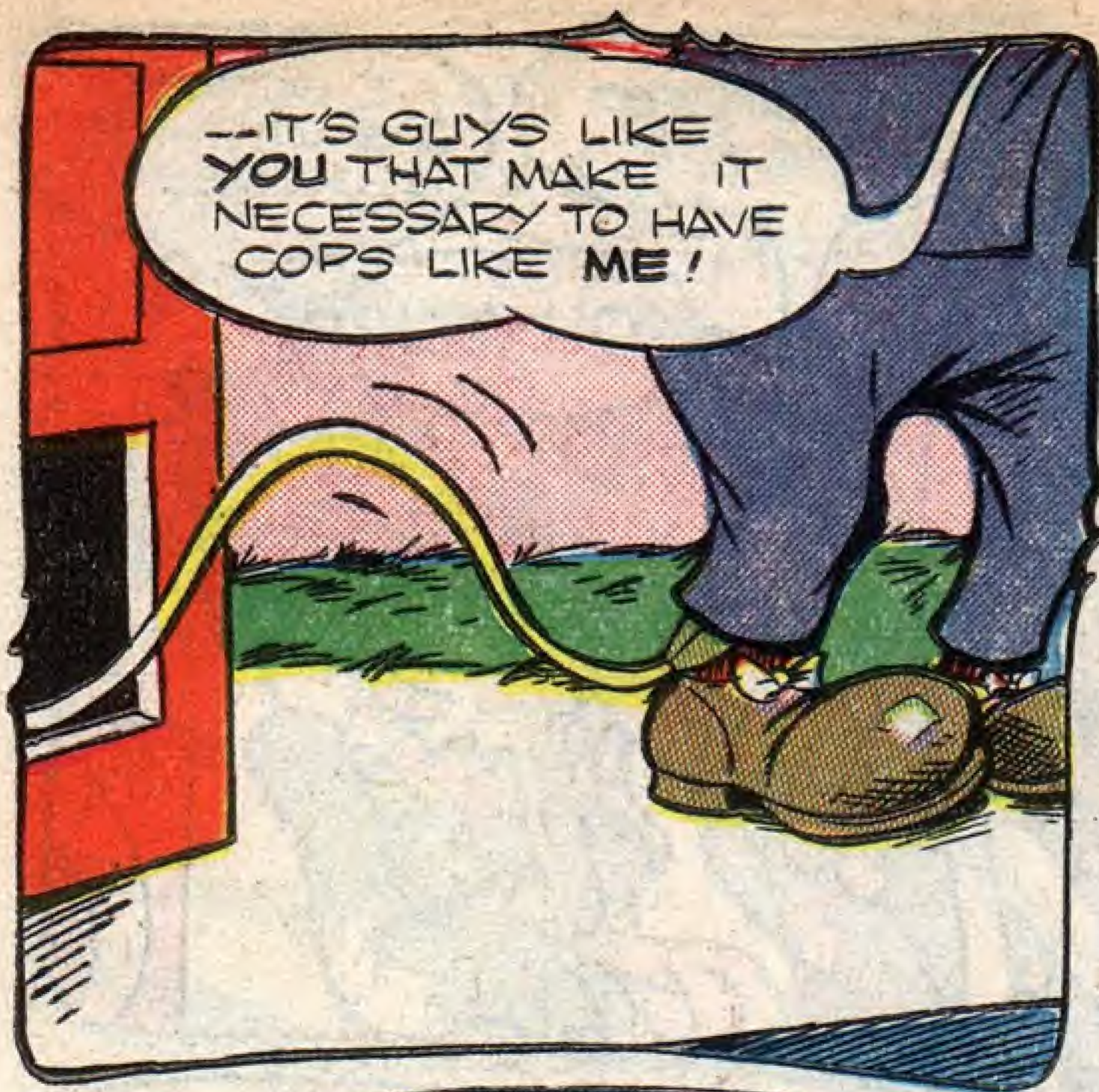




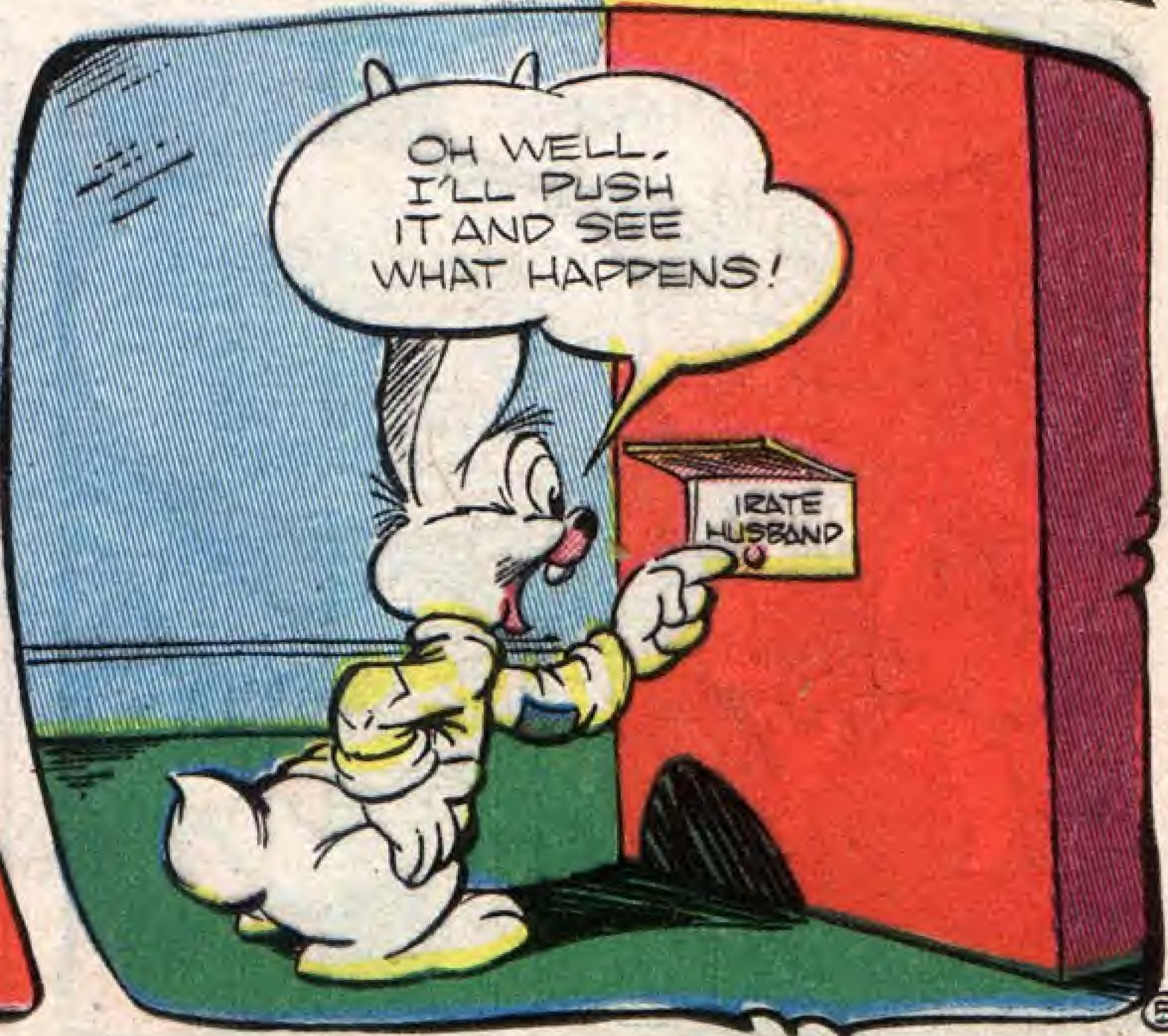
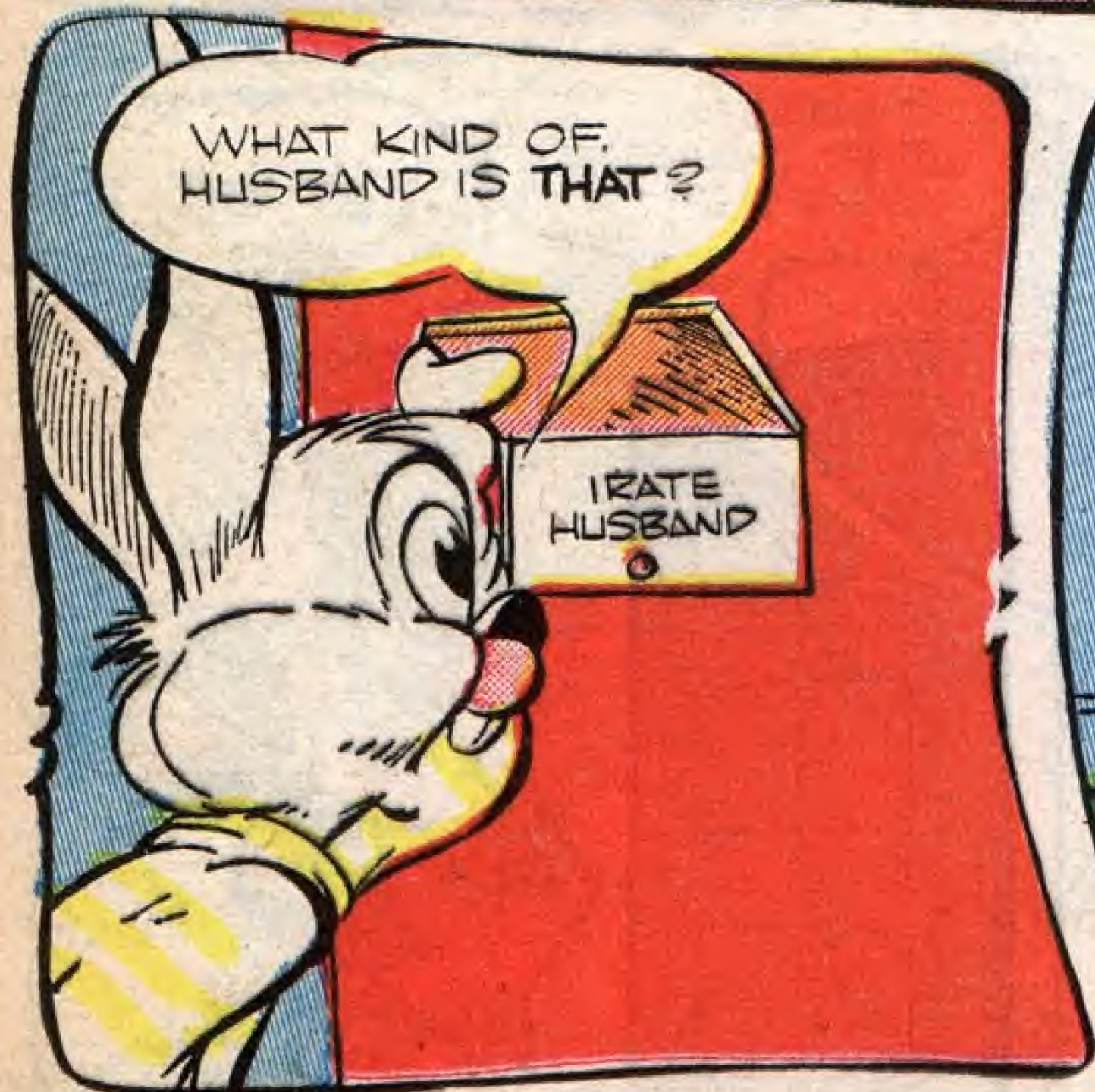
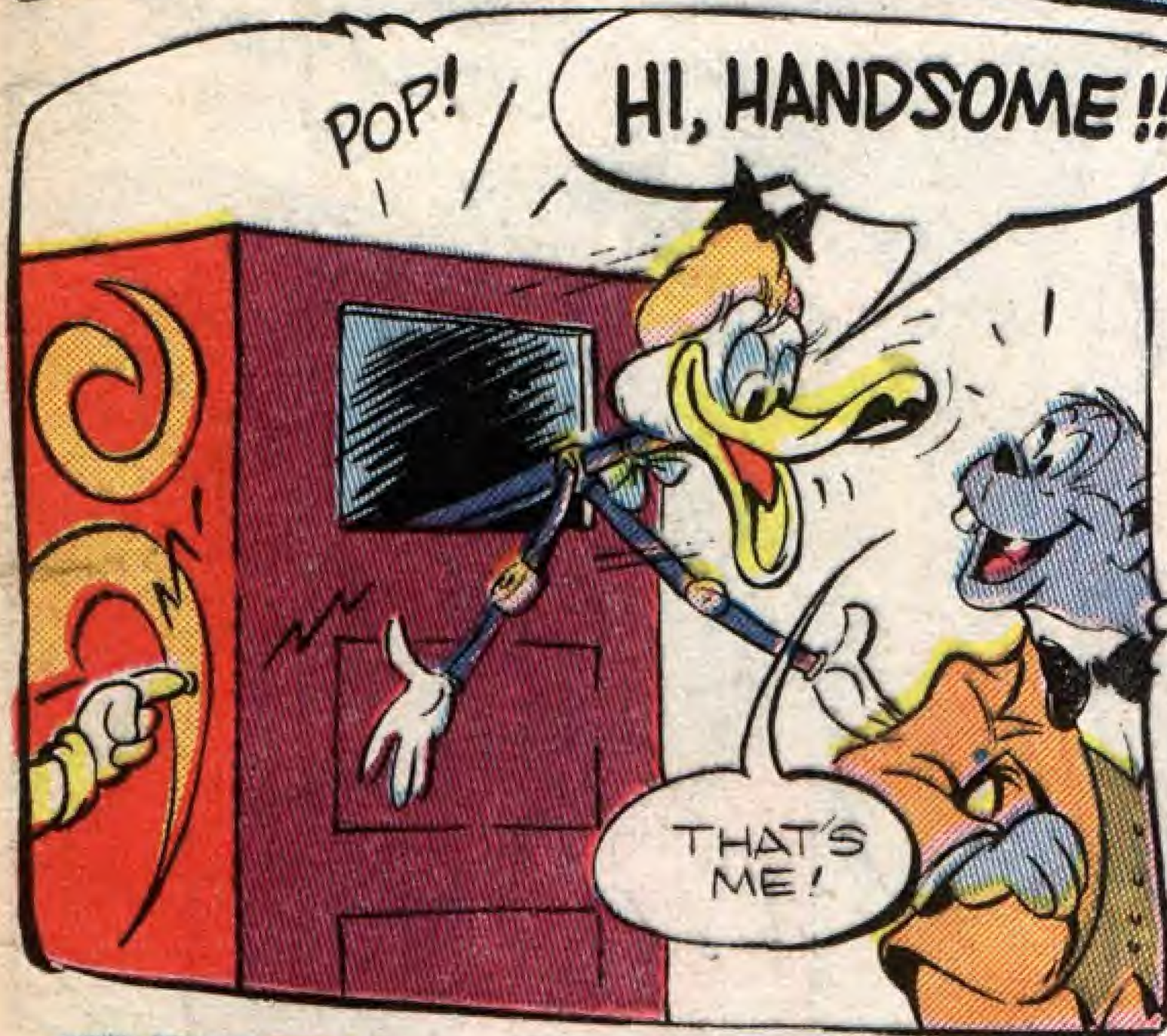
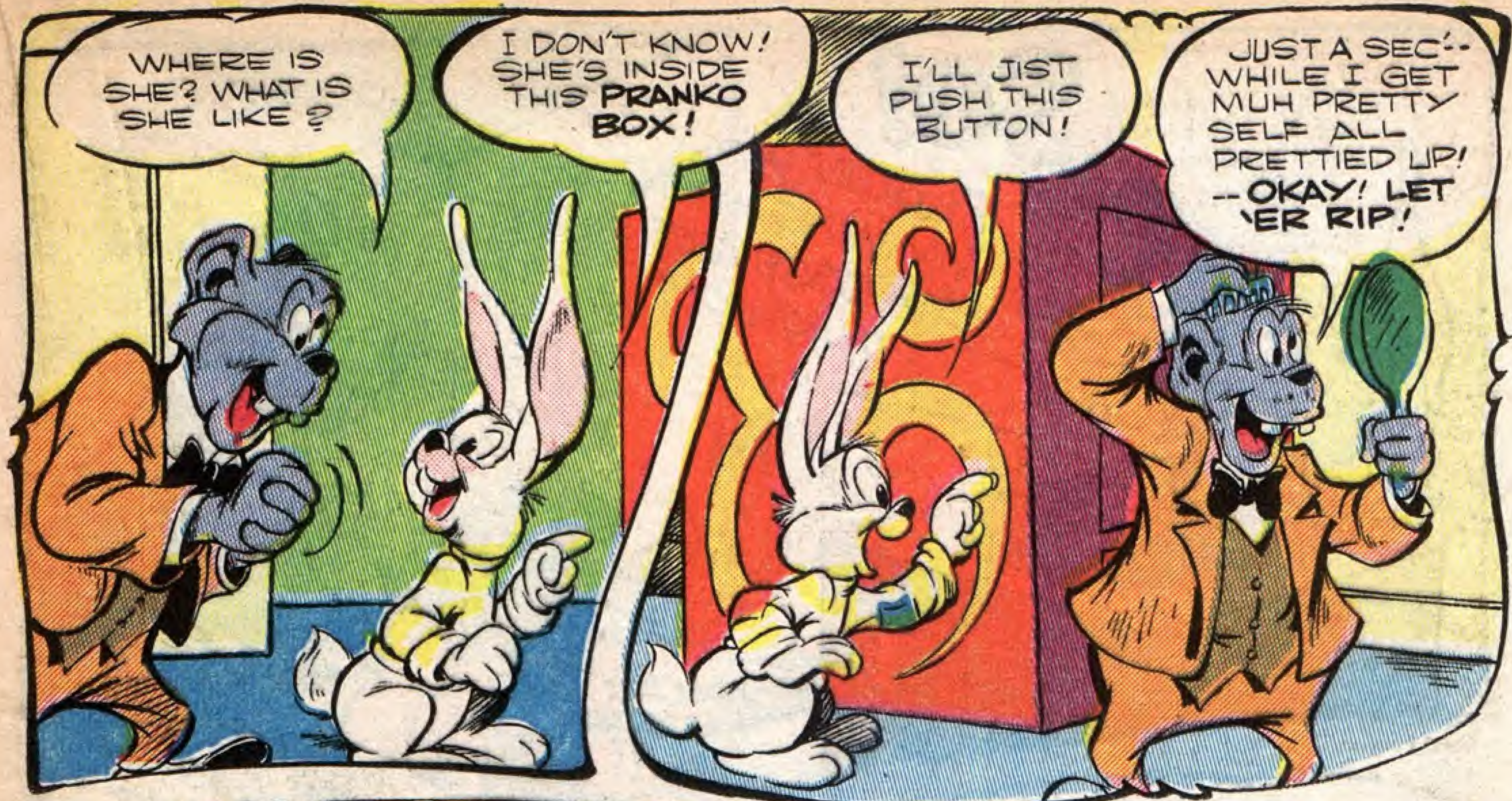




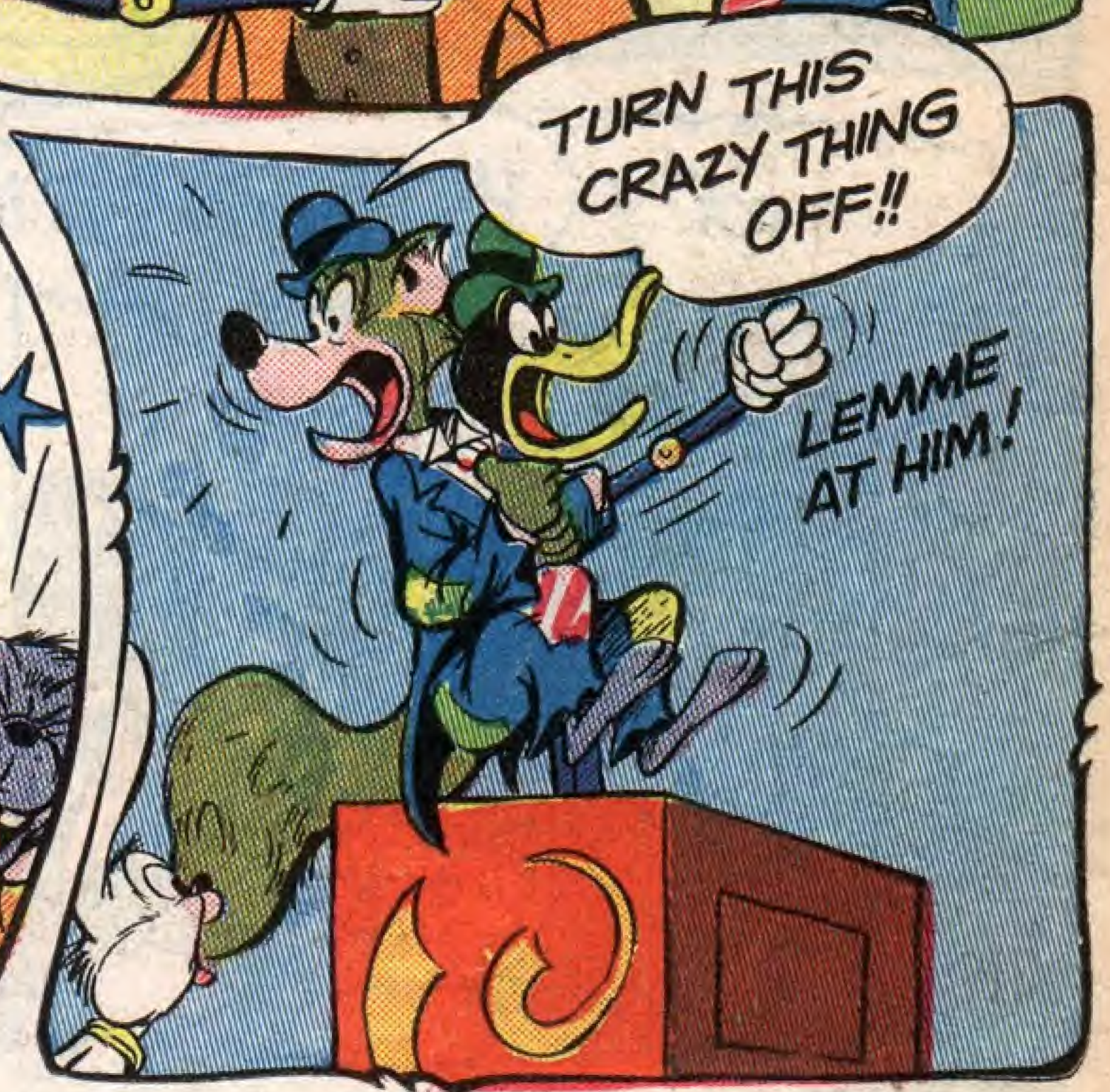
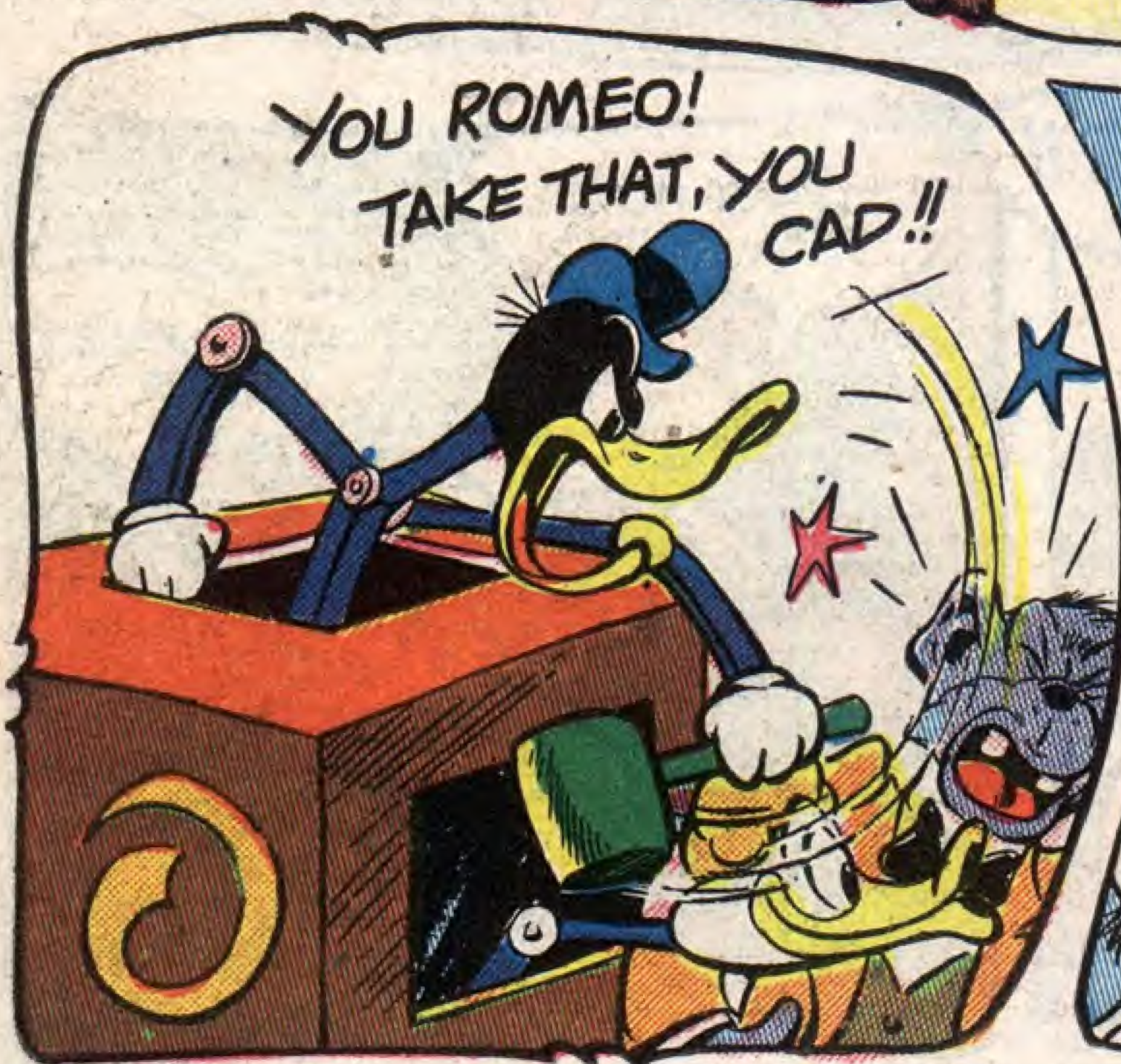
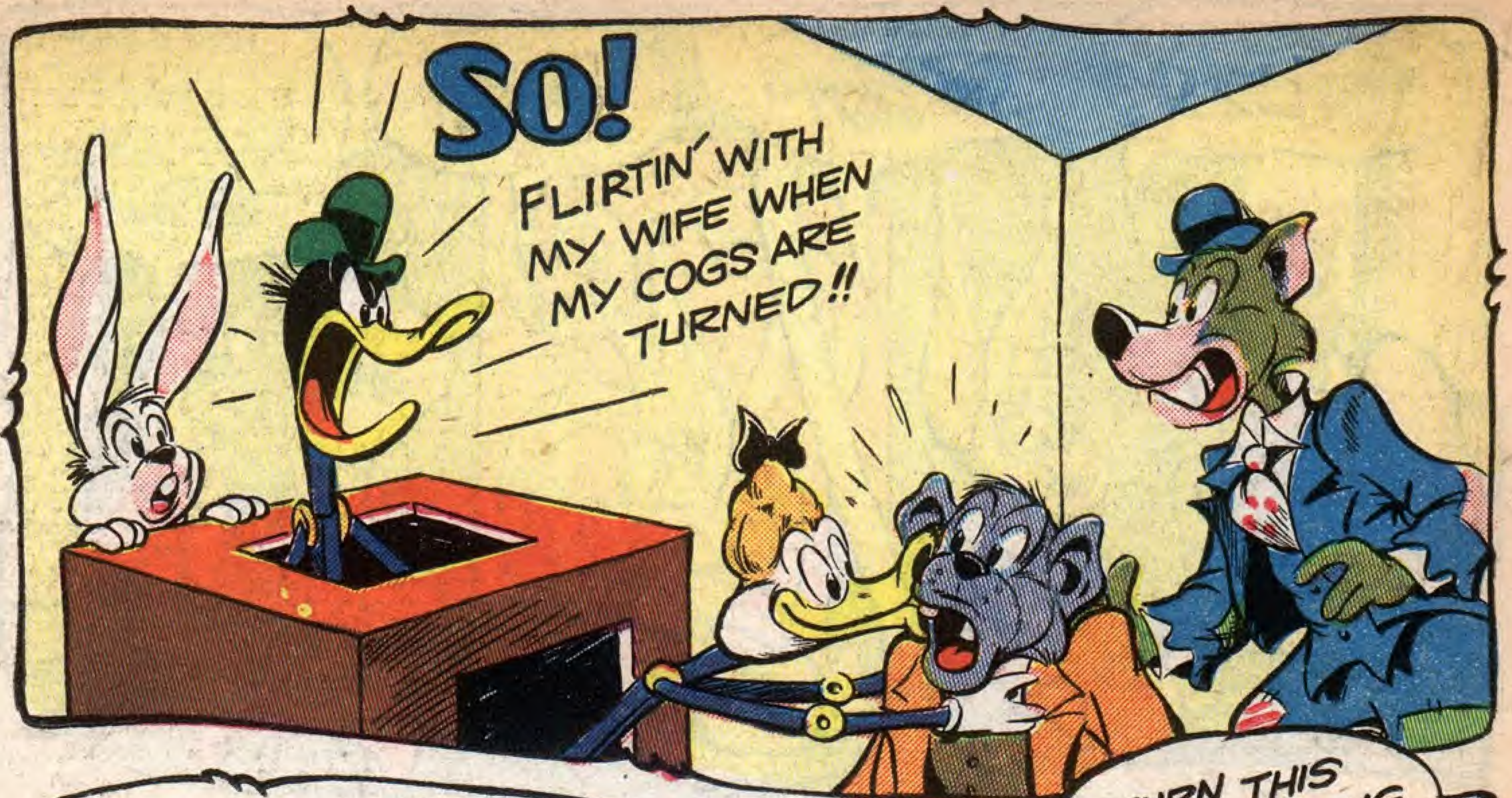




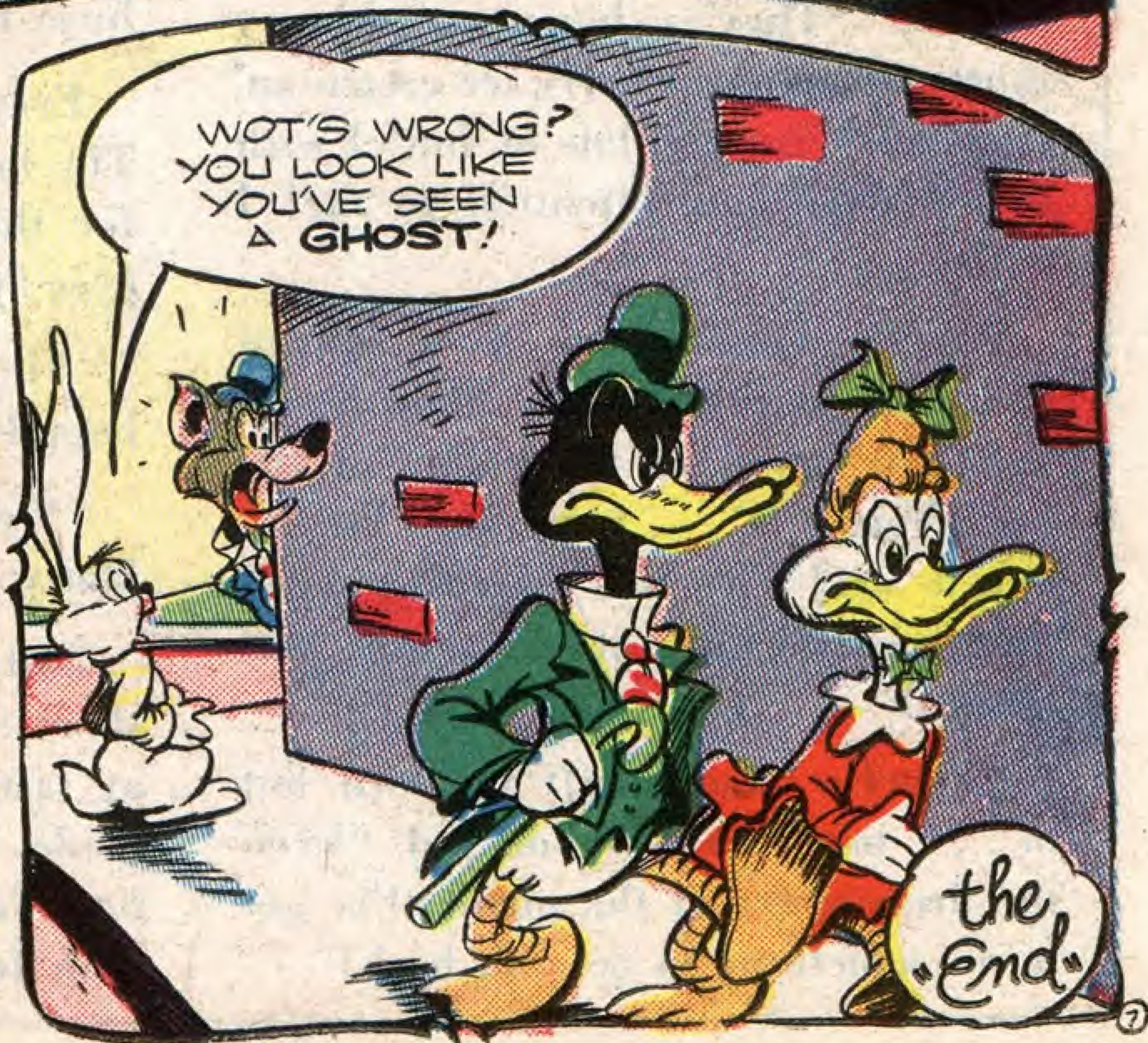
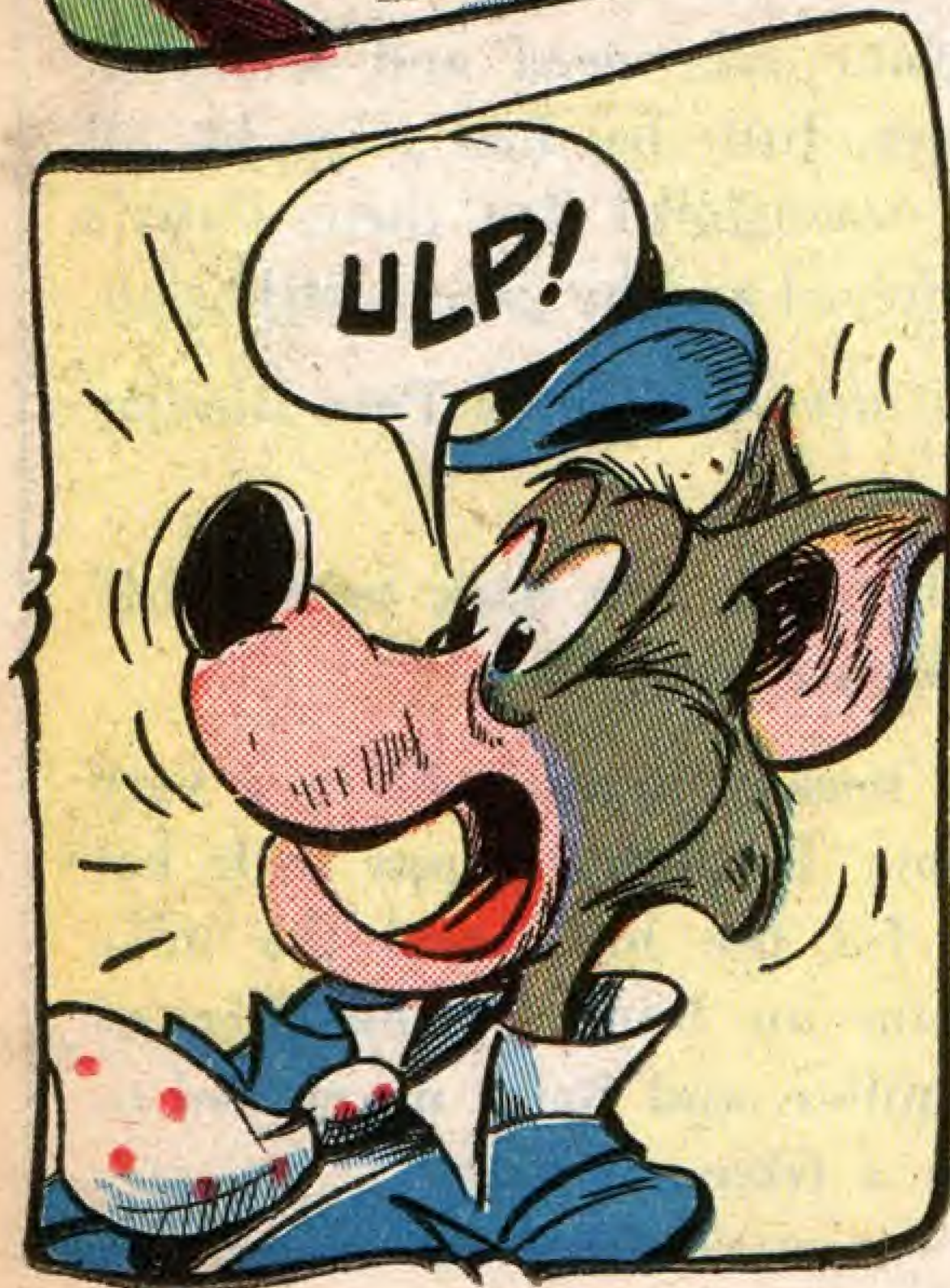
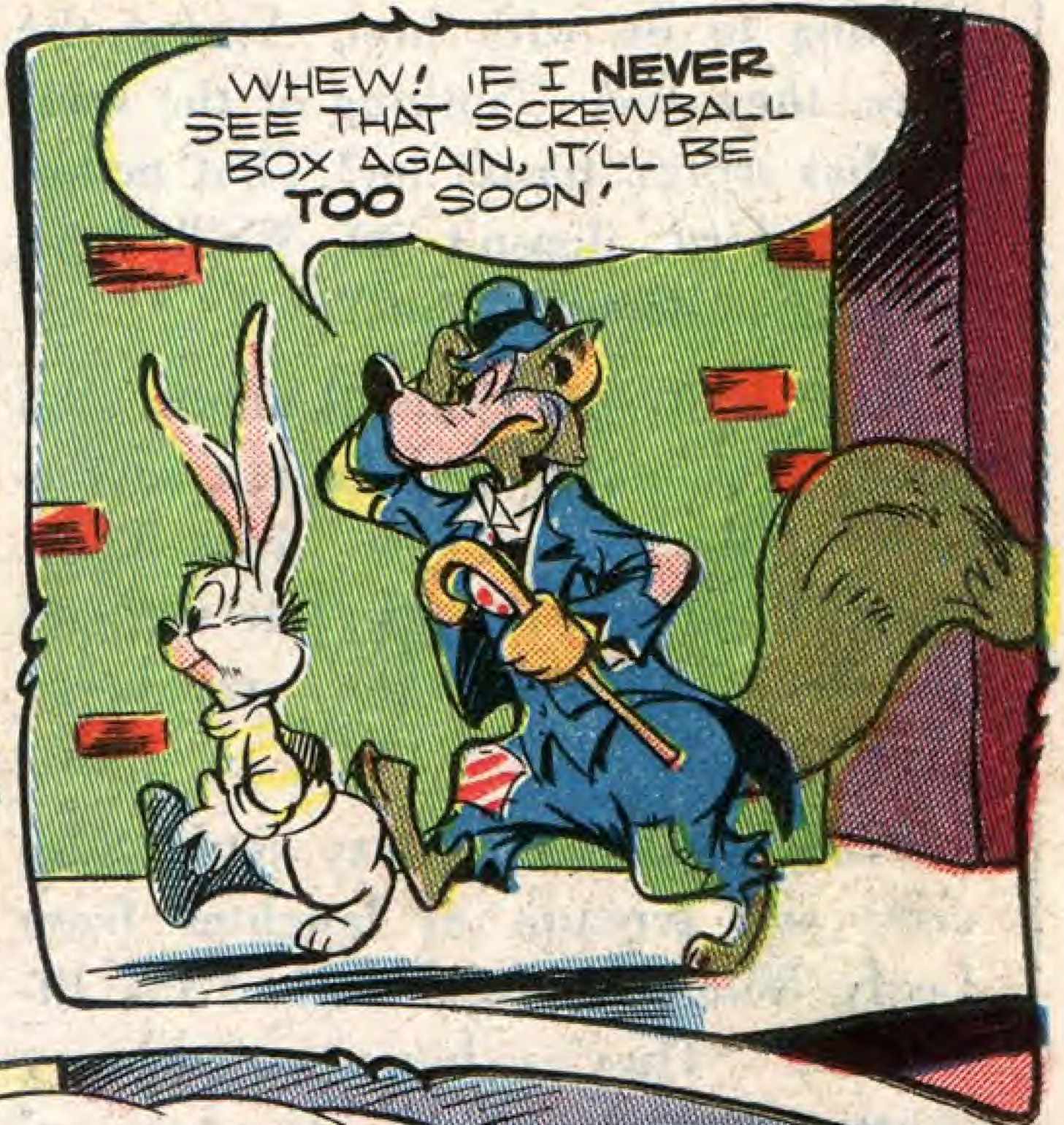
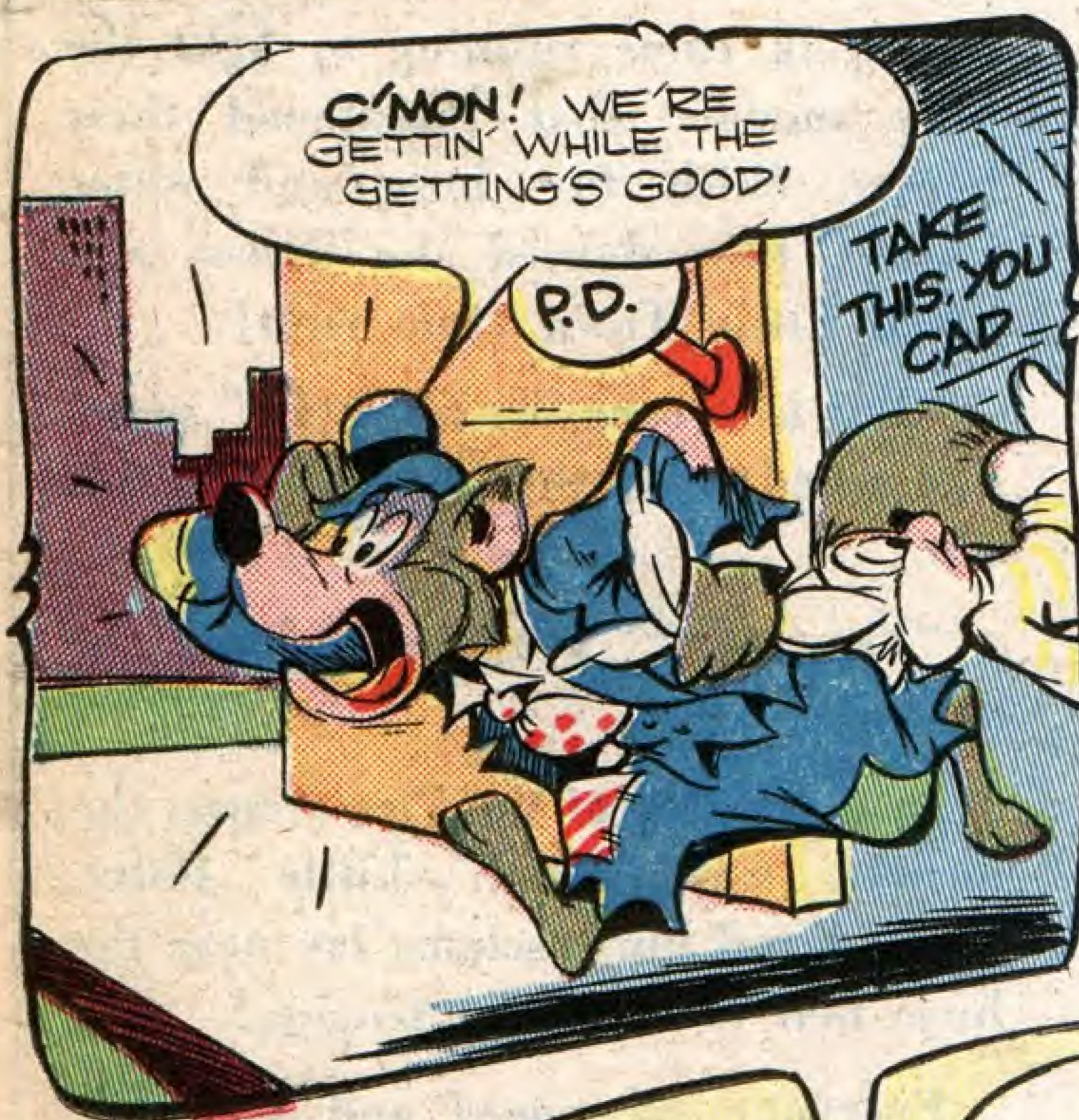
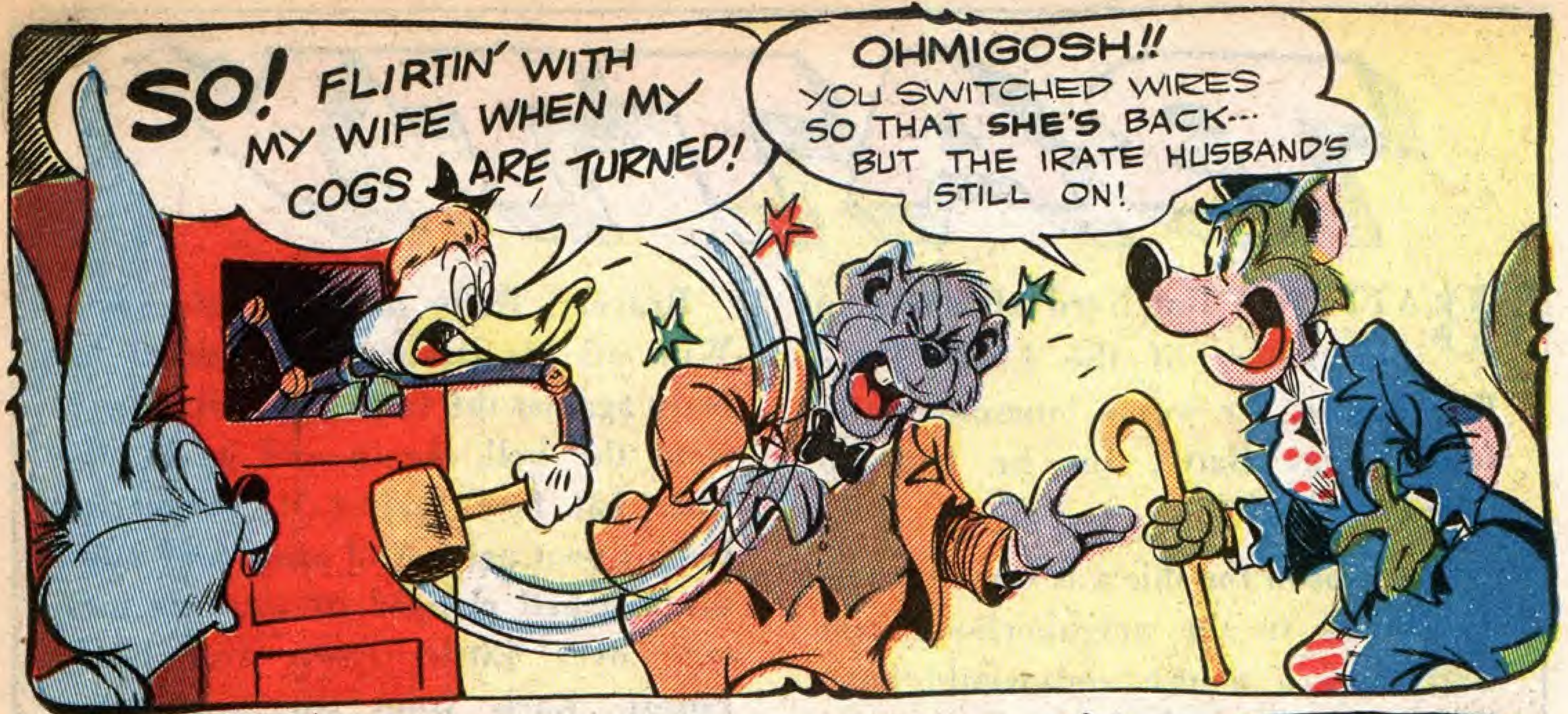














# BATTY

**B**ATTY the Bat lived all alone in the belfry of the Little Town Fire House. He was a lonesome little fellow, was Batty, for he had no friends at all!

The reason for this was very strange. The birds in the neighborhood said Batty was a mouse and would have nothing to do with him. As for the mice, *they* said. "Nothing of the sort! He has *wings*. hasn't he? That makes him a *bird*. doesn't it? We'll have nothing to do with him!"

Poor Batty was left all alone, as a result. And never had he felt so forlorn as the day of the Little Town Festival, when everyone left the city and went to the woods for a strawberry picnic.

From the belfry, Batty could hear cries and screams of laughter from Leafy Woods. "Gosh," sighed the little bat. "They're havin' strawberry shortcake an' strawberry ice cream an' strawberry jam an' lots of fun! I wish they'd pay some attention to me! I wish . . ."

Batty's wishes came to a sudden end as he stared down at Main Street from his perch in the belfry of the Fire House. It . . . it couldn't be . . . but it was! Fire was sweeping down the street, licking at the stores and houses!

"There's nobody left in town but m . . . me!" Batty shuddered. "Even the firemen are at the picnic. I've got to do something to get 'em back!"

Bravely, Batty made up his mind. With all his strength, he hurled his body against the large fire bell. *Clang!* went the bell. Again and again, the little bat flew against it, not caring for his own pain. And again and again the fire bell clanged its warning message over Little Town and Leafy Forest. Back from the picnic the townsfolk came running to fight the fiery menace that threatened their homes. With fire hose and water bucket, they doused the flames and saved Little Town from ruin!

"But *who* rang the fire bell?" someone asked, after the fire had been put out.

"Yes, *who?*" everyone echoed the question.

In the belfry of the Fire House, the answer was found. Little Batty, bruised and unconscious, lay near the huge bell he had sent ringing!

Everyone was awed and ashamed. The lonely little bat had given his all for the townsfolk! But then, Batty's eyes fluttered and he gave a little sigh.

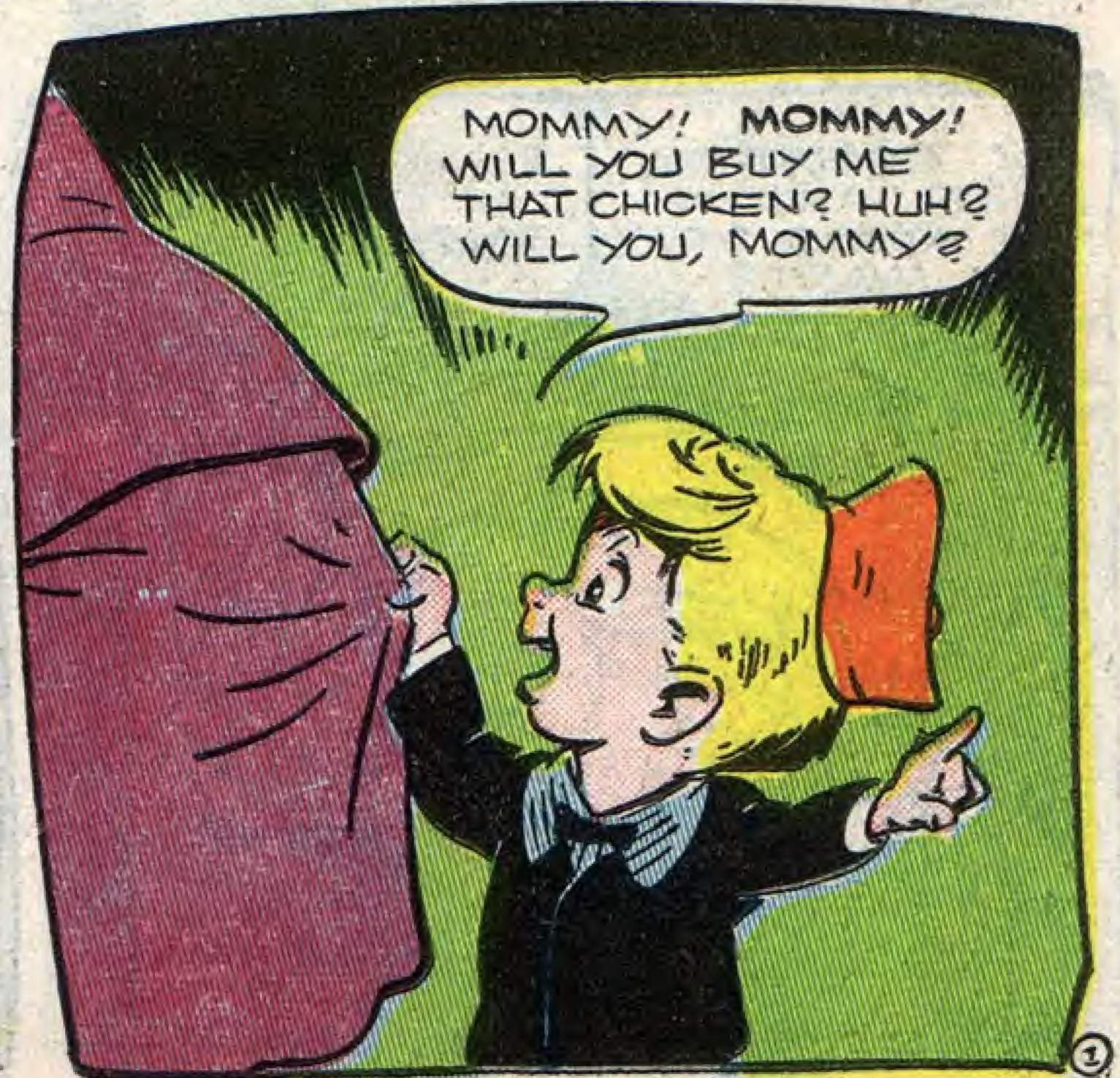
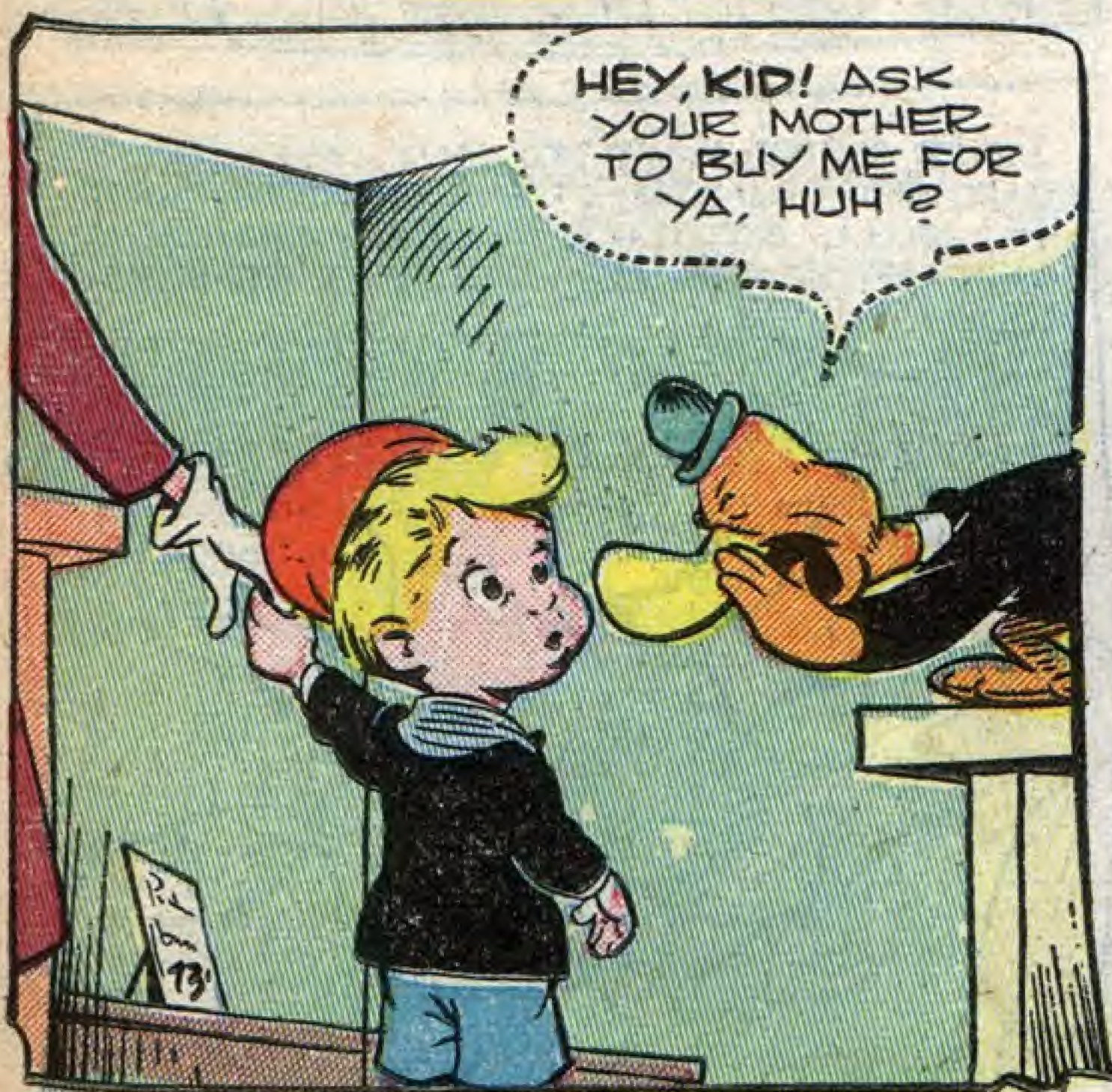
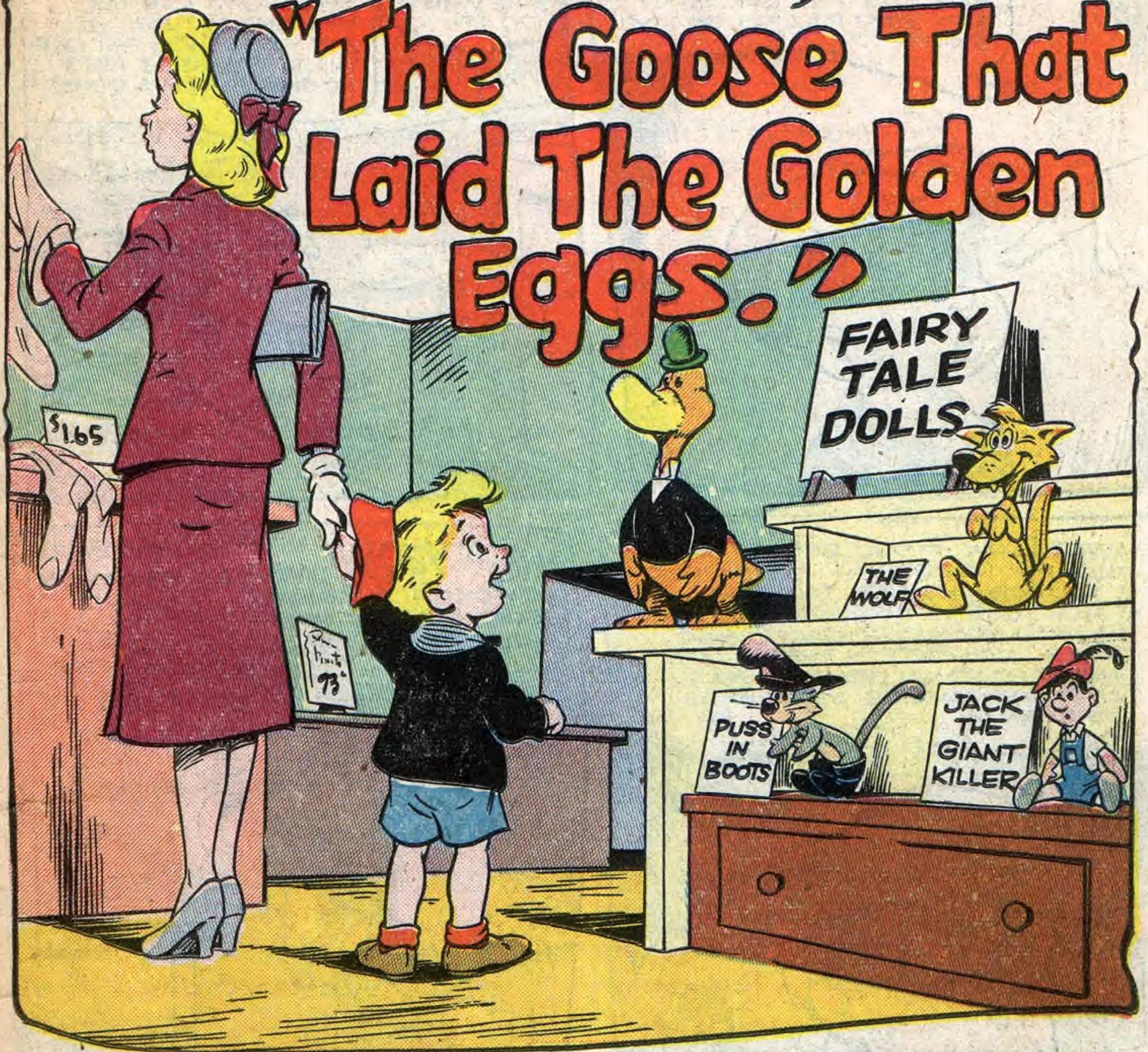
"He's *alive!*" shouted Pete Bluejay happily.

"We'll nurse him back to health!" Matty Mouse sang.

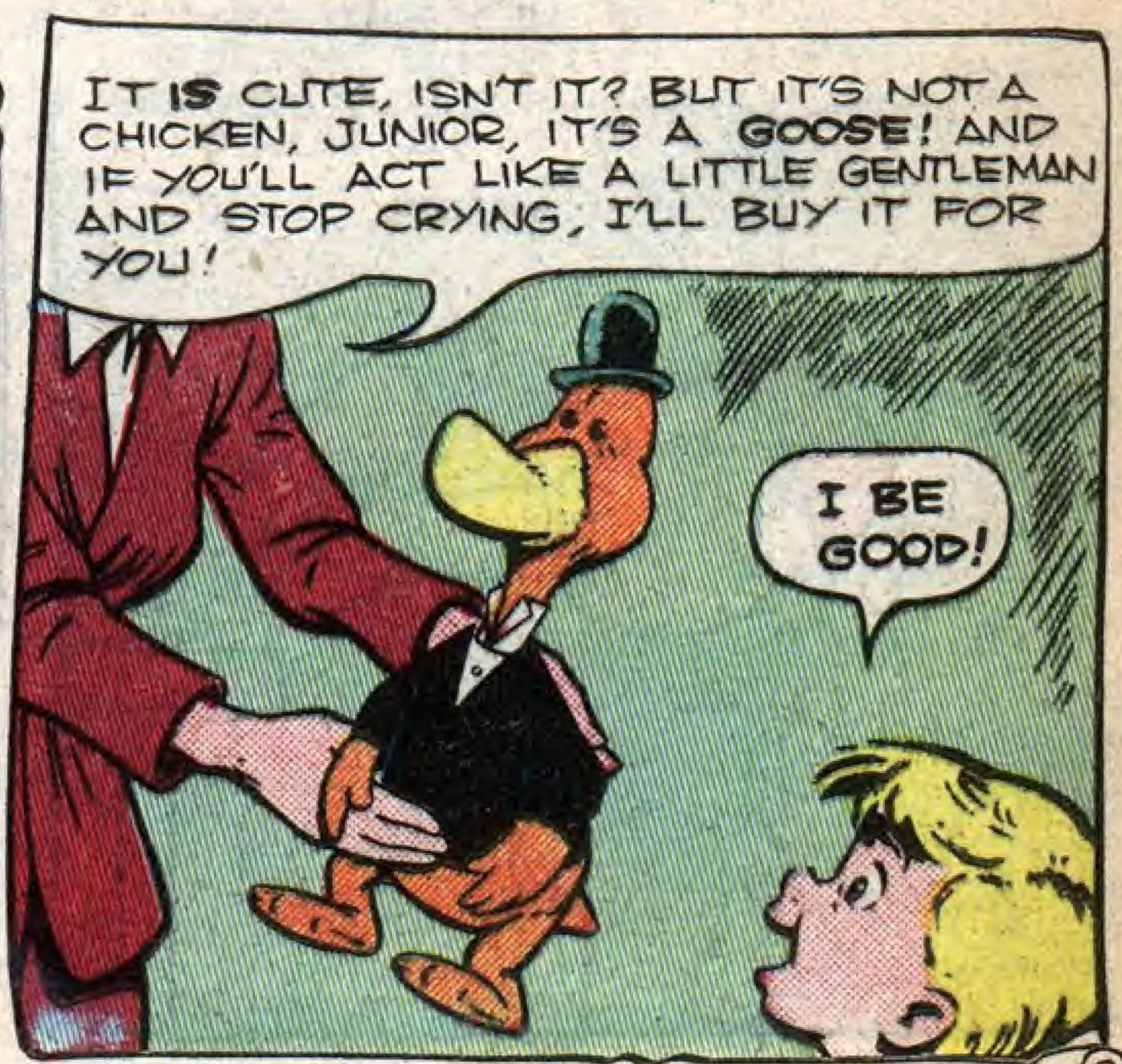
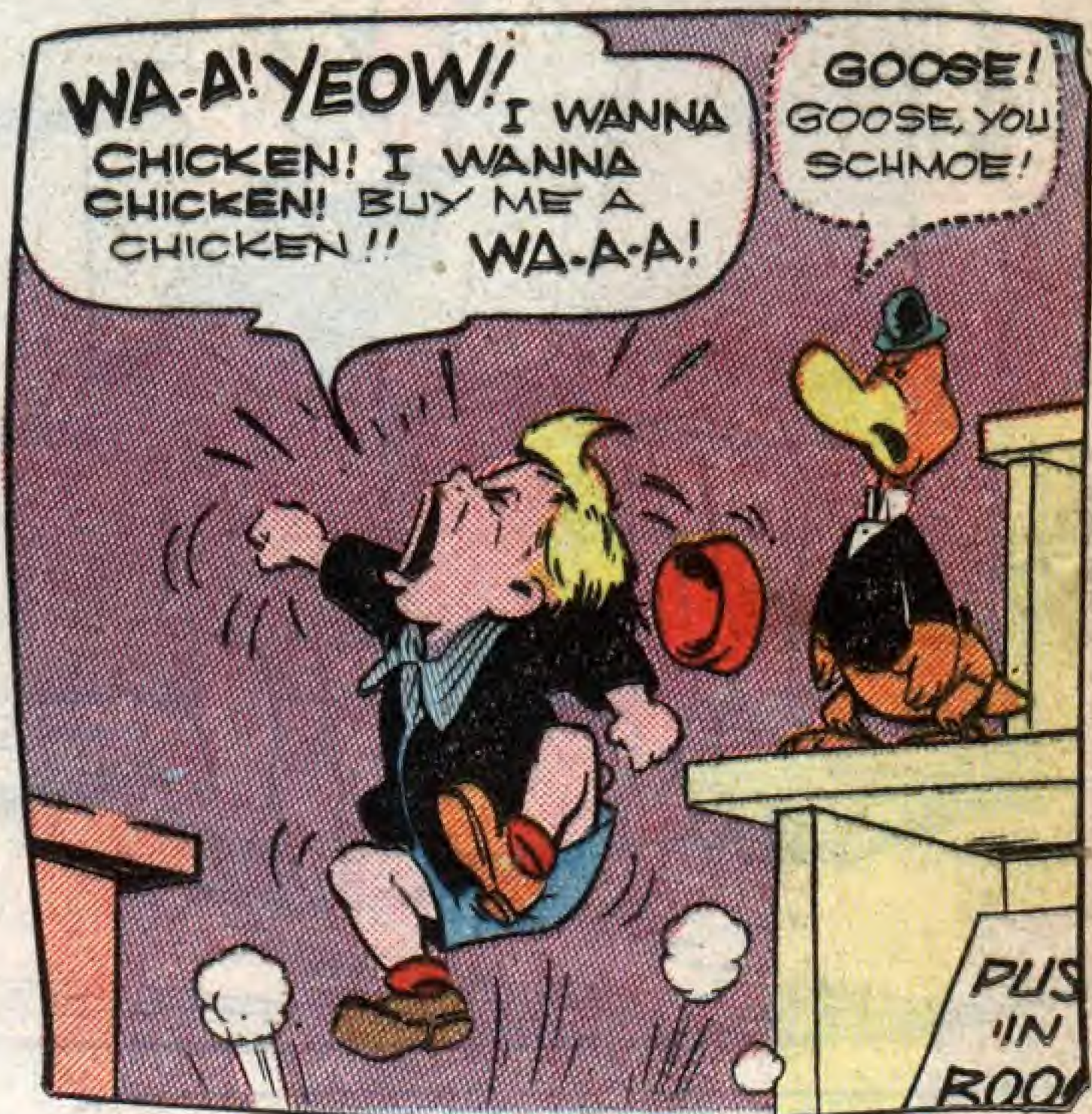
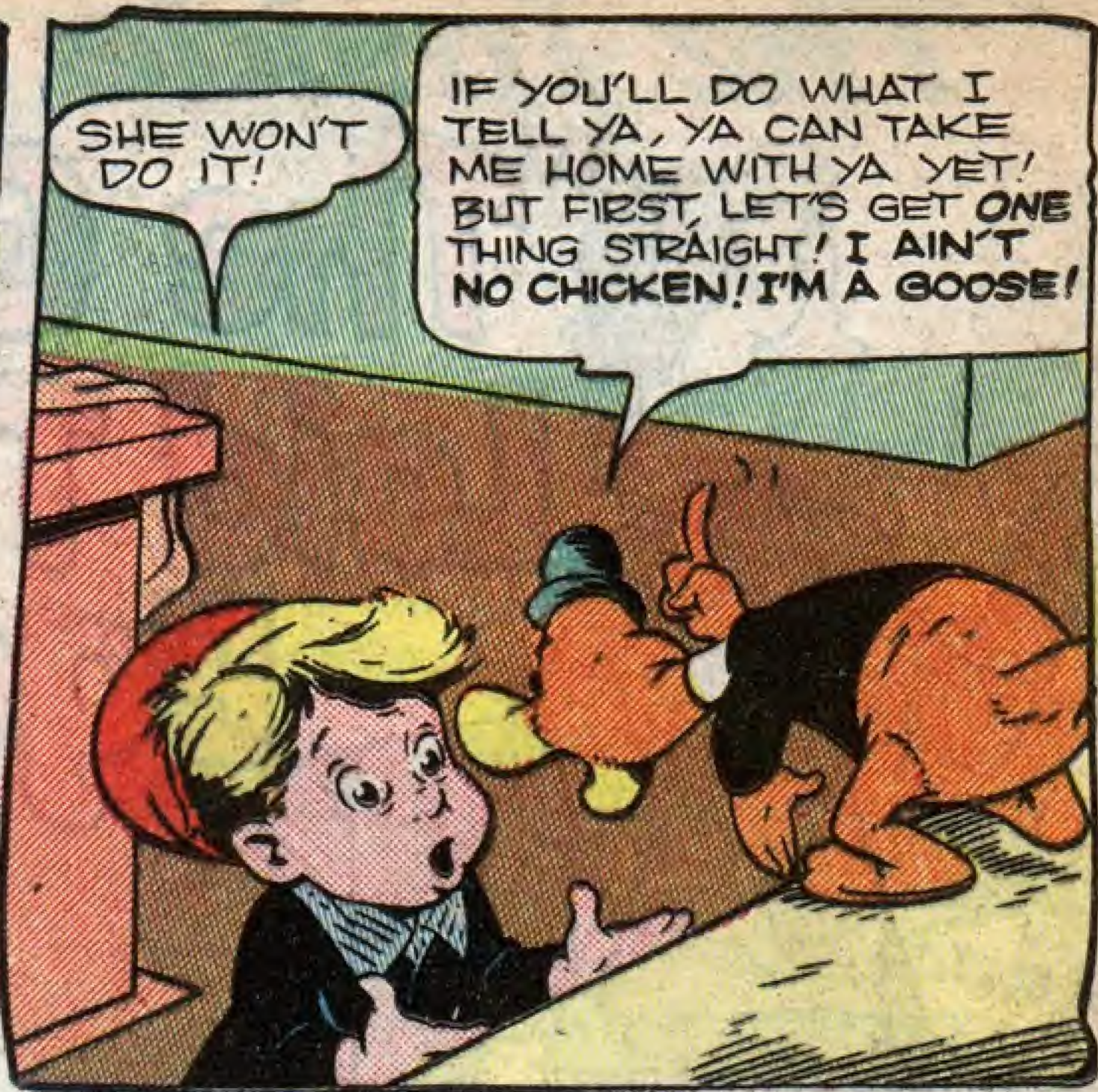
Batty became quite well in a very short time. He was a happy little bat at last, for the birds and the mice made him an honorary member of *both* families, and Batty never had to wish for a friend again!



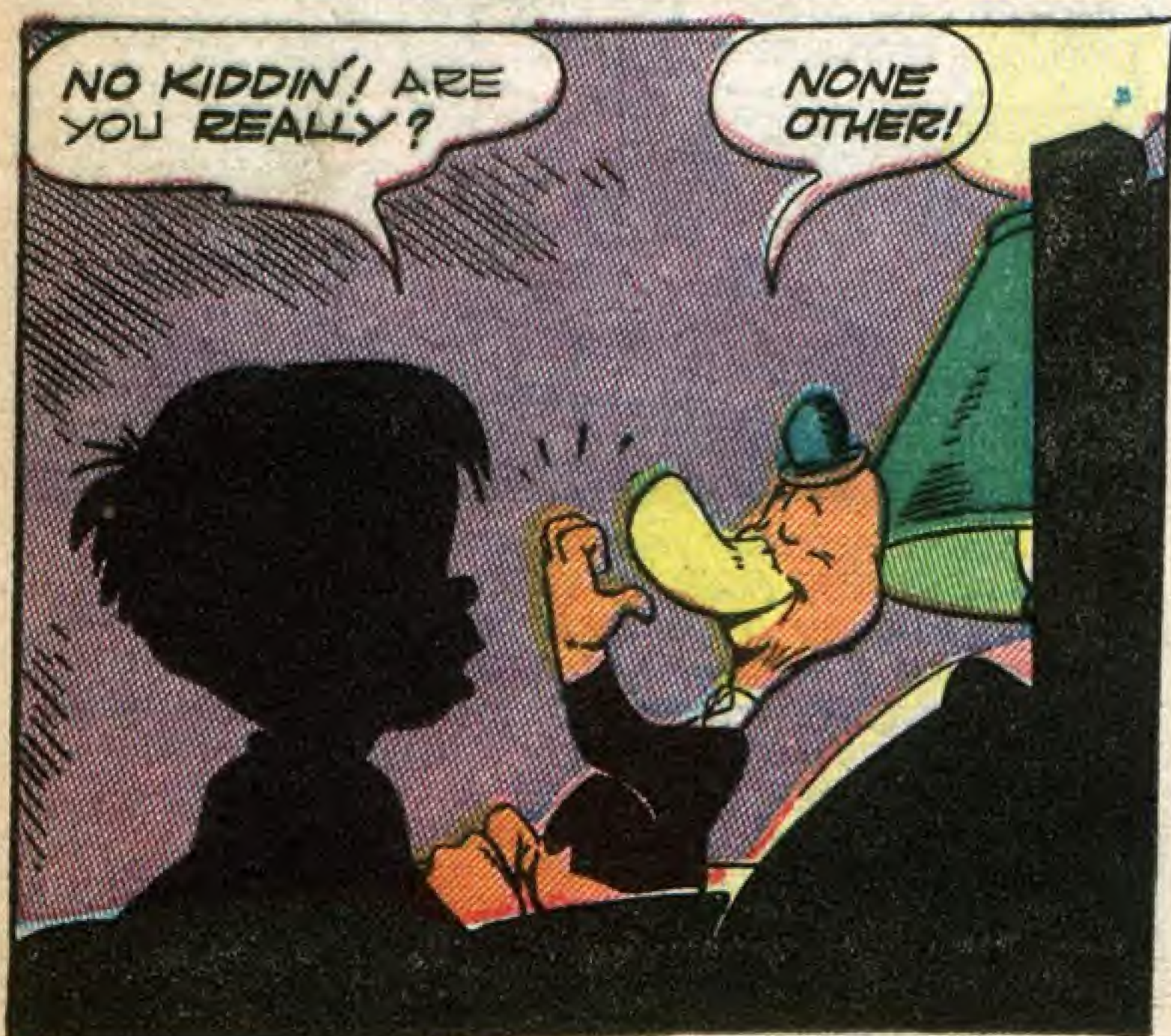
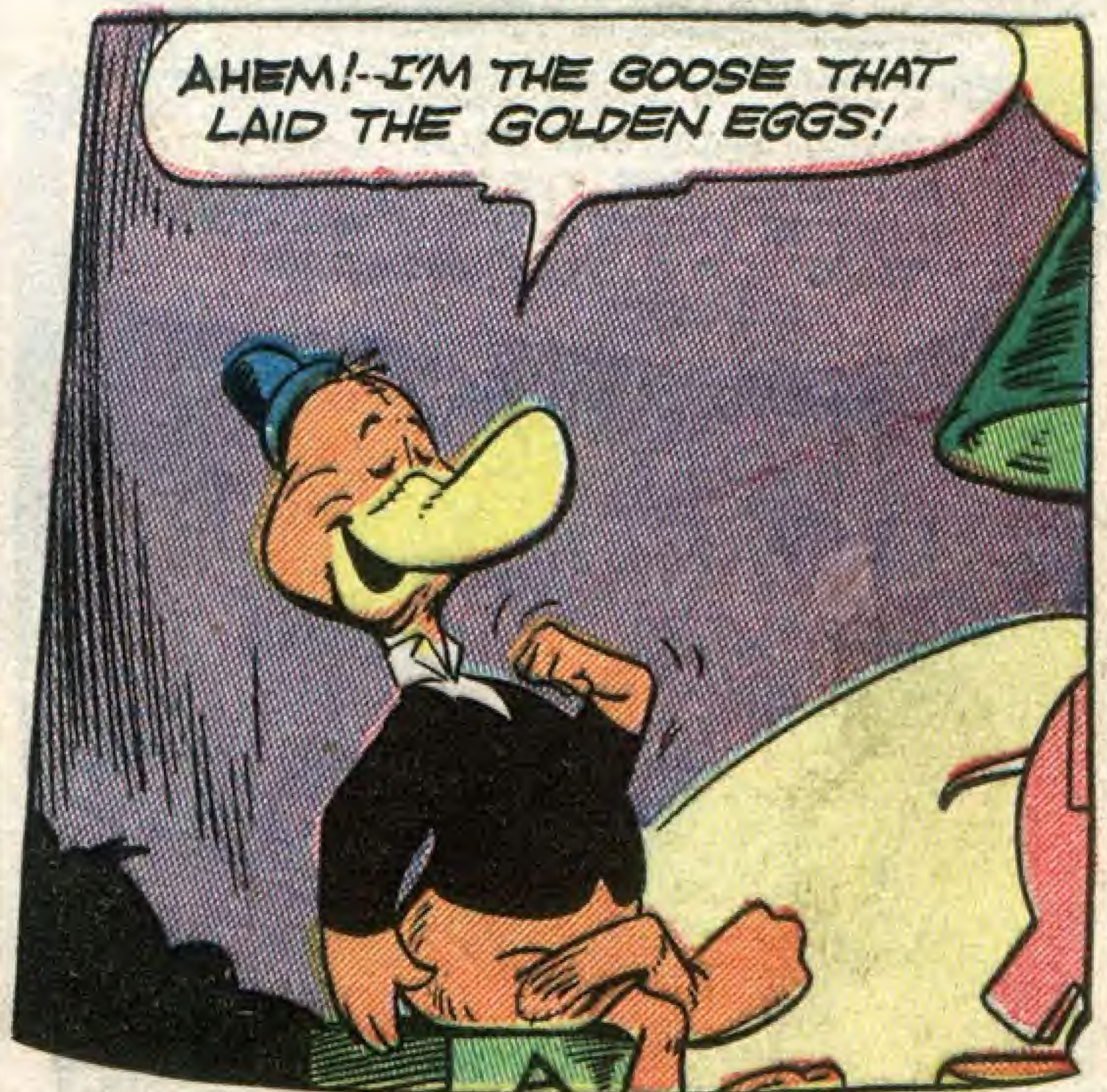
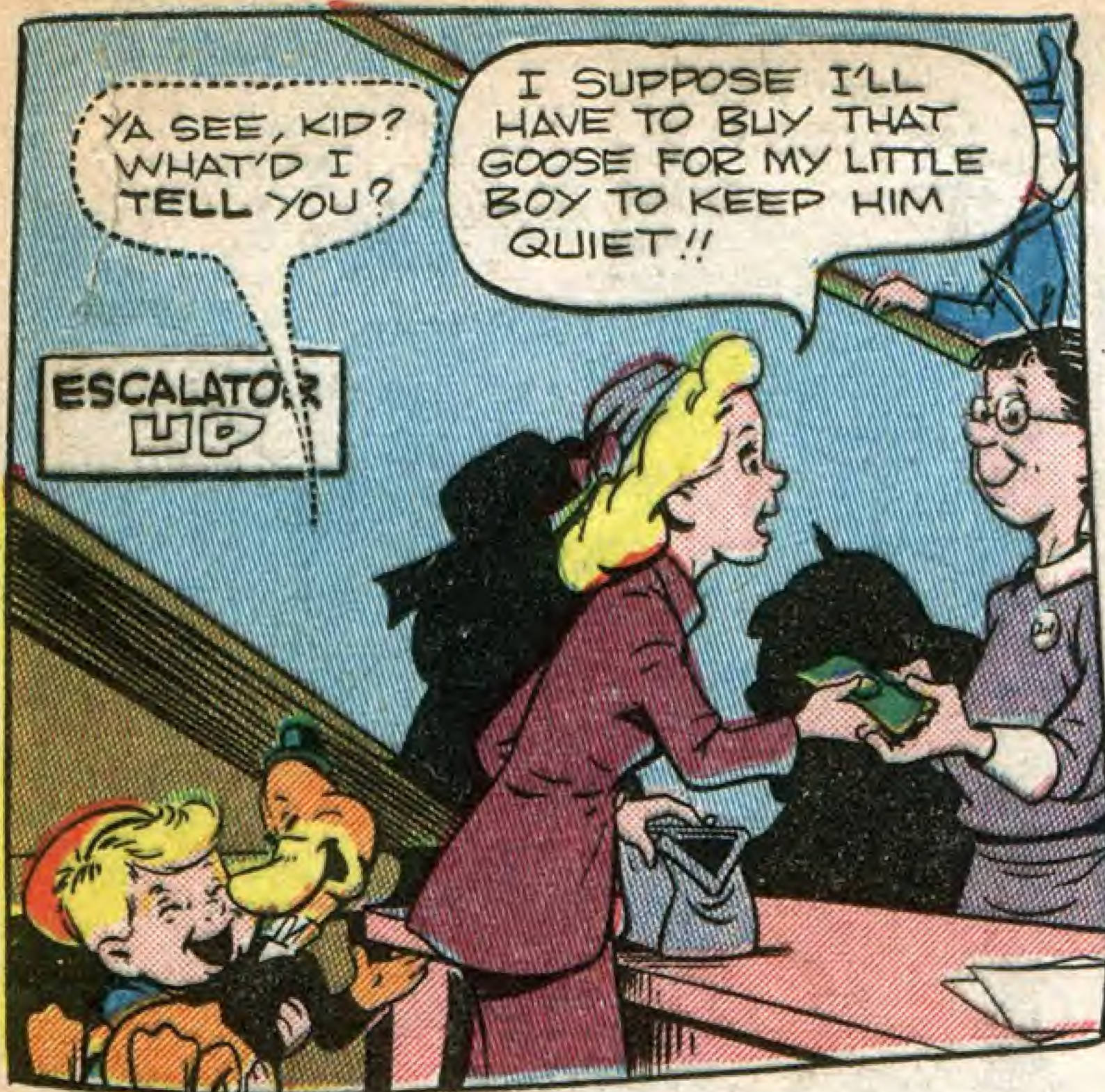
# The Inside Story On "The Goose That Laid The Golden Eggs."















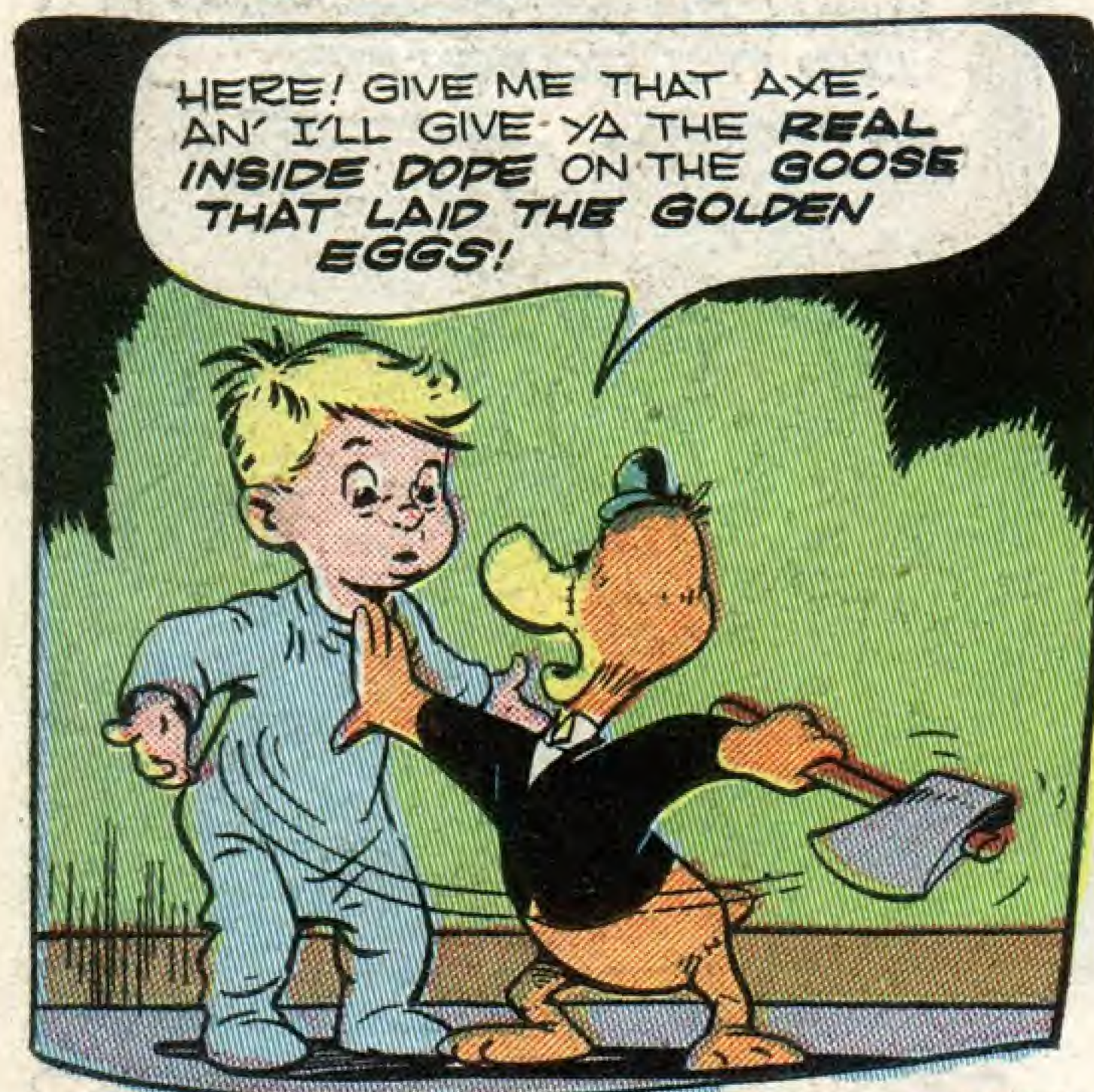
I'M GONNA DO LIKE THE MAN IN THE BOOK! I'M GONNA CHOP YOU OPEN AND GET ALL THE GOLDEN EGGS AT ONCE!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, KID! YOU GOT THE STORY ALL WRONG!

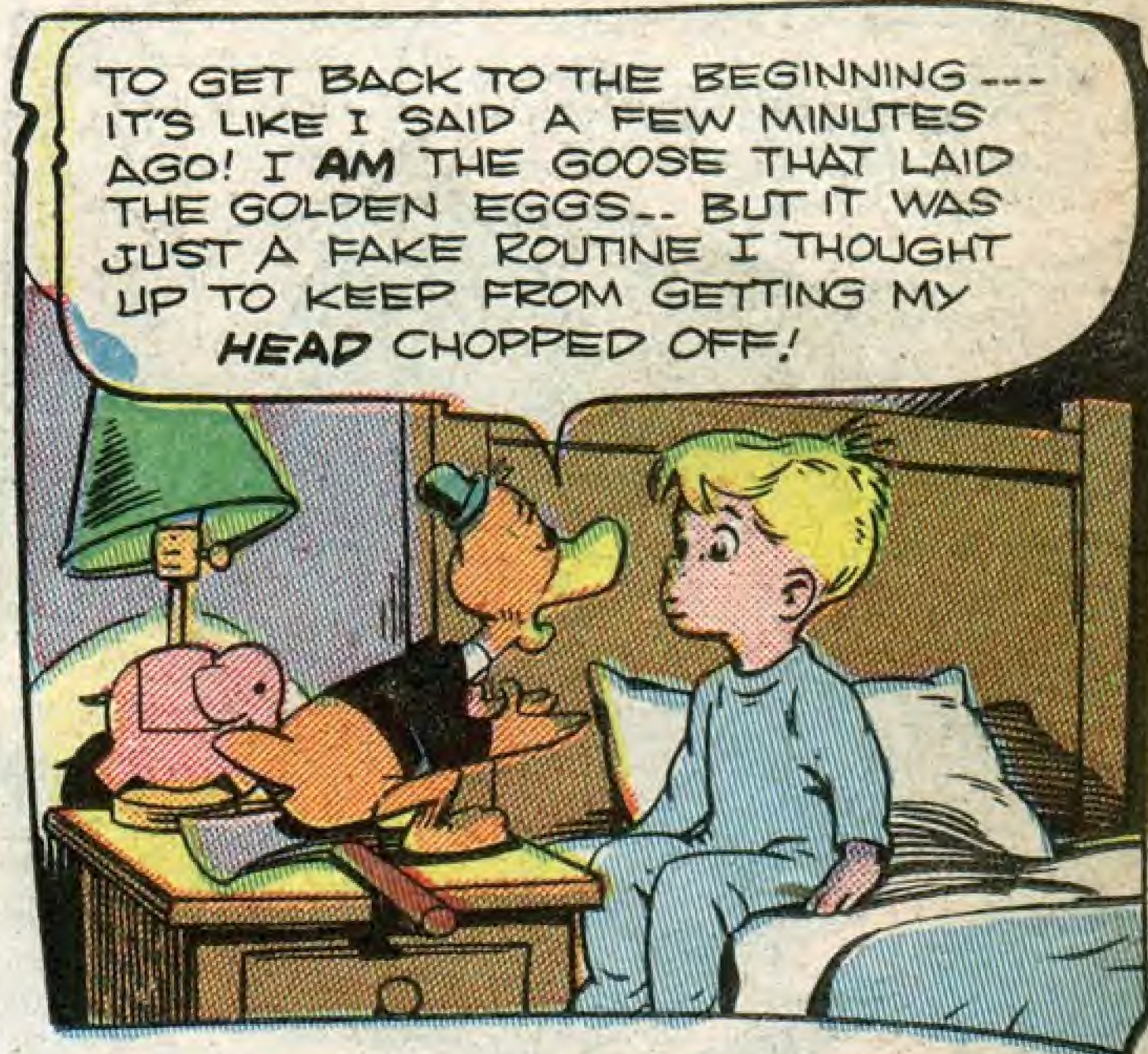


I HAS?

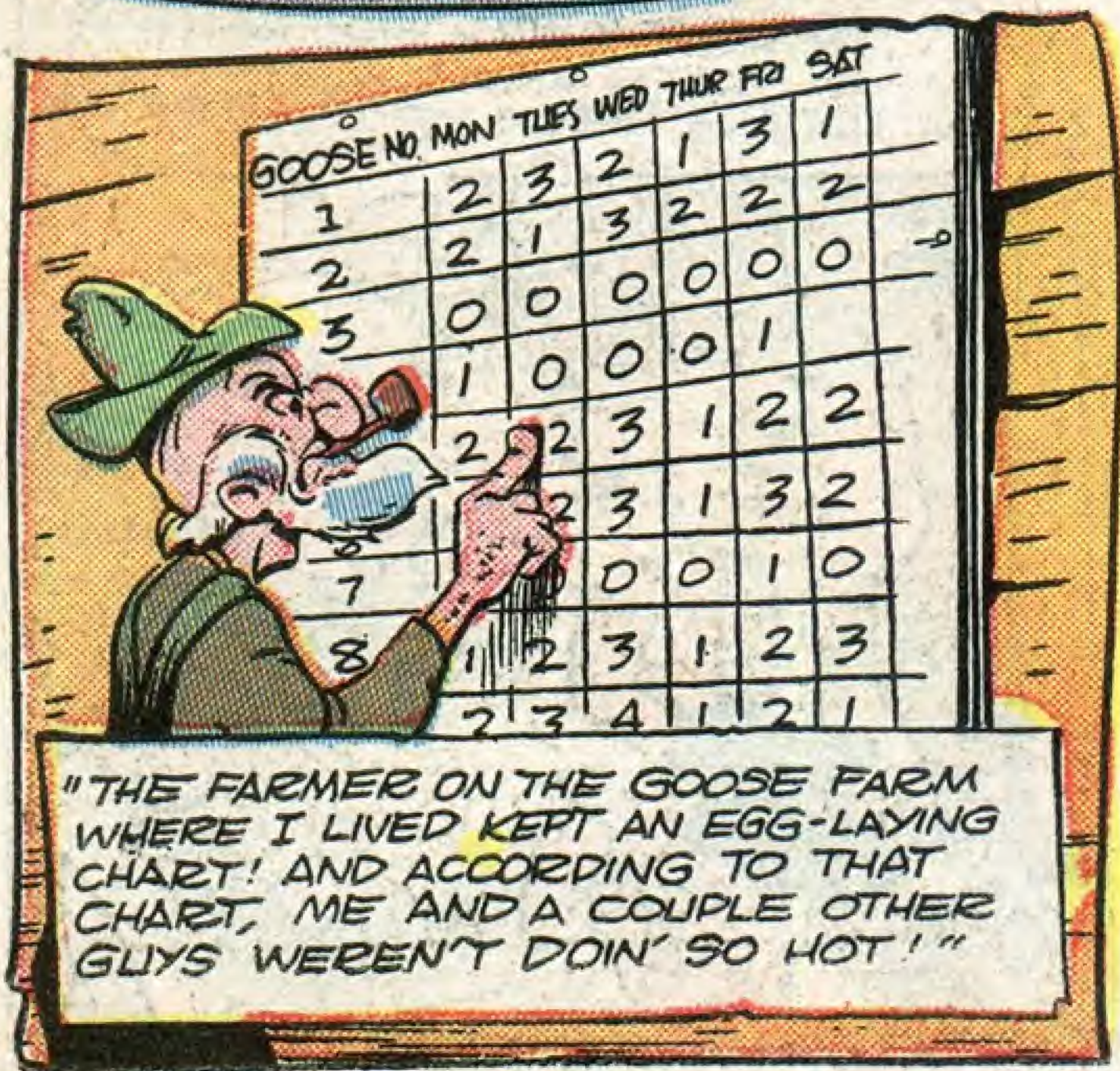
SURE! I CAN'T LAY GOLDEN EGGS! I CAN'T EVEN LAY A PLAIN, ORDINARY, EVERY DAY GOOSE EGG!!



HERE! GIVE ME THAT AXE, AN' I'LL GIVE YA THE REAL INSIDE DOPE ON THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS!



TO GET BACK TO THE BEGINNING --- IT'S LIKE I SAID A FEW MINUTES AGO! I AM THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS.. BUT IT WAS JUST A FAKE ROUTINE I THOUGHT UP TO KEEP FROM GETTING MY HEAD CHOPPED OFF!



GOOSE NO.	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	2	1	3	1
2	2	1	3	2	2	2
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	1	0	0	0	1	
5	2	2	3	1	2	2
6	2	3	1	3	2	
7			0	0	1	0
8	1	2	3	1	2	3
9	2	3	4	1	2	1

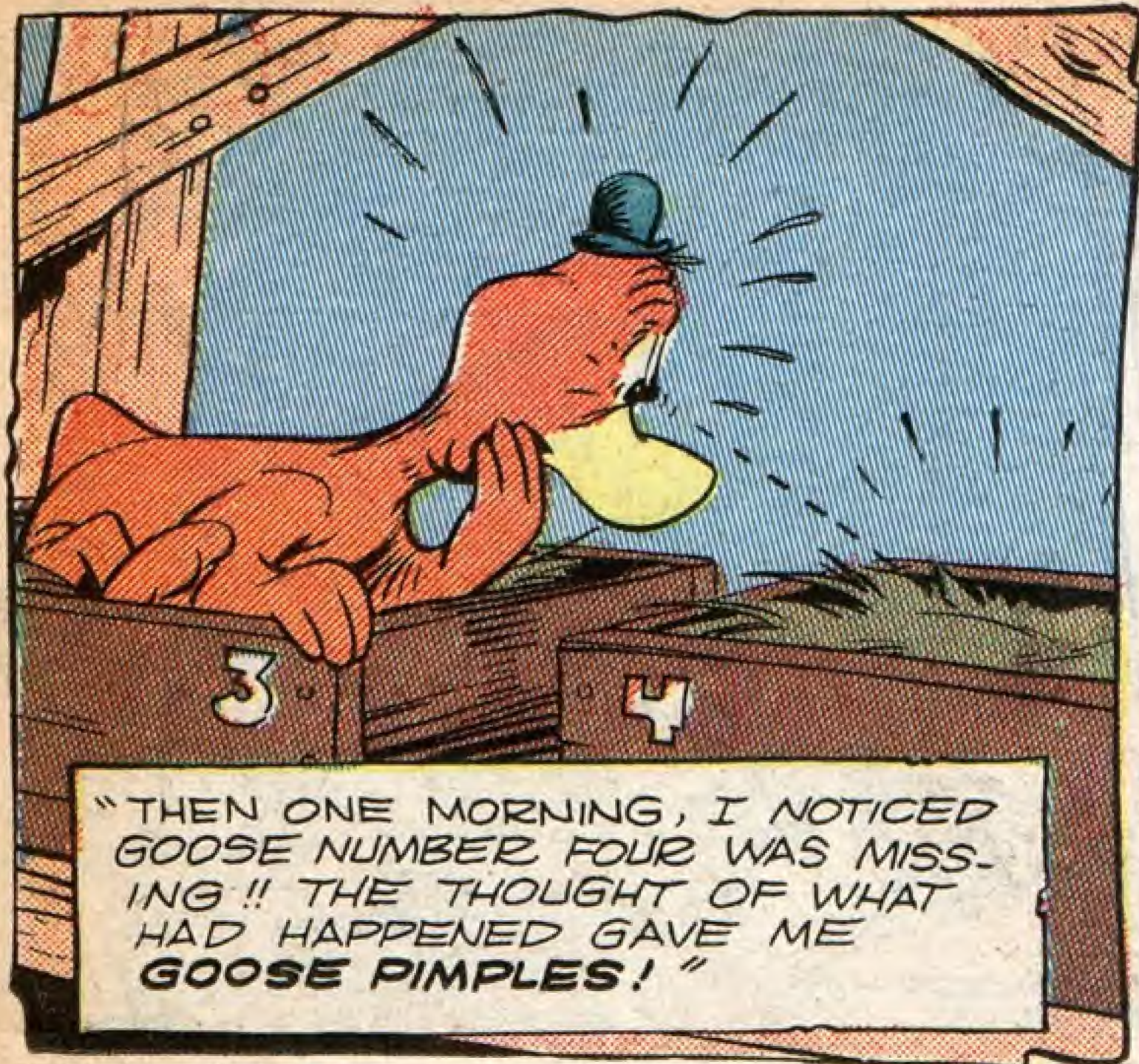
"THE FARMER ON THE GOOSE FARM WHERE I LIVED KEPT AN EGG-LAYING CHART! AND ACCORDING TO THAT CHART, ME AND A COUPLE OTHER GUYS WEREN'T DOIN' SO HOT!"



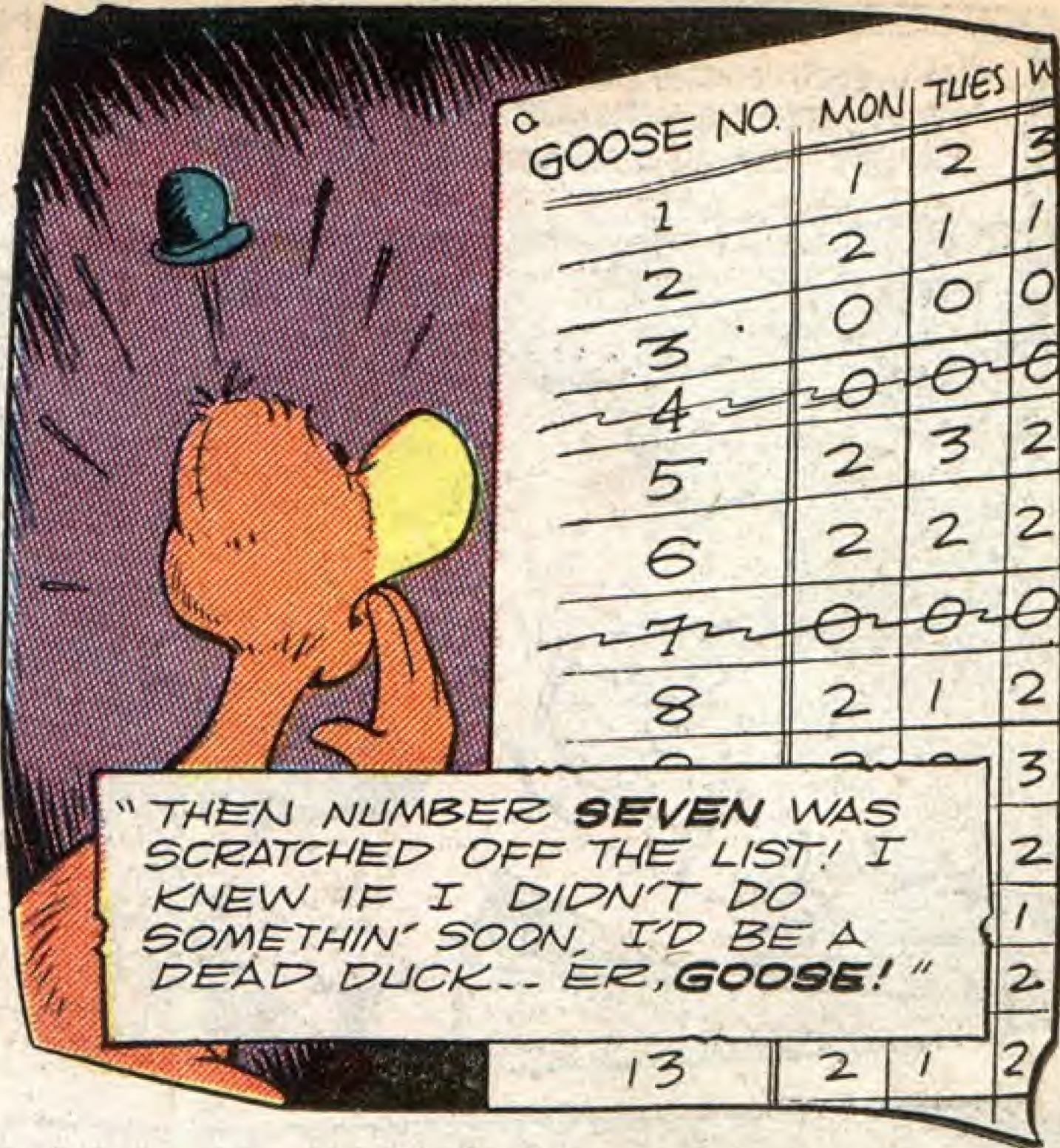
OH! YA DIDN'T LAY ANY TODAY, EITHER!!

"I WAS GOOSE NUMBER THREE, AND MY SCORE FOR GOOSE EGGS FOR THE WEEK WAS A WHOLE STRING OF GOOSE EGGS!! I HADN'T LAID ANY!! AND GOODNESS KNOWS I TRIED! OF COURSE, AT THE TIME I DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONLY LADY GOOSES LAID EGGS.. AND I WAS A BOY GOOSE! IT'S FUNNY THE FARMER WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT!"

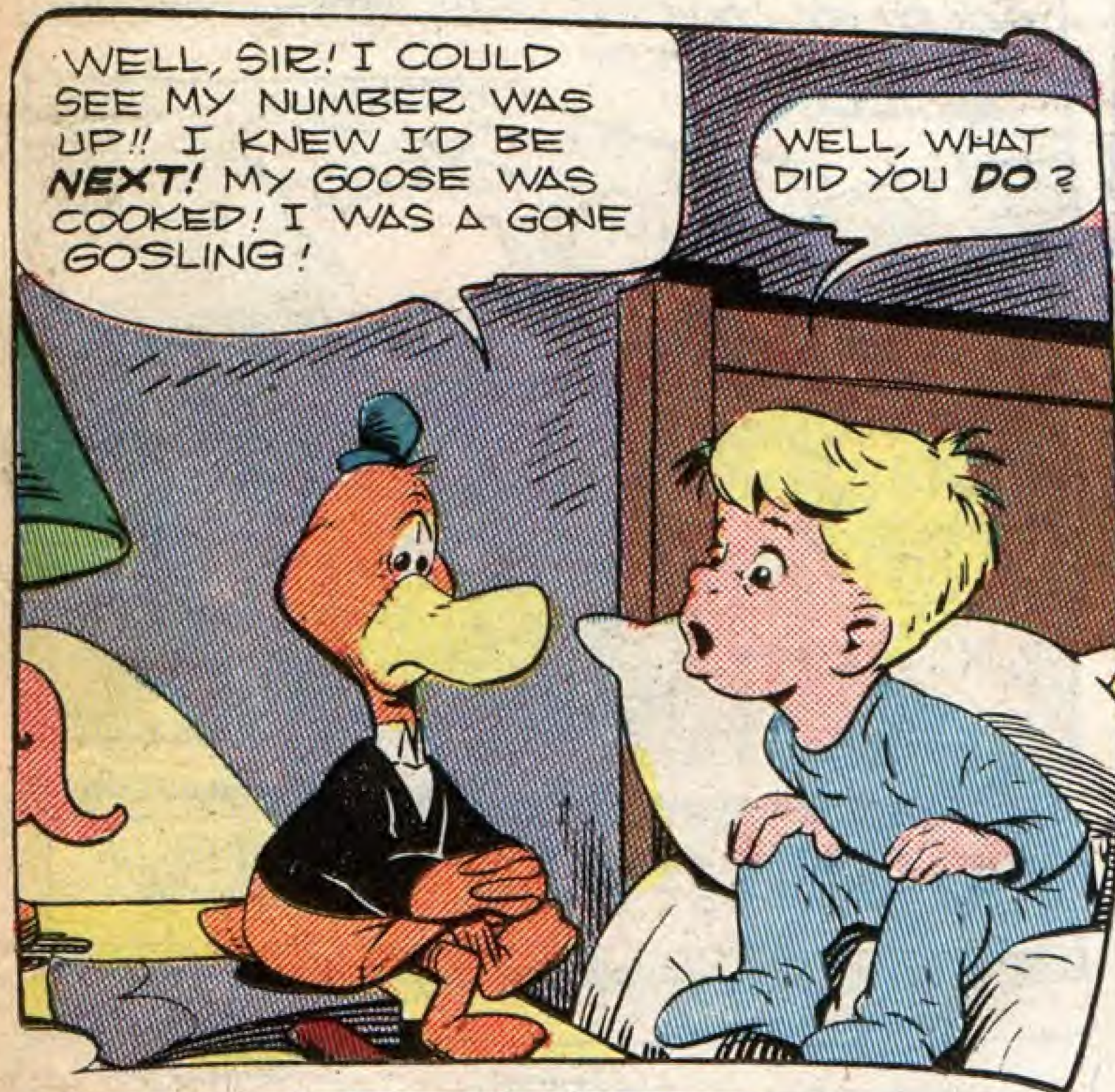




"THEN ONE MORNING, I NOTICED GOOSE NUMBER FOUR WAS MISSING!! THE THOUGHT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED GAVE ME **GOOSE PIMPLES!**"

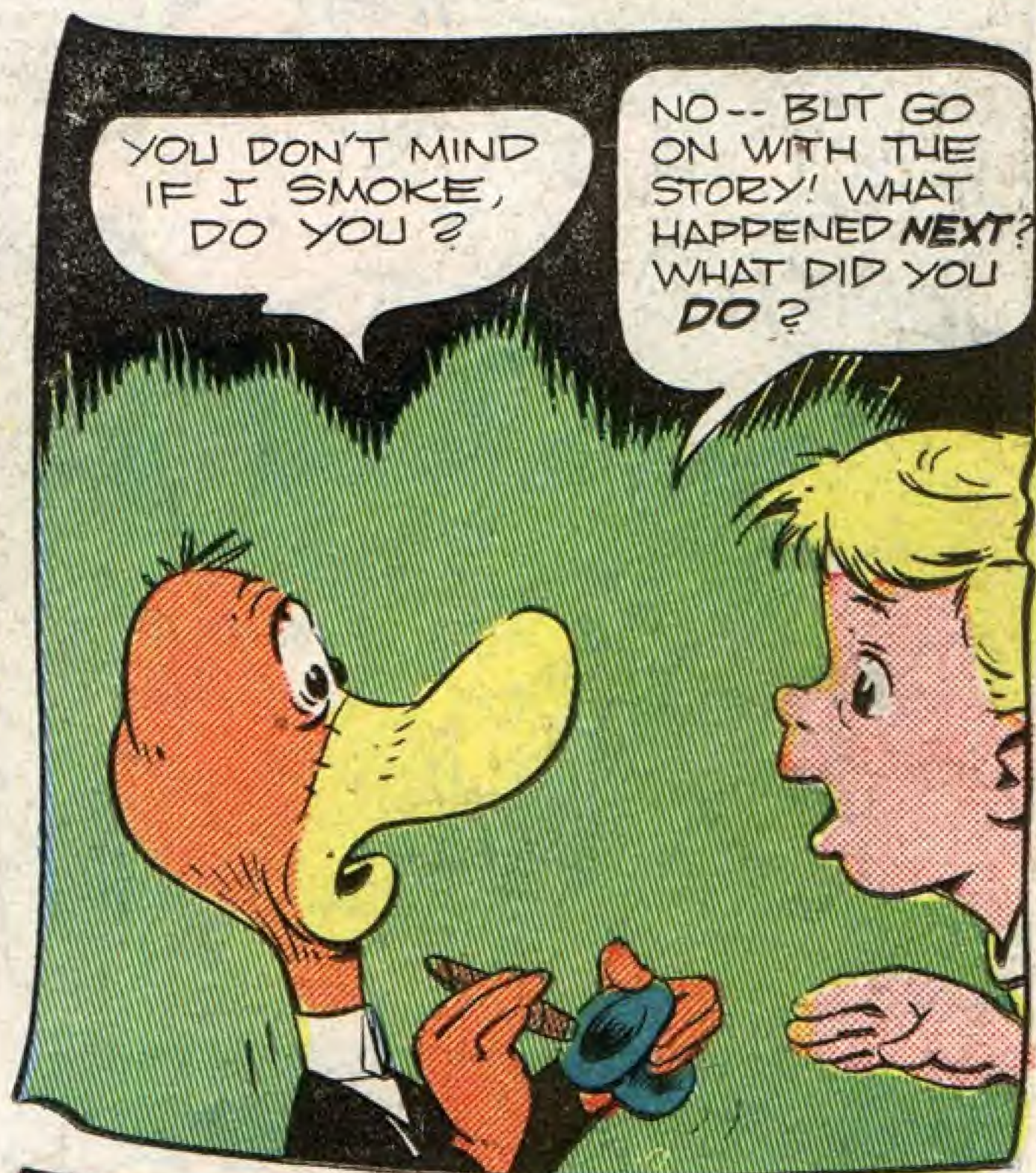


"THEN NUMBER **SEVEN** WAS SCRATCHED OFF THE LIST! I KNEW IF I DIDN'T DO SOMETHIN' SOON, I'D BE A DEAD DUCK-- ER, **GOOSE!**"



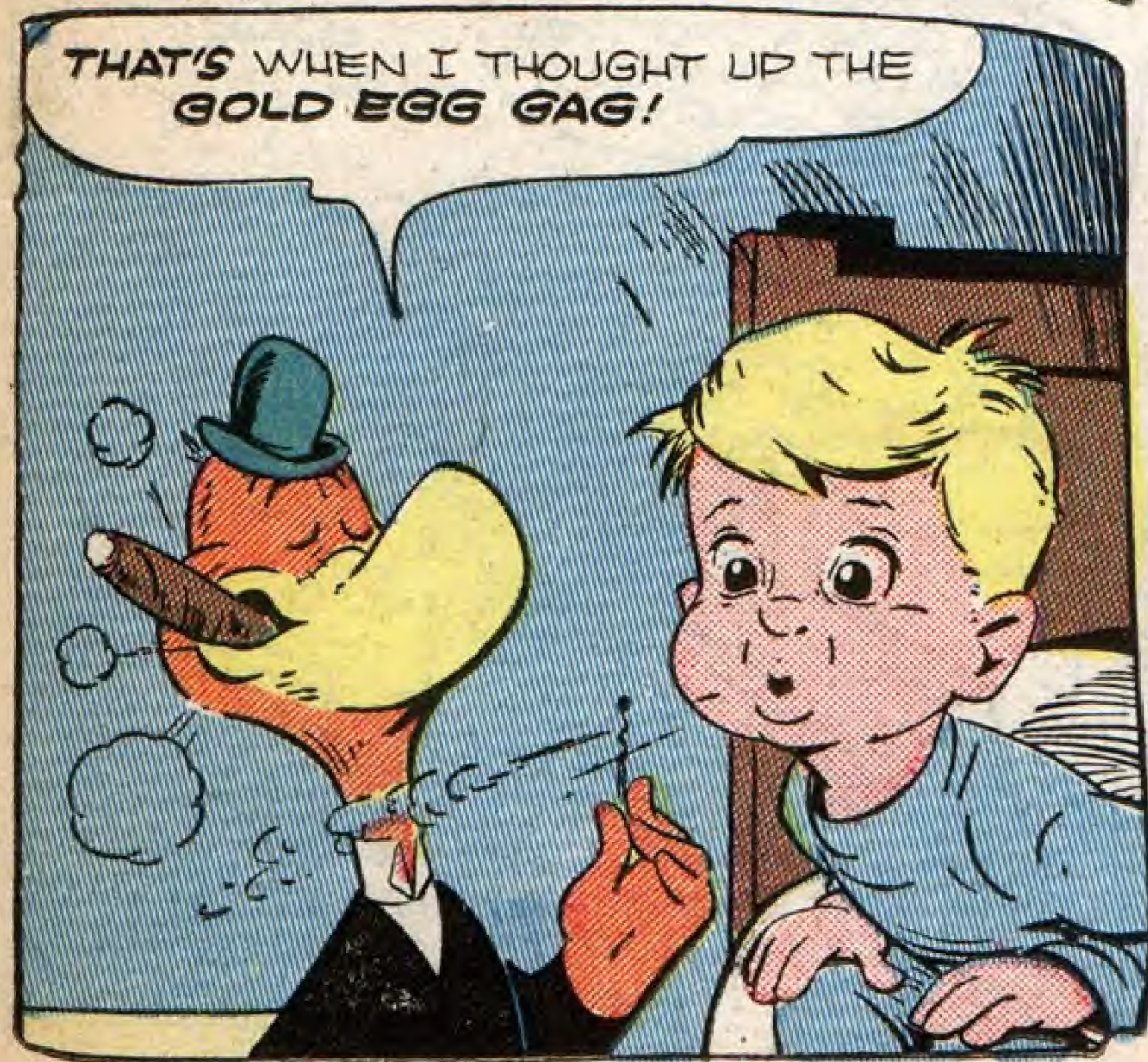
WELL, SIR! I COULD SEE MY NUMBER WAS UP!! I KNEW I'D BE **NEXT!** MY GOOSE WAS COOKED! I WAS A GONE GOSLING!

WELL, WHAT DID YOU **DO?**



YOU DON'T MIND IF I SMOKE, DO YOU?

NO-- BUT GO ON WITH THE STORY! WHAT HAPPENED **NEXT?** WHAT DID YOU **DO?**



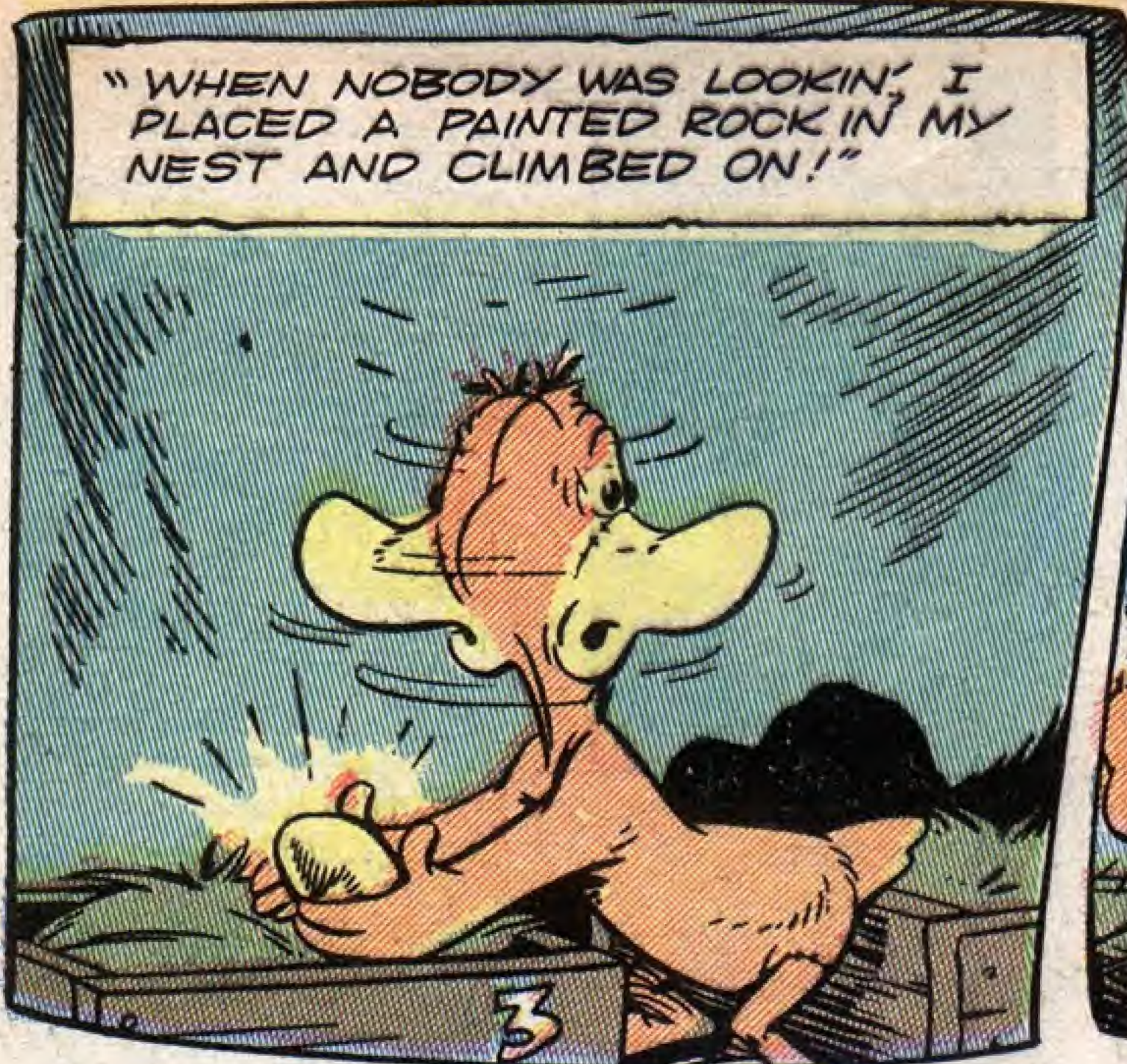
THAT'S WHEN I THOUGHT UP THE **GOLD EGG GAG!**



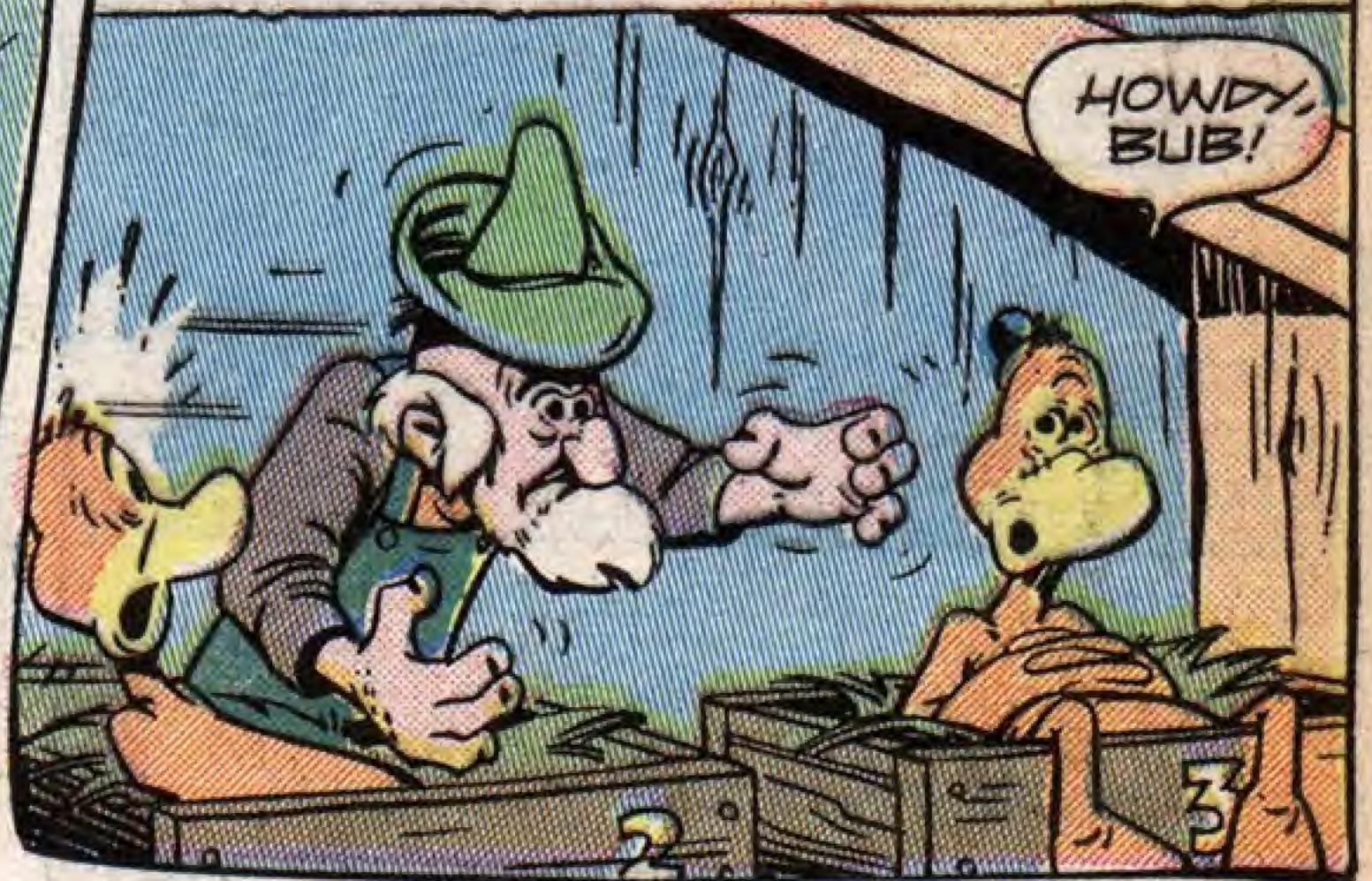
"I GATHERED UP SOME FIELD STONES ABOUT THE SIZE OF GOOSE EGGS, AND I GOT A CAN OF GOLD PAINT! THEN I PAINTED THE STONES **GOLD!!**"



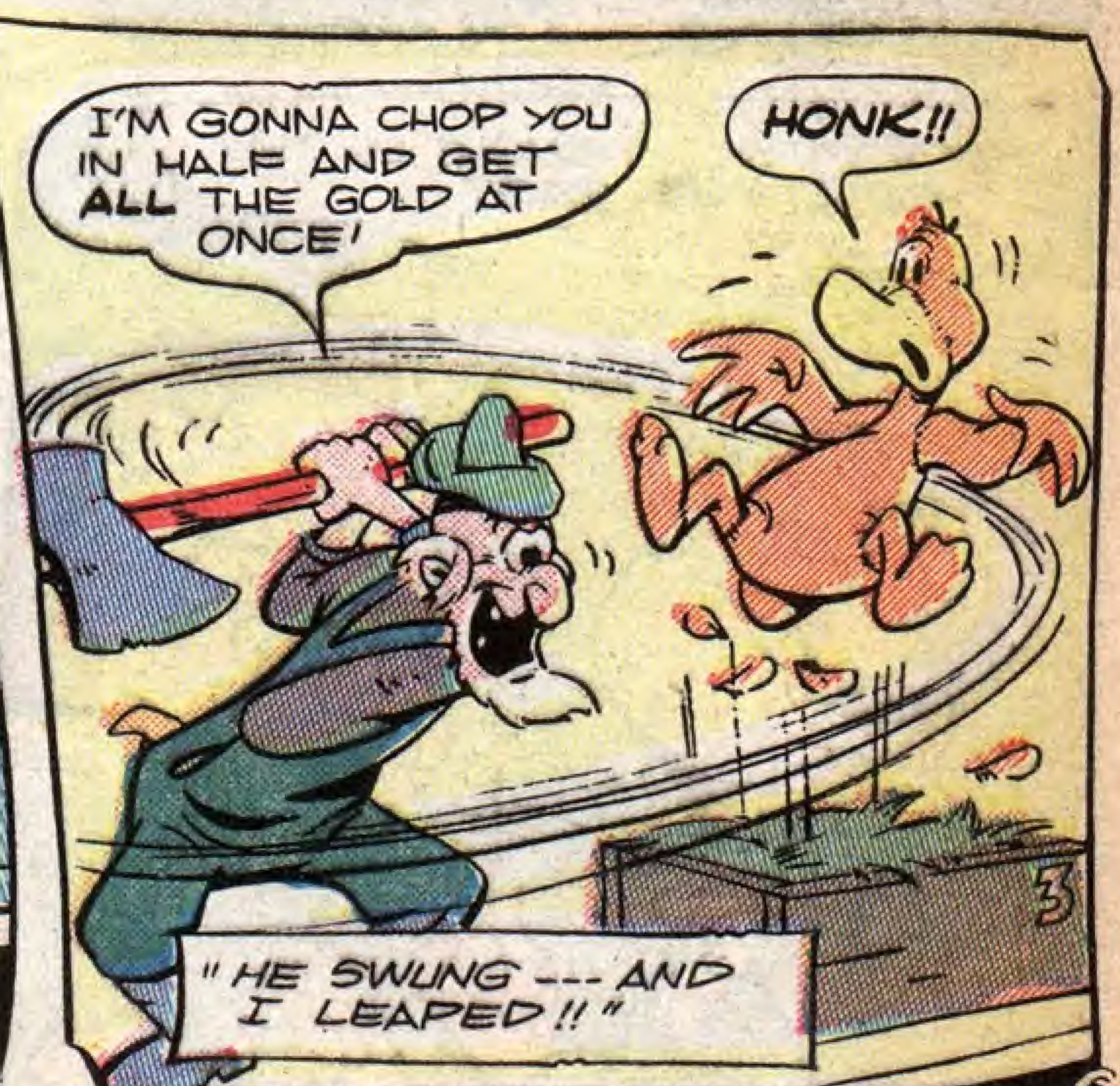
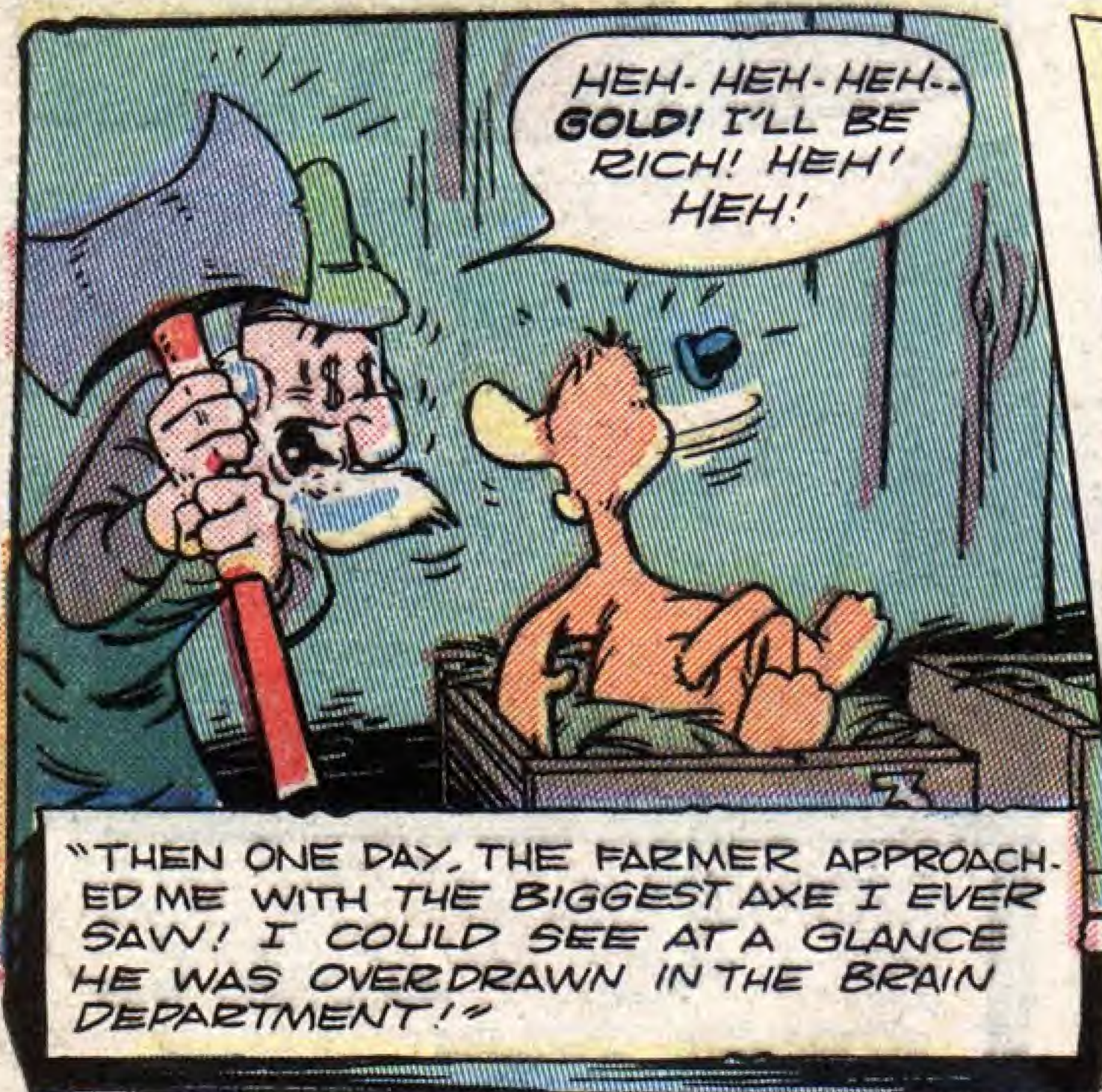
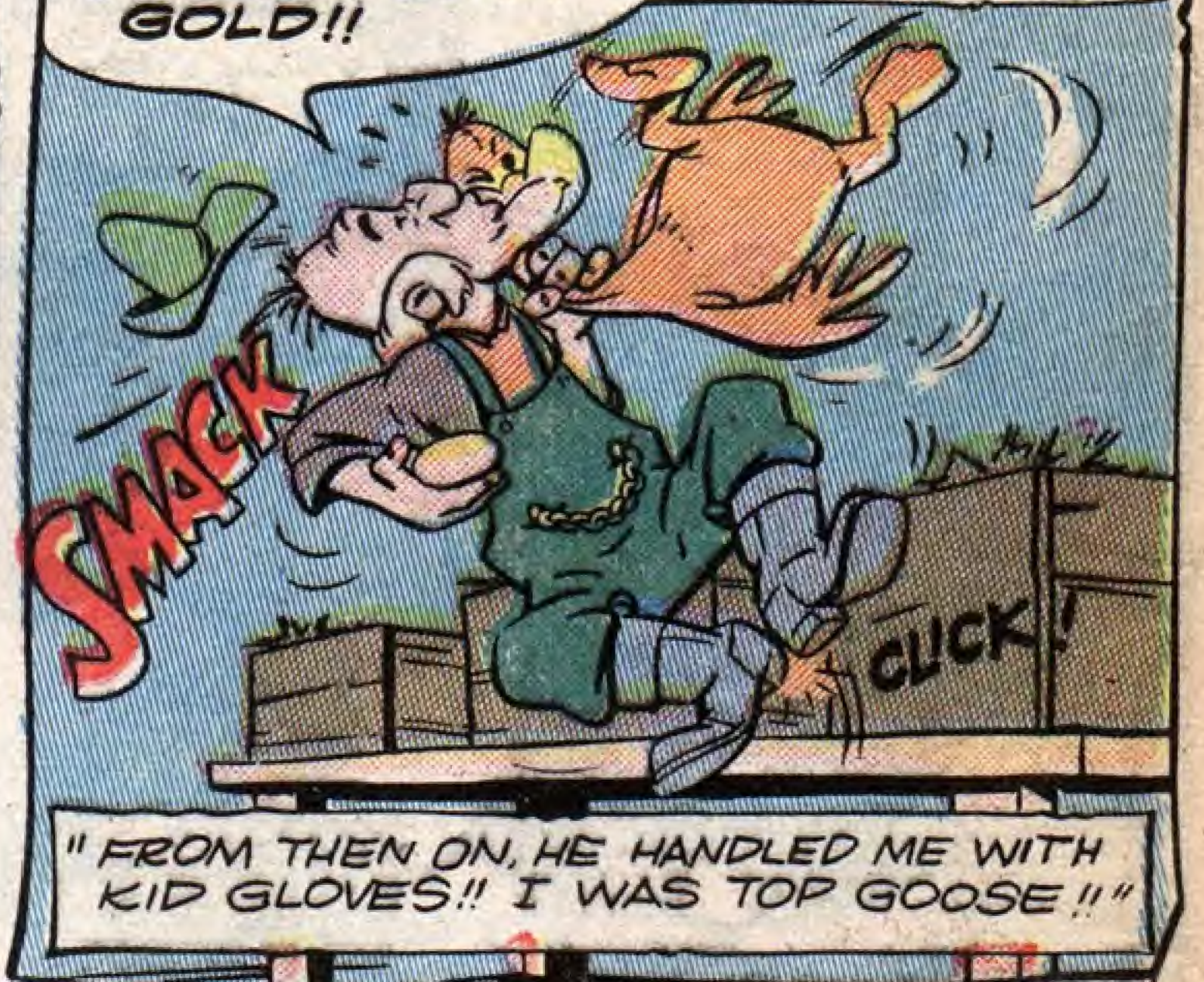
"WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKIN', I PLACED A PAINTED ROCK IN MY NEST AND CLIMBED ON!"



"I KNEW WHAT I HAD DONE WAS DISHONEST... BUT, AFTER ALL, IF I DIDN'T PRODUCE **SOME THING**, THAT CORNY FARMER WOULD CHOP MY HEAD OFF!!... PRESENTLY, HE SHOWED UP..."

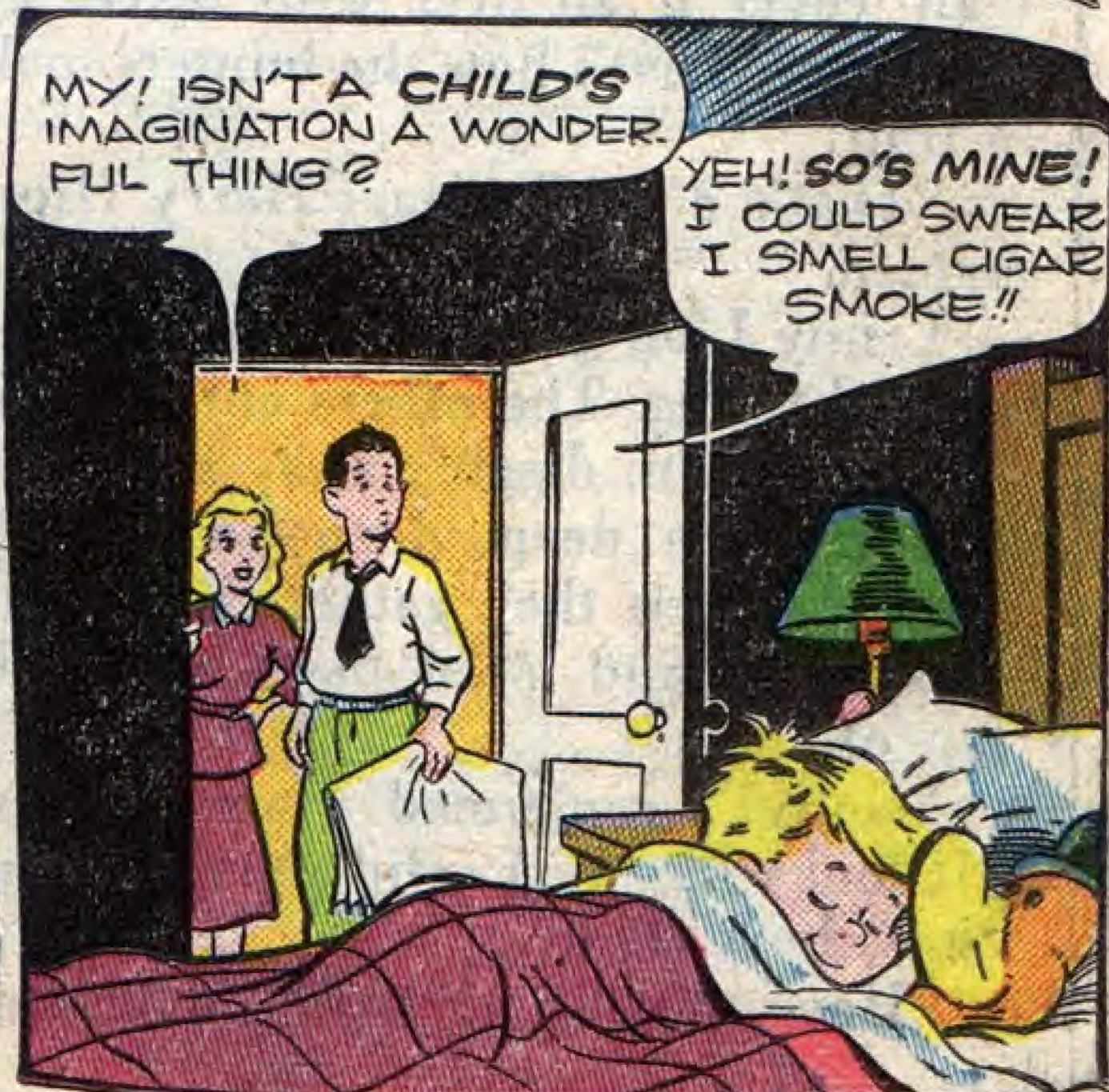
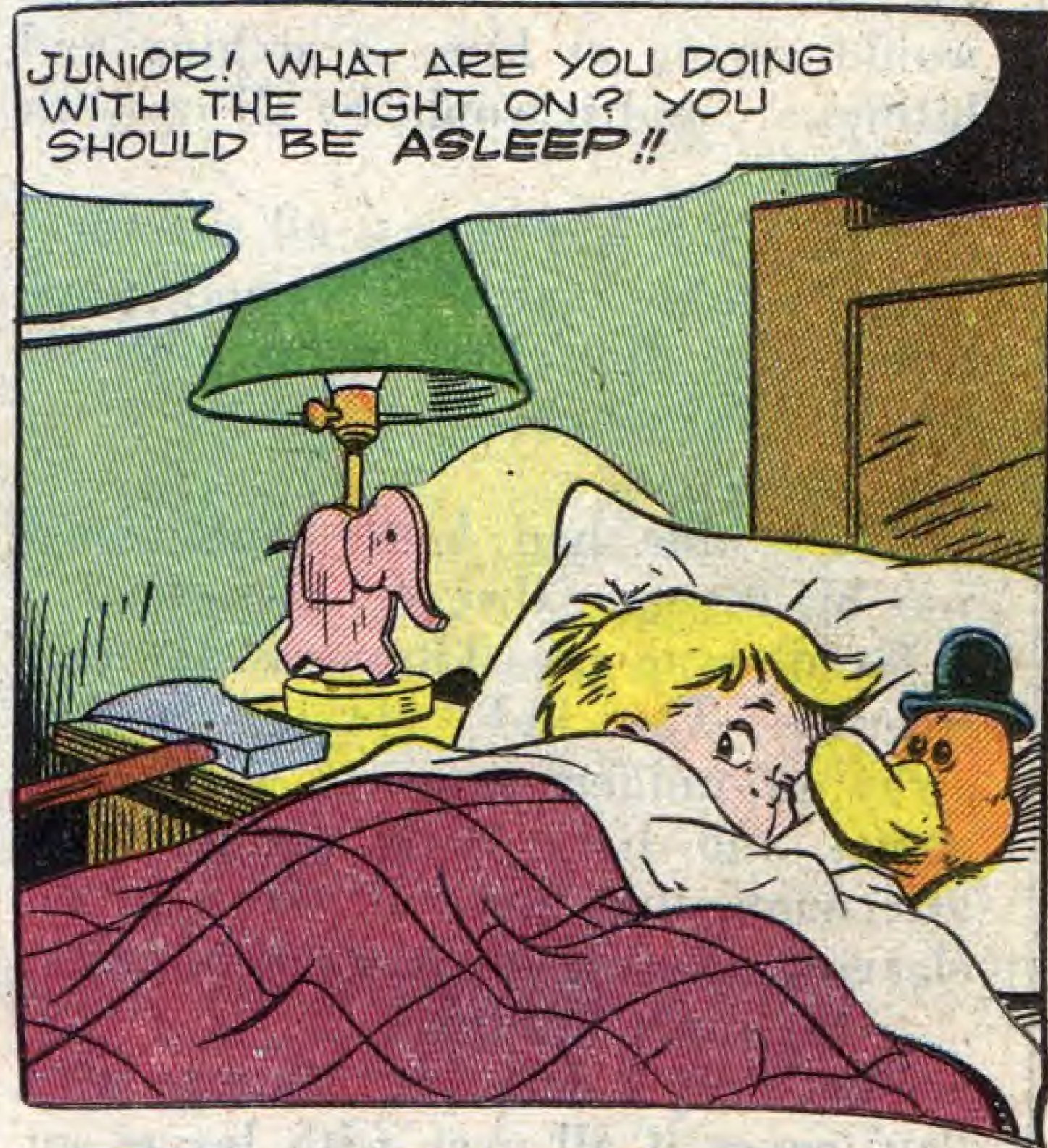
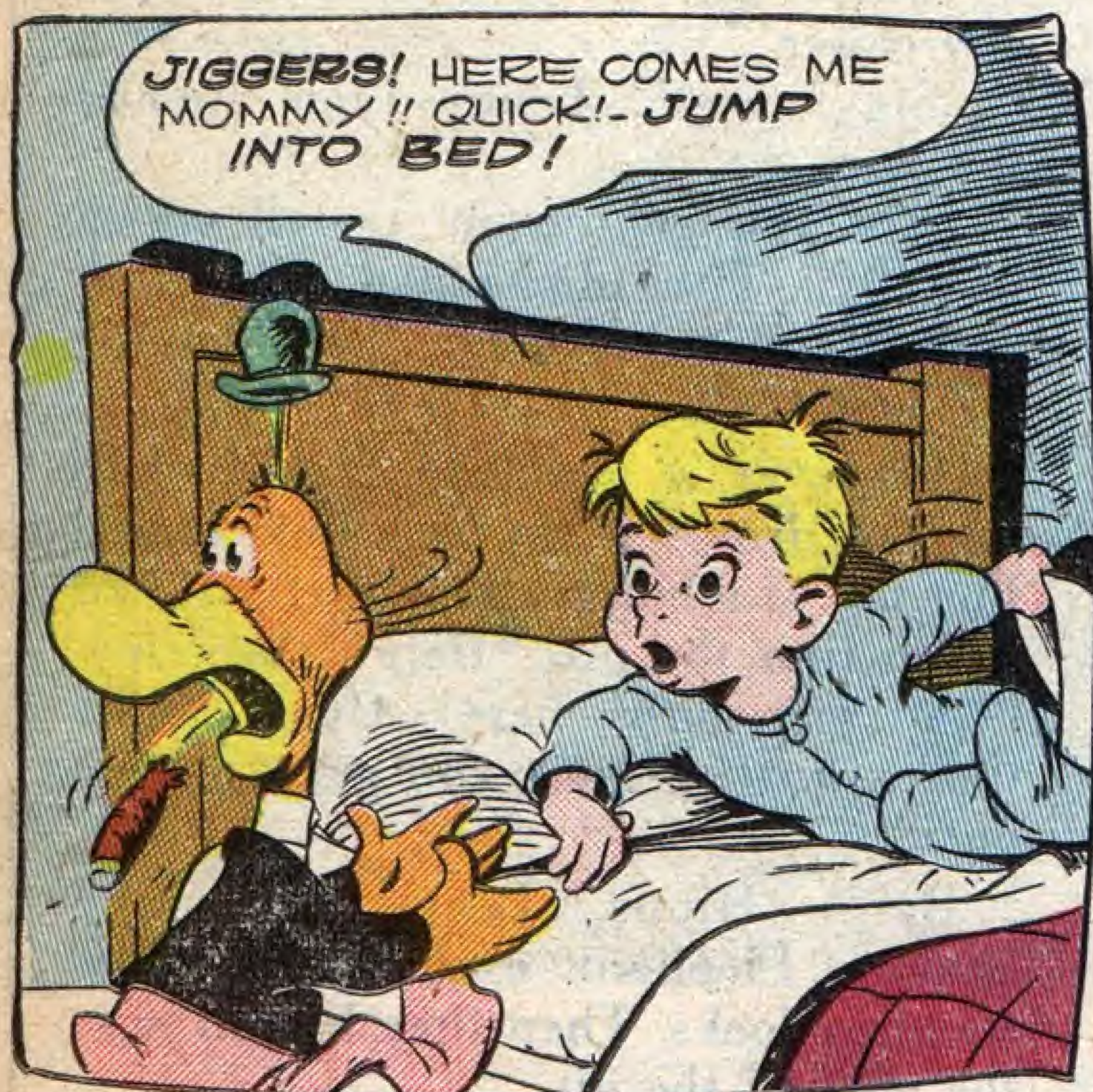
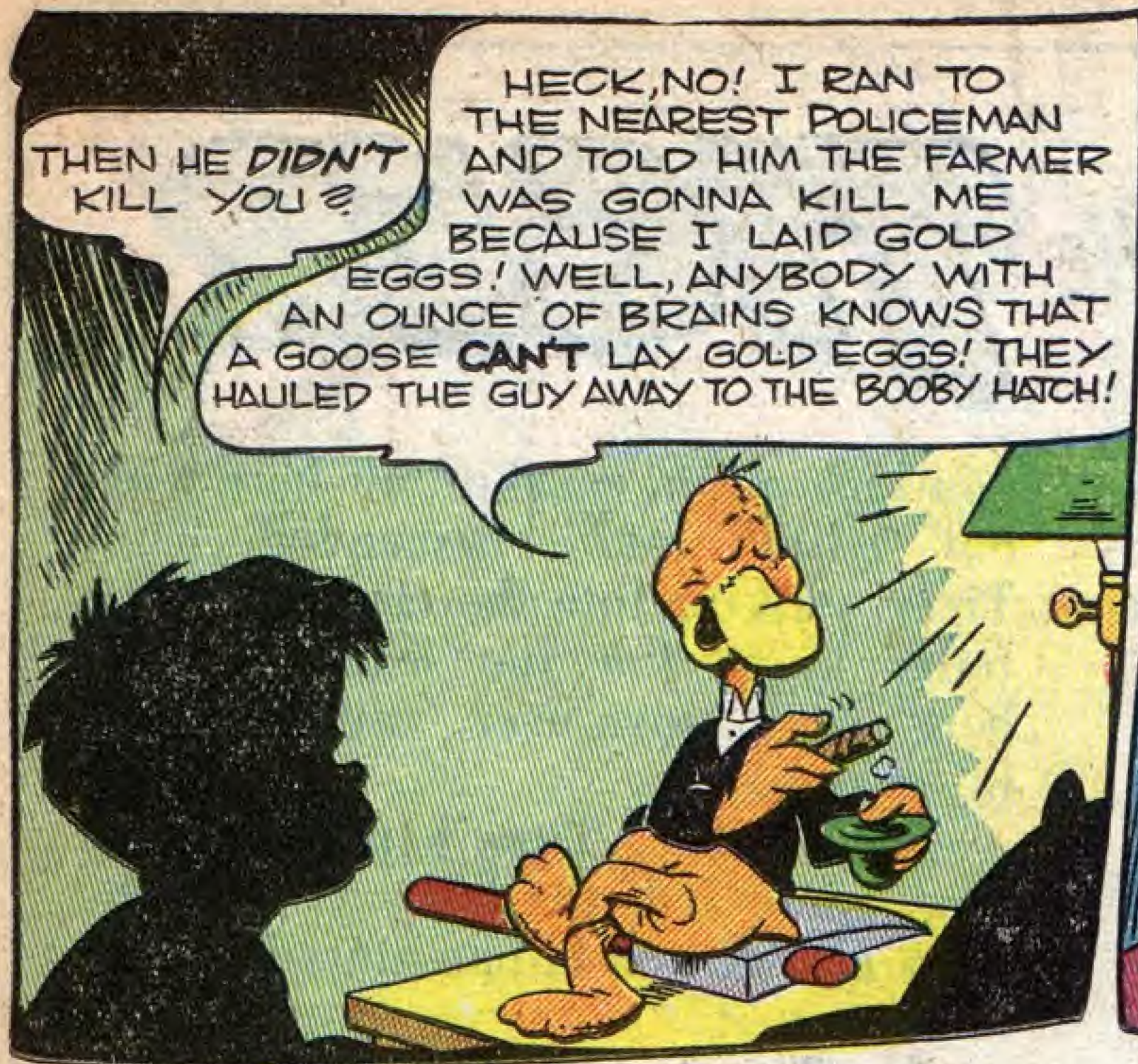


**GOLD! GOLD!!!** MY DEAR, DARLING GOOSE! I'M RICH! **GOLD! GOLD!!**



"HE SWUNG --- AND I LEAPED!!"







# Taming THE TIGER

**TITUS** the Tiger was stubborn and stuck-up! He was also very fierce and strong, so that the rest of the kids in the jungle were afraid of him. Whenever Bumpy Elephant had something especially delicious to eat, Titus would come bounding along.

"Gimme that!" he would snarl, baring his sharp fangs.

"Okay!" Bumpy knew there was no use in refusing. If he tried, Titus would spring at him, scratching and biting . . . and it would be all up with Bumpy!

That's the way it was all the time. Titus would snatch toys and playthings that didn't belong to him. He would spoil games, insisting on being the leader.

"You kids had *better* obey me!" was his constant threat.

Needless to say, Titus was not very popular. The kids always sneaked away to hidden spots to play their games and have their picnics. One afternoon, they were all down in the clearing playing their favorite game . . . big game hunting!

"Let's dig a deep pit," Bumpy said, "an' cover it all over with leaves an' branches. That's how the hunters make a trap!"

"That's a swell idea," Harry Hippo agreed.

Lenny Lion grabbed a flat stick and started to dig. The others enthusiastically joined in, digging away until they had made a deep, deep hole in the ground. Then they gathered branches and leaves and laced them across the top of the pit.

"Golly!" exclaimed Harry Hippo. "It looks like real solid ground again. Now, how about . . ."

"How about *nuthin'*! Whaddaya

you kids mean, sneakin' off here without tellin' *me*?" demanded Titus Tiger, stalking into the clearing. "You fellas know I'm the leader around here! Now, move over, 'cause I'm takin' charge!"

As he spoke, Titus kept advancing steadily towards the kids . . . and the deep pit! Harry Hippo stared at him in horror.

"No, Titus!" he yelled. "Don't come any closer!"

"Stay away!" Lenny Lion warned the tiger.

"Are you guys tryin' ta tell *me* ta beat it?" Titus demanded. "Are you guys givin' *me* orders? Well, let me tell you . . ."

Whatever it was that Titus had to say was drowned out by a loud *crash*! For the stubborn, stuck-up tiger had fallen into the pit. "Help!" he cried. "Get me outta here! Ouch, these thorns *hurt*! C'mon, you guys, get me out!"

Harry Hippo, Lenny Lion and Bumpy Elephant exchanged understanding looks. Then they looked over the edge of the pit.

"If we pull you out, will you promise *never* to take anyone else's candies or cookies?" asked Harry.

"Or toys?" added Lenny.

"Or break up our games?" added Bumpy.

"*Anything*! I'll *never* be mean again! I'll be a *good* guy!" Titus Tiger yelled. "Only pull me out of here!"

When he was hauled out of the pit, Titus looked at his companions shamefacedly. "Hey, fellas," he said, "kin I join the game?"

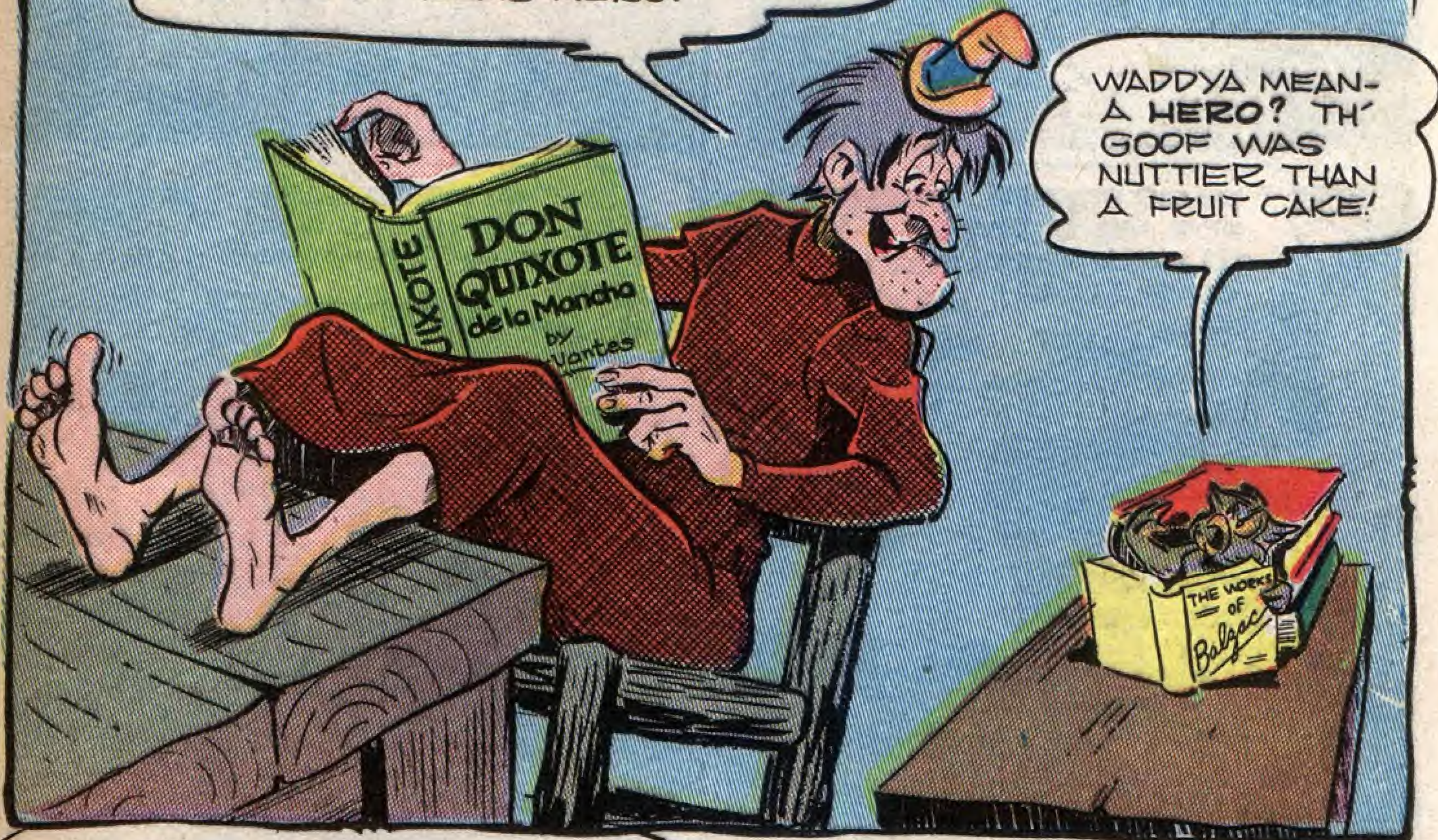
Harry, Lenny and Bumpy chorused the answer gleefully. "Sure, Titus!"



# WITCH HAZEL

YA KNOW, OWLIE, I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR THIS BRAVE, CHIVALROUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE! PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HIM, BUT I'LL BET HE WAS A REAL HERO!

WADDYA MEAN- A HERO? TH' GOOF WAS NUTTIER THAN A FRUIT CAKE!

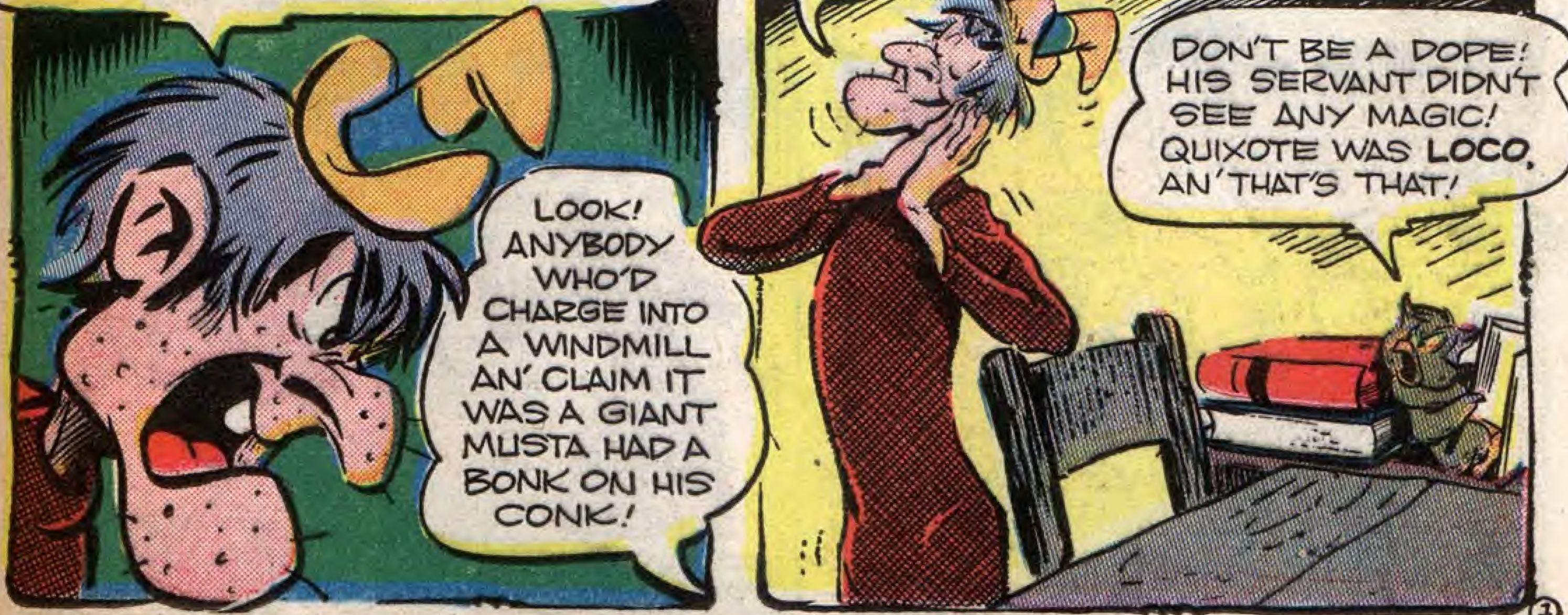


HE WASN'T! I'LL BETCHA HE WASN'T! IT'S-- IT'S JUS' THAT TH' FELLA WHO WROTE ABOUT HIM WAS JEALOUS OF HIS BRAVERY!

IT MUSTA BEEN A GIANT THAT CHANGED HISSELF INTO A WINDMILL! QUIXOTE SAID SO, AN' I KNOW ABOUT MAGIC!

DON'T BE A DOPE! HIS SERVANT DIDN'T SEE ANY MAGIC! QUIXOTE WAS LOCO, AN' THAT'S THAT!

LOOK! ANYBODY WHO'D CHARGE INTO A WINDMILL AN' CLAIM IT WAS A GIANT MUSTA HAD A BONK ON HIS CONK!





HMPH! OWLIE THINKS HE KNOWS IT ALL! I'LL BET IF DON QUIXOTE WERE HERE, HE COULD PROVE HE WAS A BRAVE, LEVEL-HEADED KNIGHT!

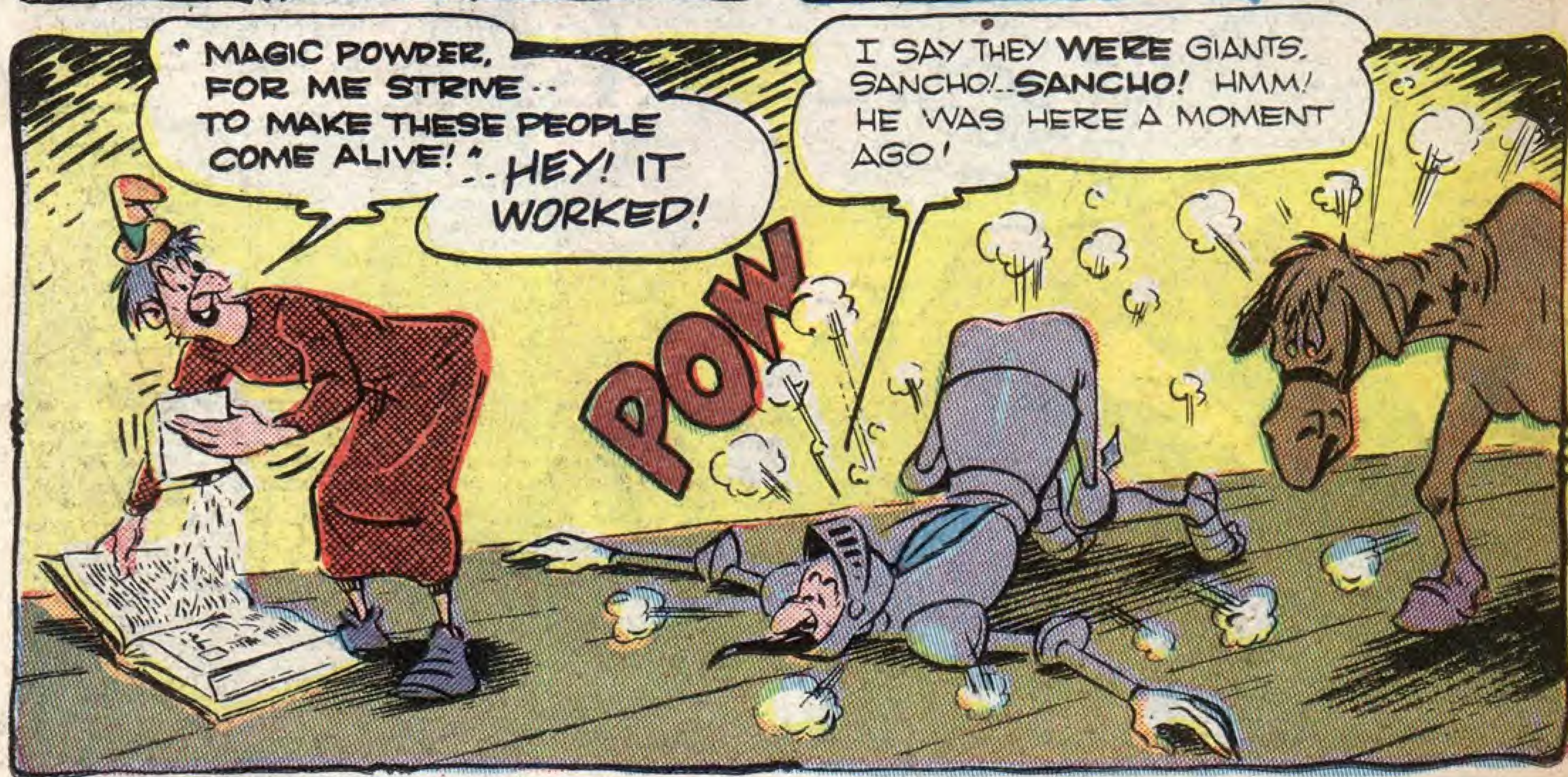


IF HE WERE HERE! HMMM! I'M SURE I HAVE A LITTLE POWDER AROUND THAT CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT! YEP! HERE IT IS!



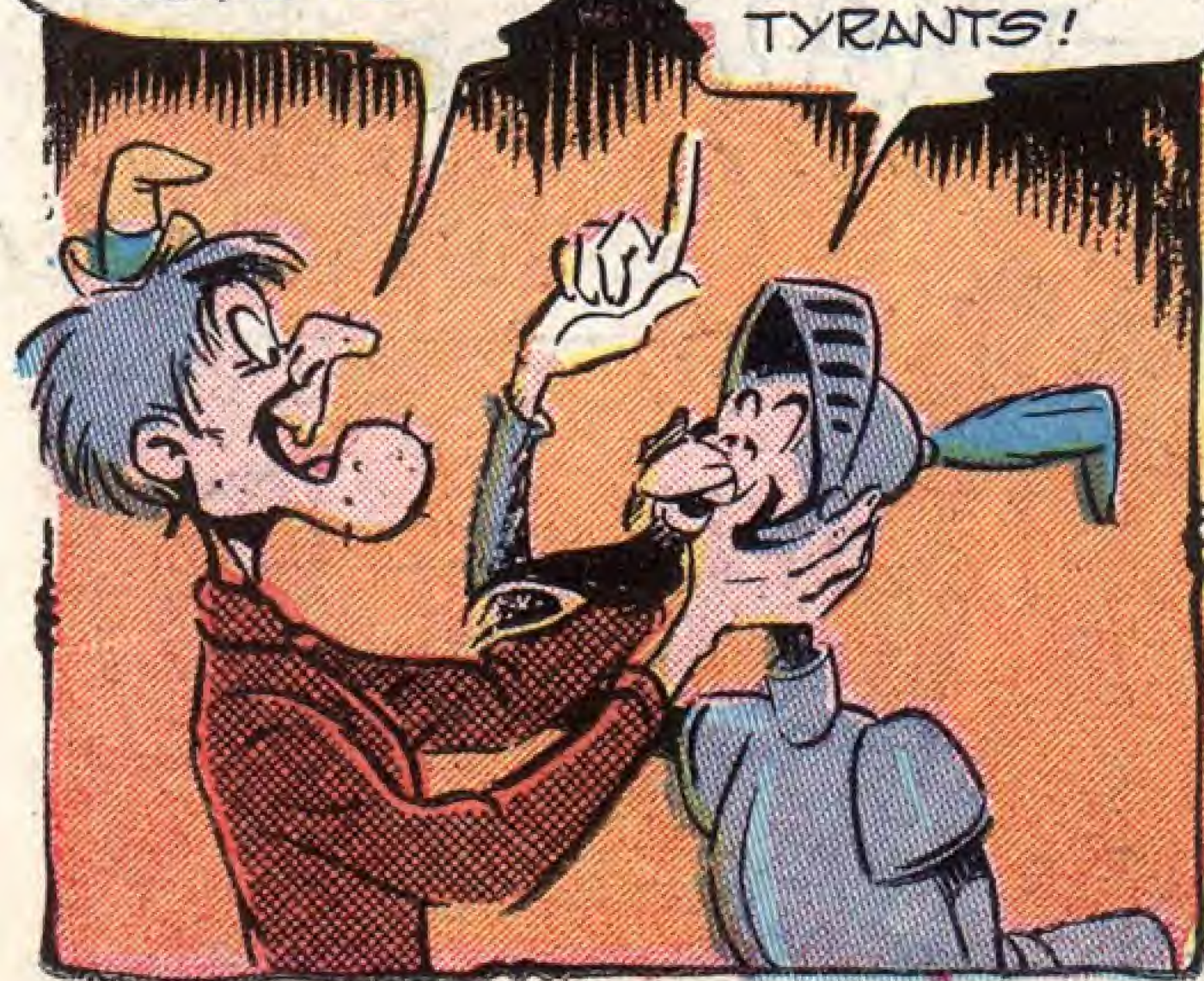
"MAGIC POWDER, FOR ME STRIVE... TO MAKE THESE PEOPLE COME ALIVE!"...HEY! IT WORKED!

I SAY THEY WERE GIANTS, SANCHE!...SANCHE! HMM! HE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO!



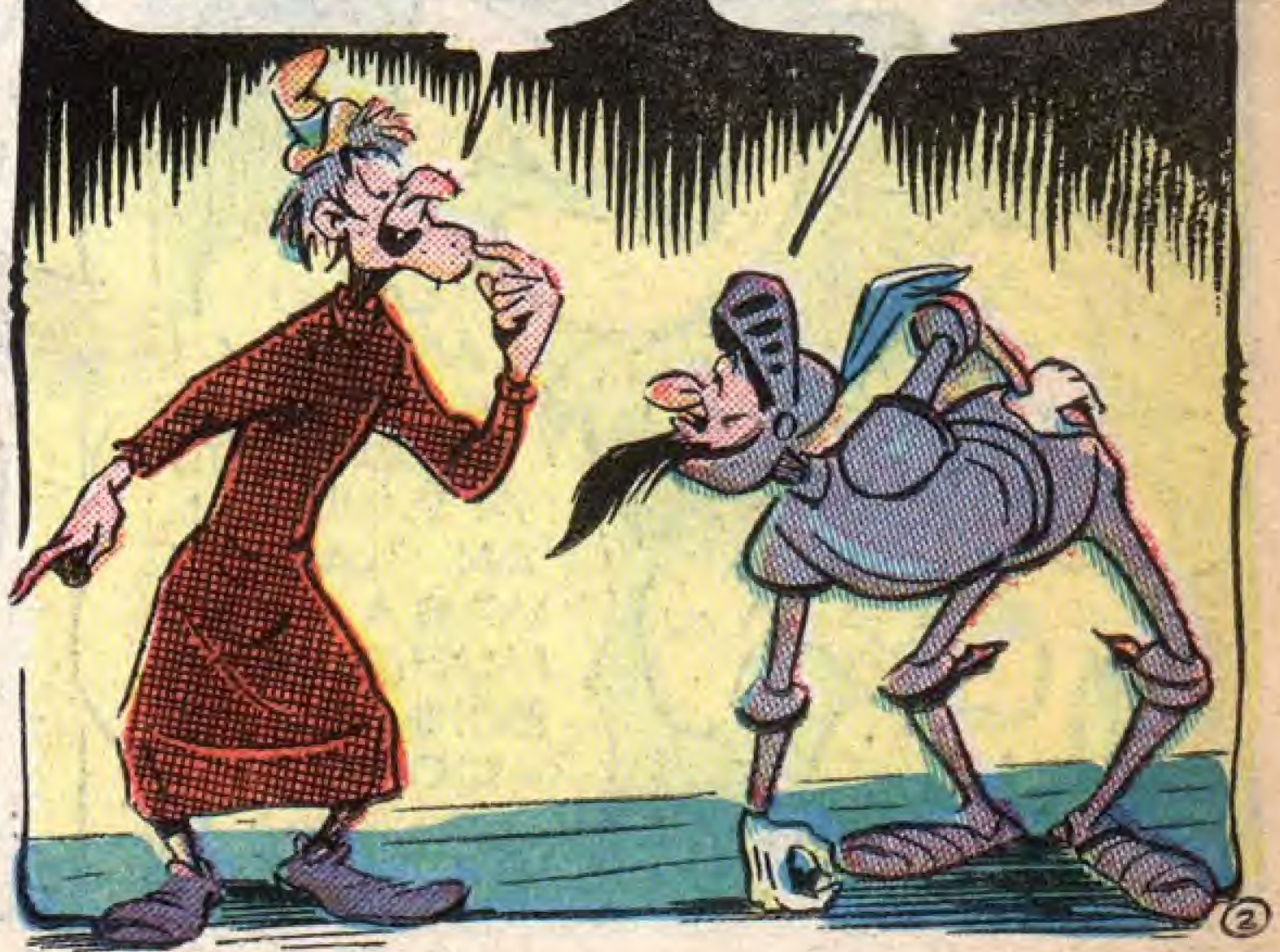
YOU DEAR BOY, YOU! GOOD, BRAVE DON QUIXOTE!

RIGHTO! I'M PLEDGED TO RID THE WORLD OF ALL EVIL TYRANTS!

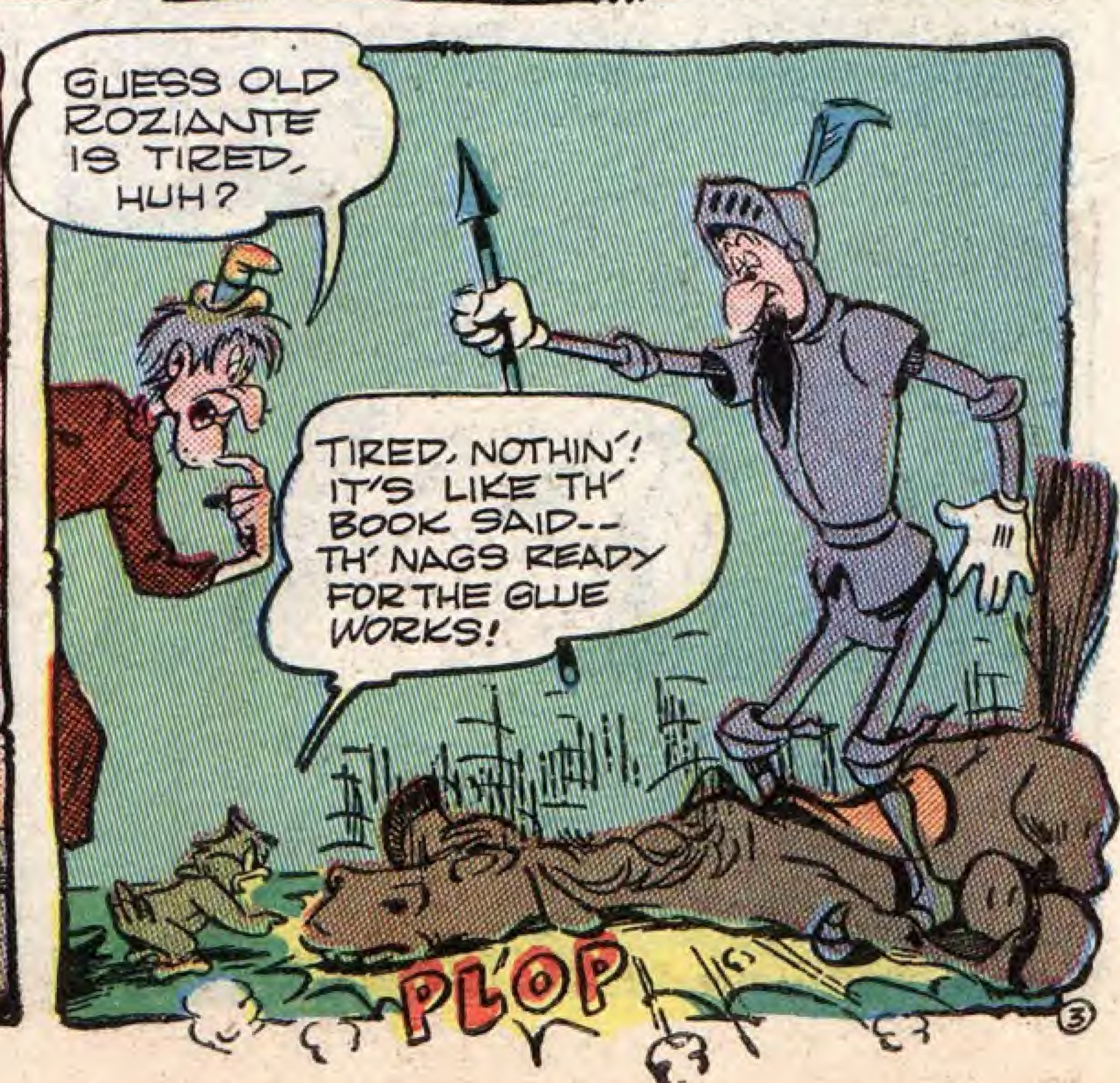
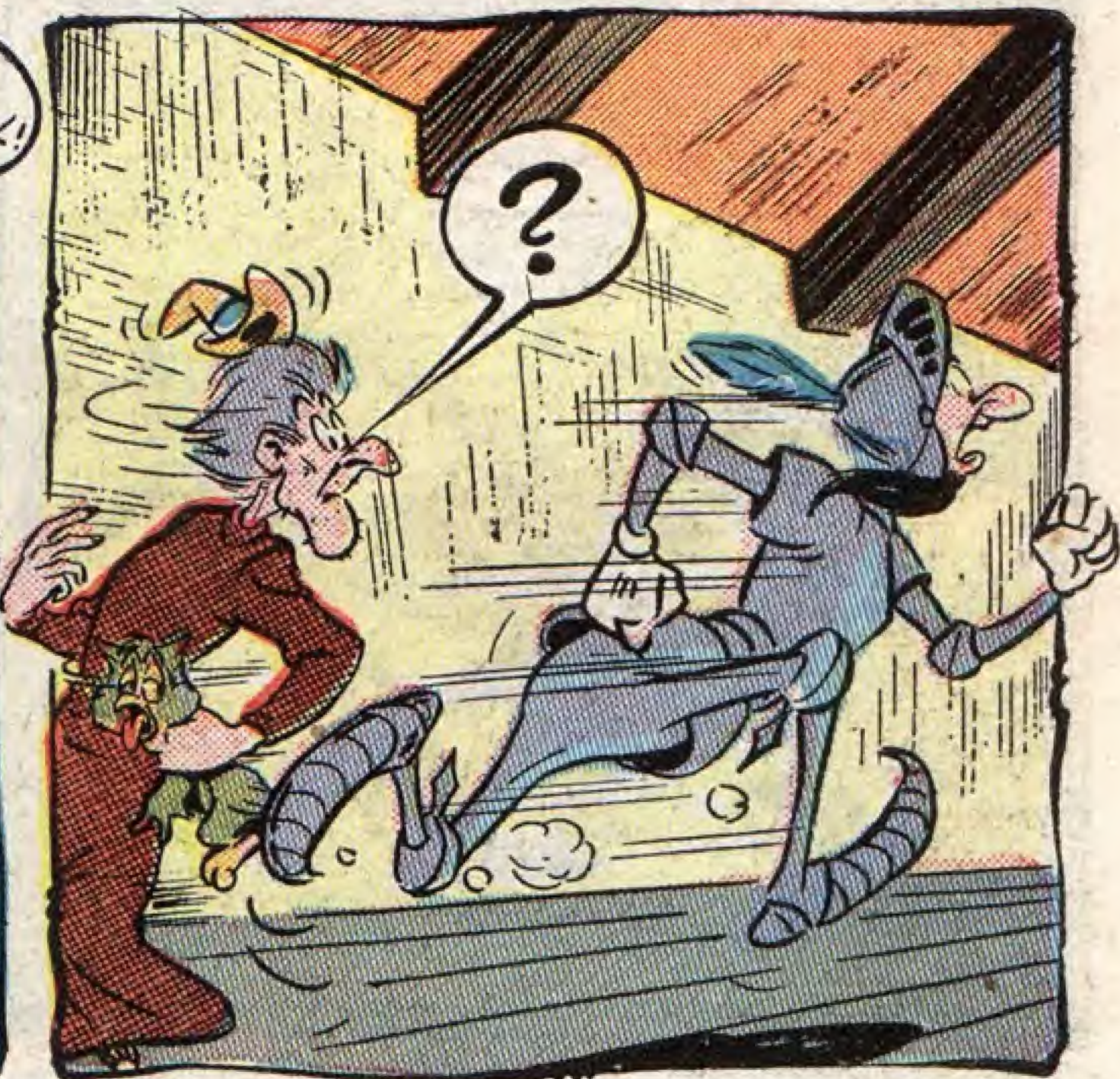
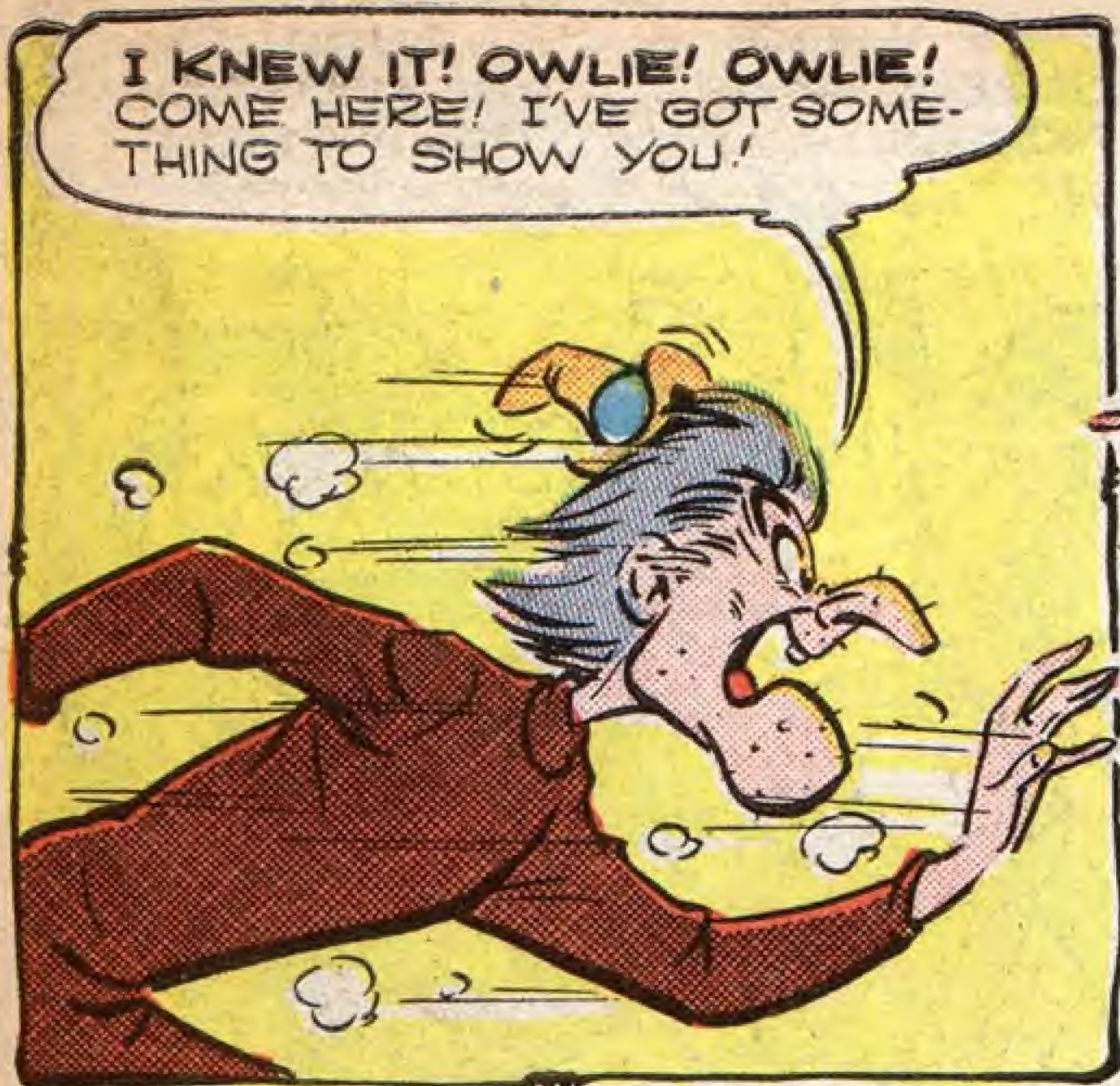


AN' YOU'RE NOT... ER... ADDLED LIKE THEY SAY IN TH' BOOK, ARE YA?

ADDLED? I SHOULD SAY NOT!











...AND THAT CHARGIN' BUSINESS **PROVES** I WAS RIGHT! ASK HIM **WHO** HE WAS GONNA CHARGE! GO AHEAD! ASK HIM!



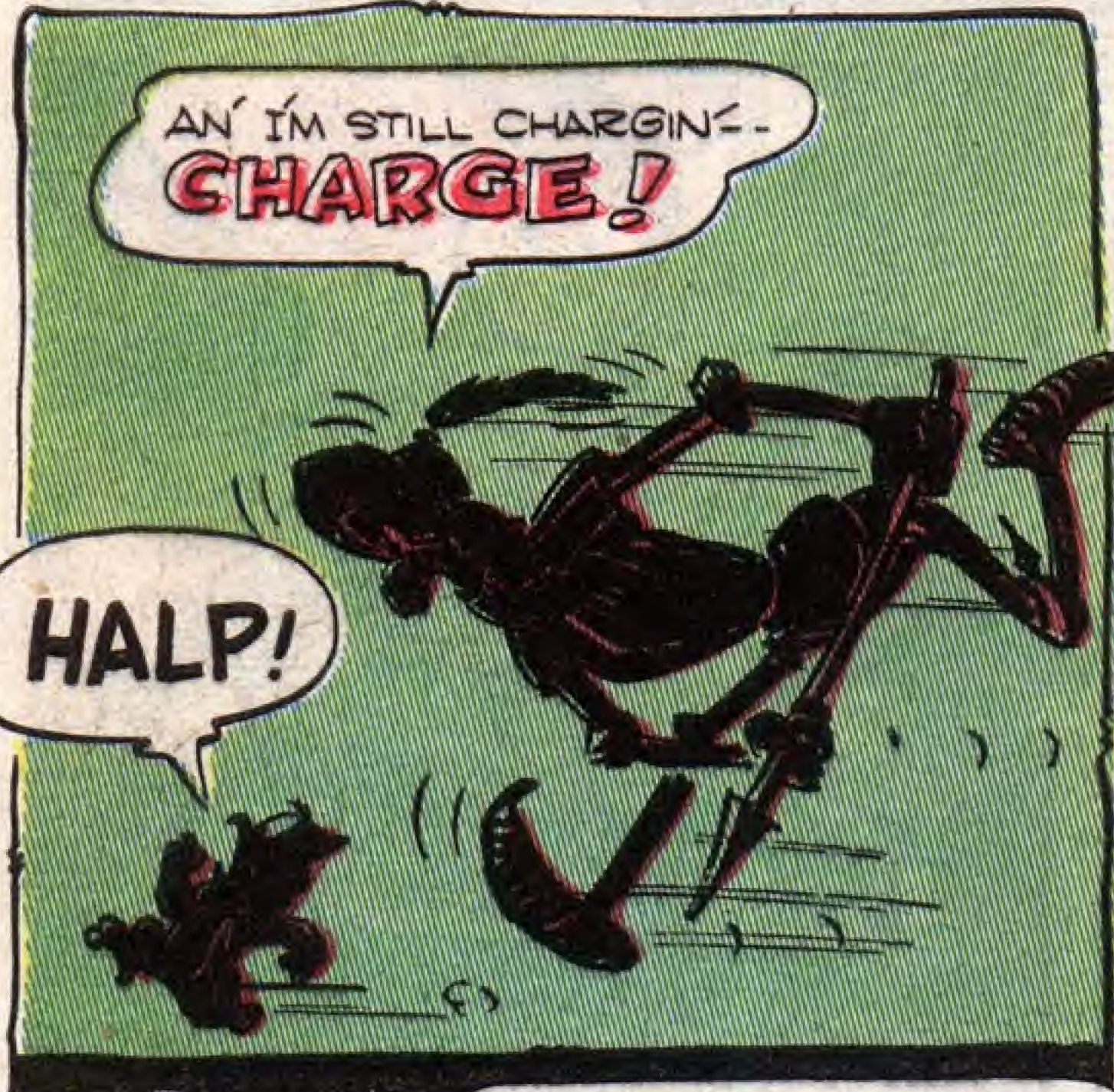
-ER, WHO **WERE** YA GONNA CHARGE, DON?

**DON ROPO CEEGARO, OF COURSE!**



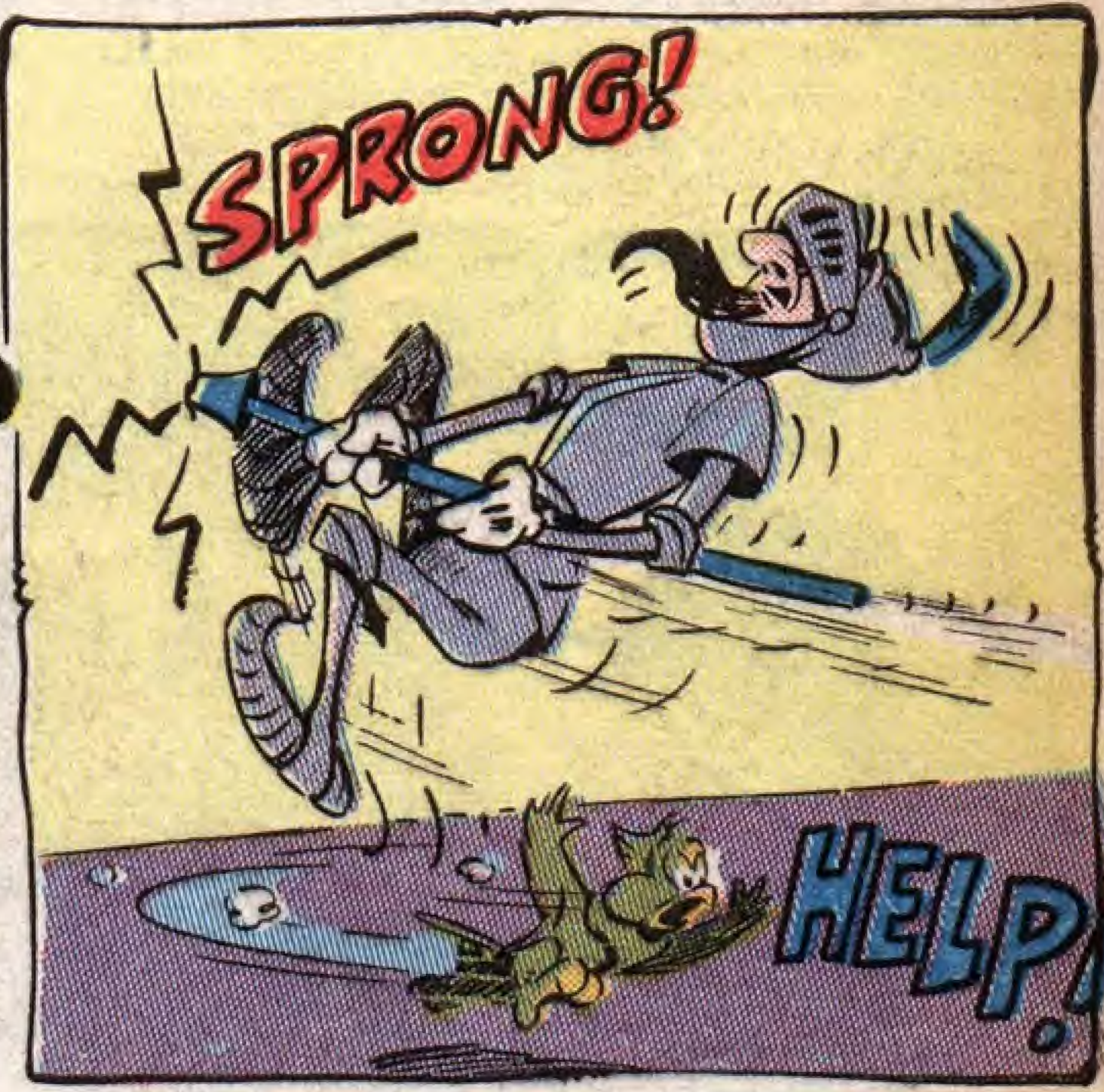
YA SEE, AN IMAGINARY CHARACTER! HE'S LOCO, HAZEL!

CEEGARO IS **NOT** IMAGINARY! YOU ARE **HE**, AND YOUR TRANSFORMATION HAS FOOLED ME NOT!



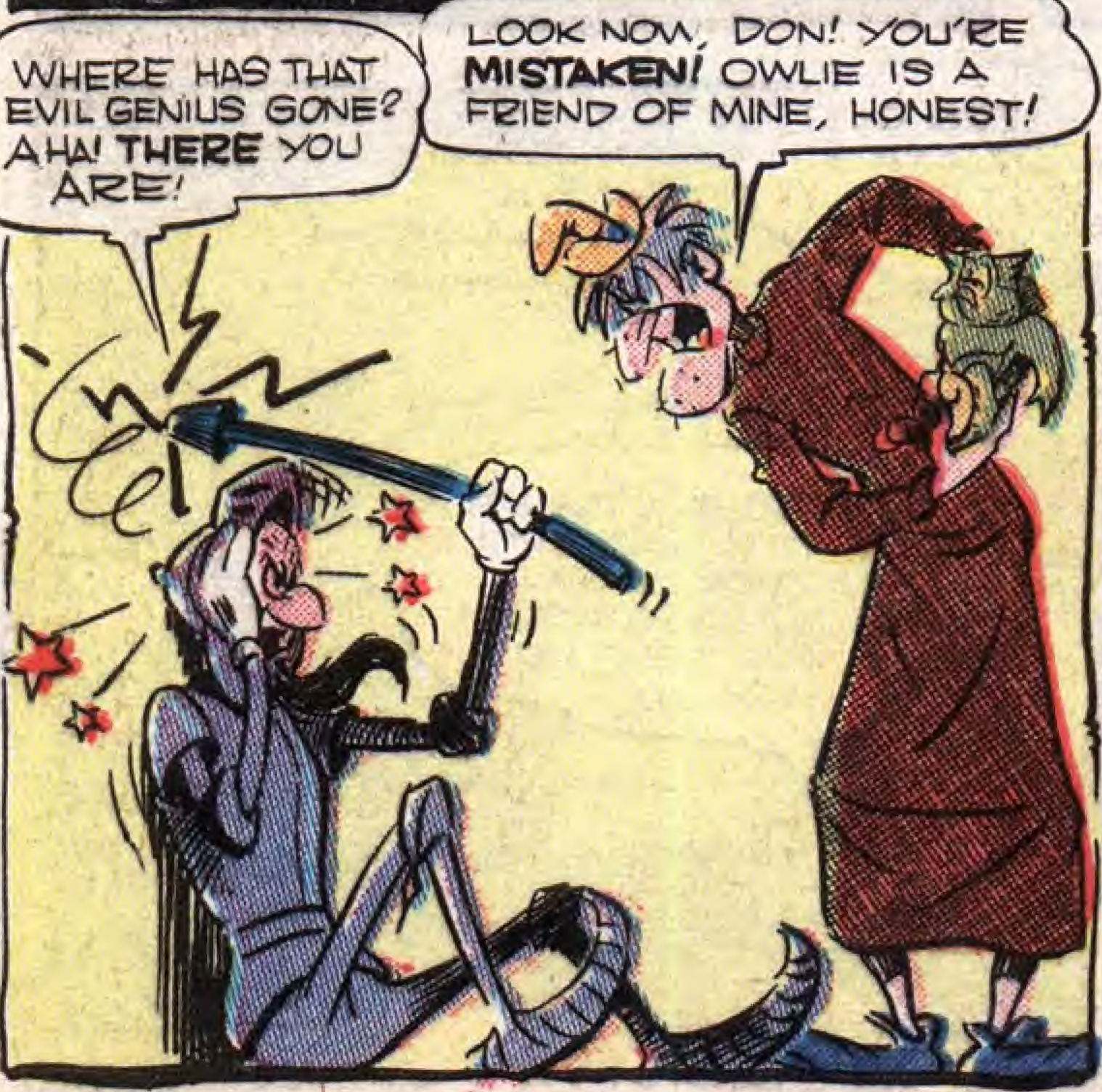
AN' I'M STILL CHARGIN'-  
**CHARGE!**

**HALP!**



**SPRONG!**

**HELP!**



WHERE HAS THAT EVIL GENIUS GONE? AHA! **THERE** YOU ARE!

LOOK NOW, DON! YOU'RE **MISTAKEN!** OWLIE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, HONEST!



SO THERE HE IS!

HUH?





DETER ME NOT FROM MY DUTY, WOMAN- OR MAN AS THE CASE MAY BE! --- ONE SIDE WHILE I ---



WE'RE IN THERE WAITIN' TO START THE THIRD CHAPTER, AND YOU'RE OUT HERE KILLIN' TIME! NOW COME ON!

YEOW!



WHO DID THAT?

SOME CHARACTER OUT OF YOUR BOOK! HE WENT BACK IN IT!

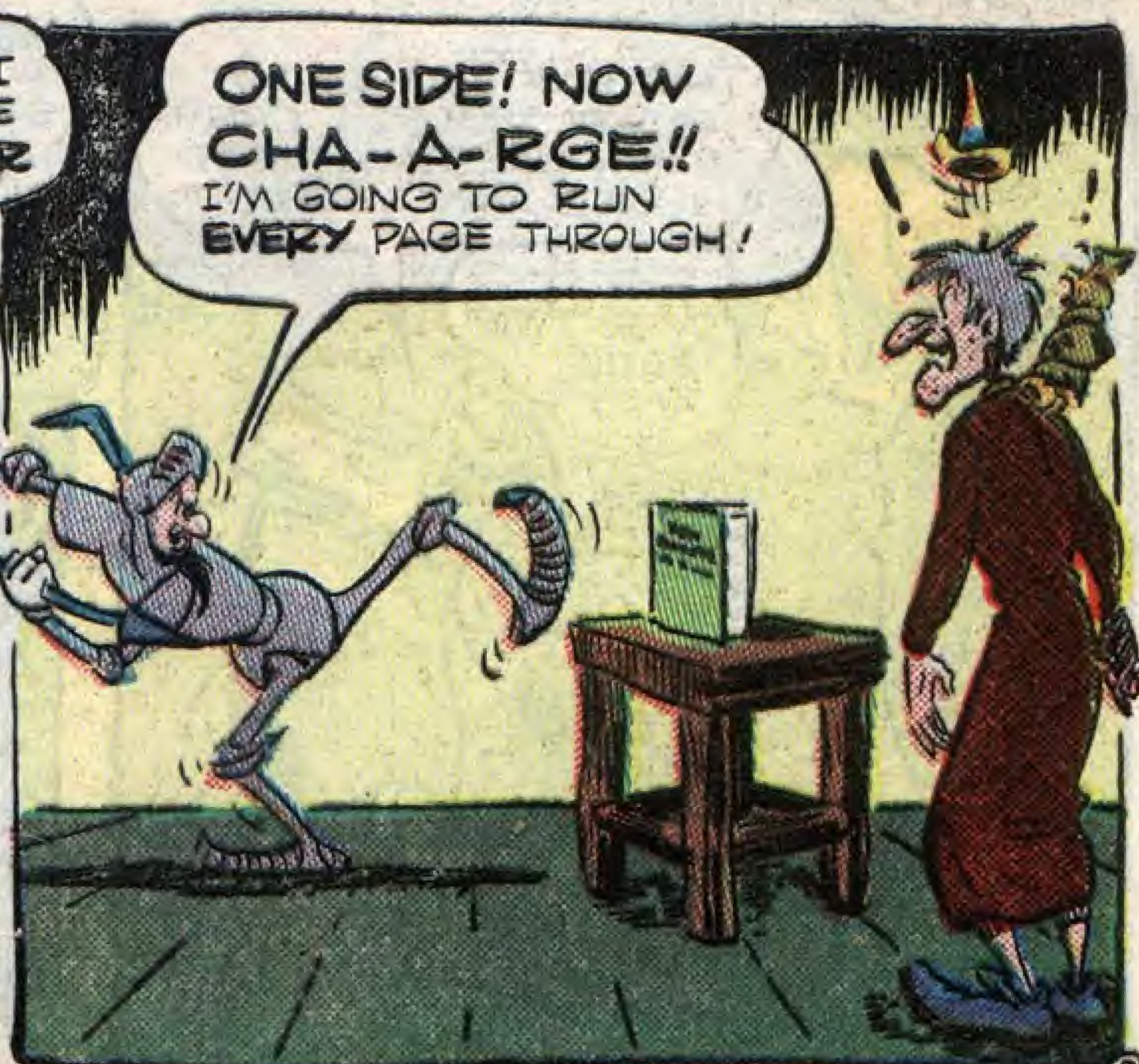


THE PAGE! TELL ME WHAT PAGE HE CAME FROM! I MUST KNOW WHO IT WAS, THE ROGUE!



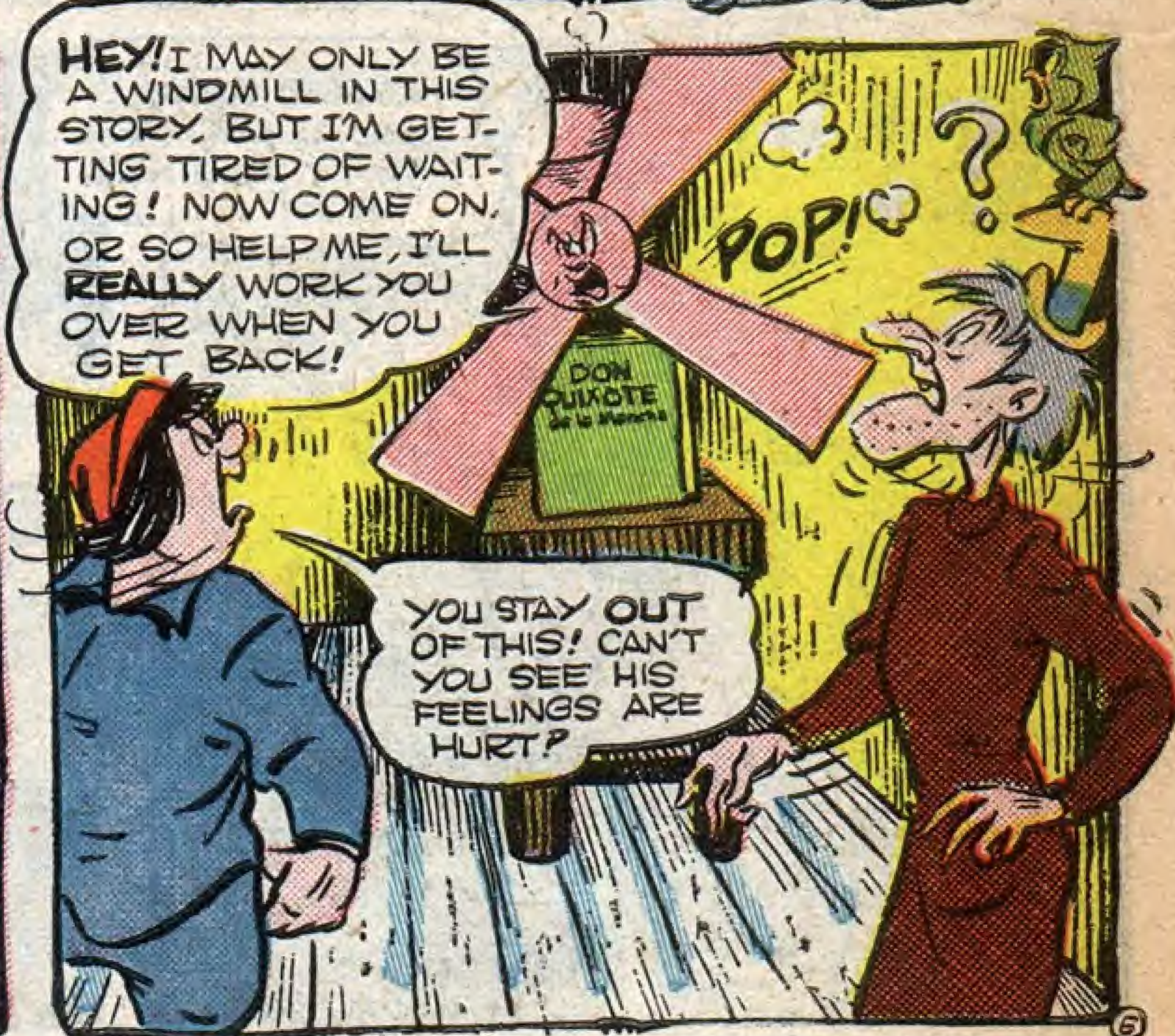
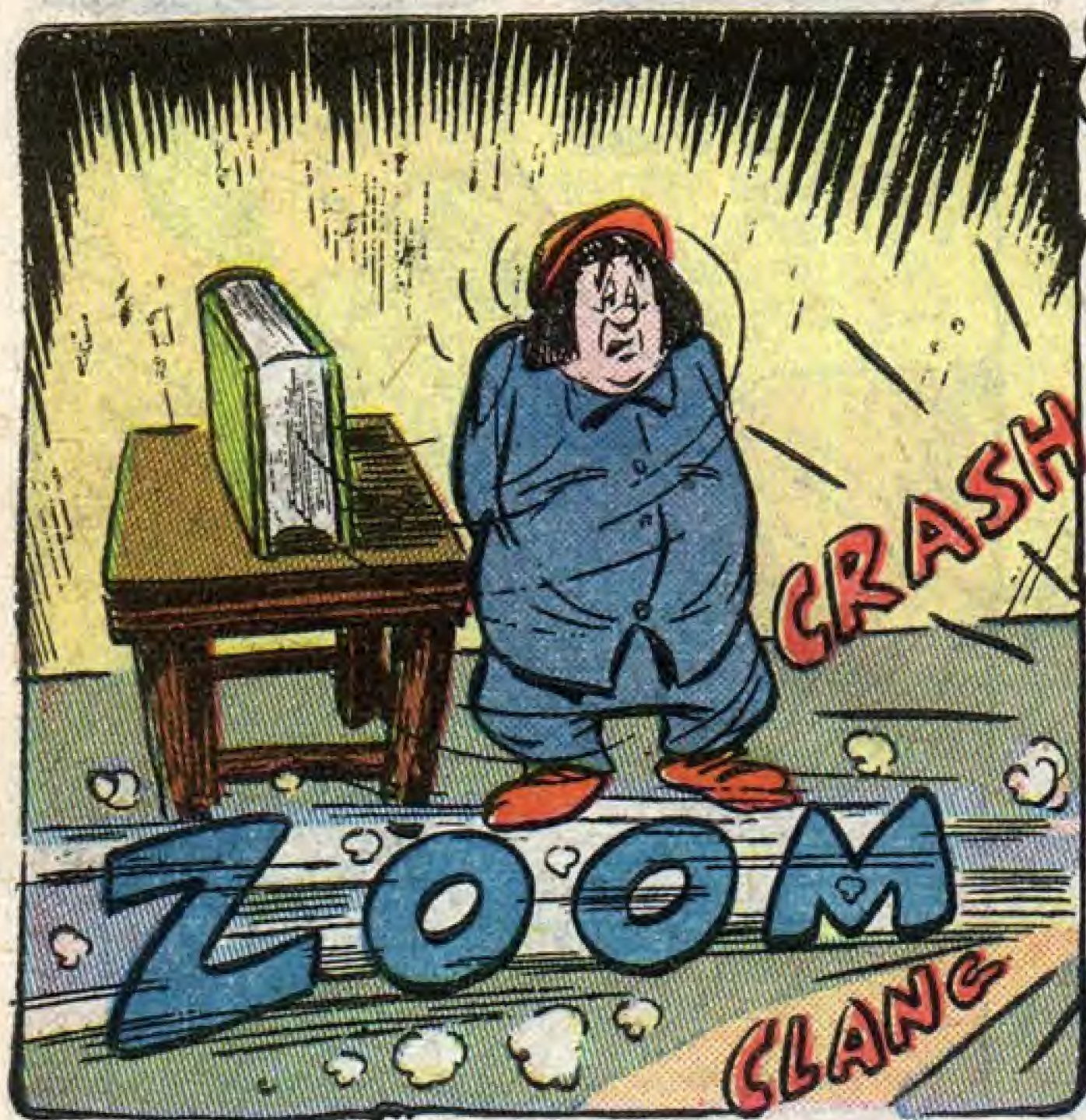
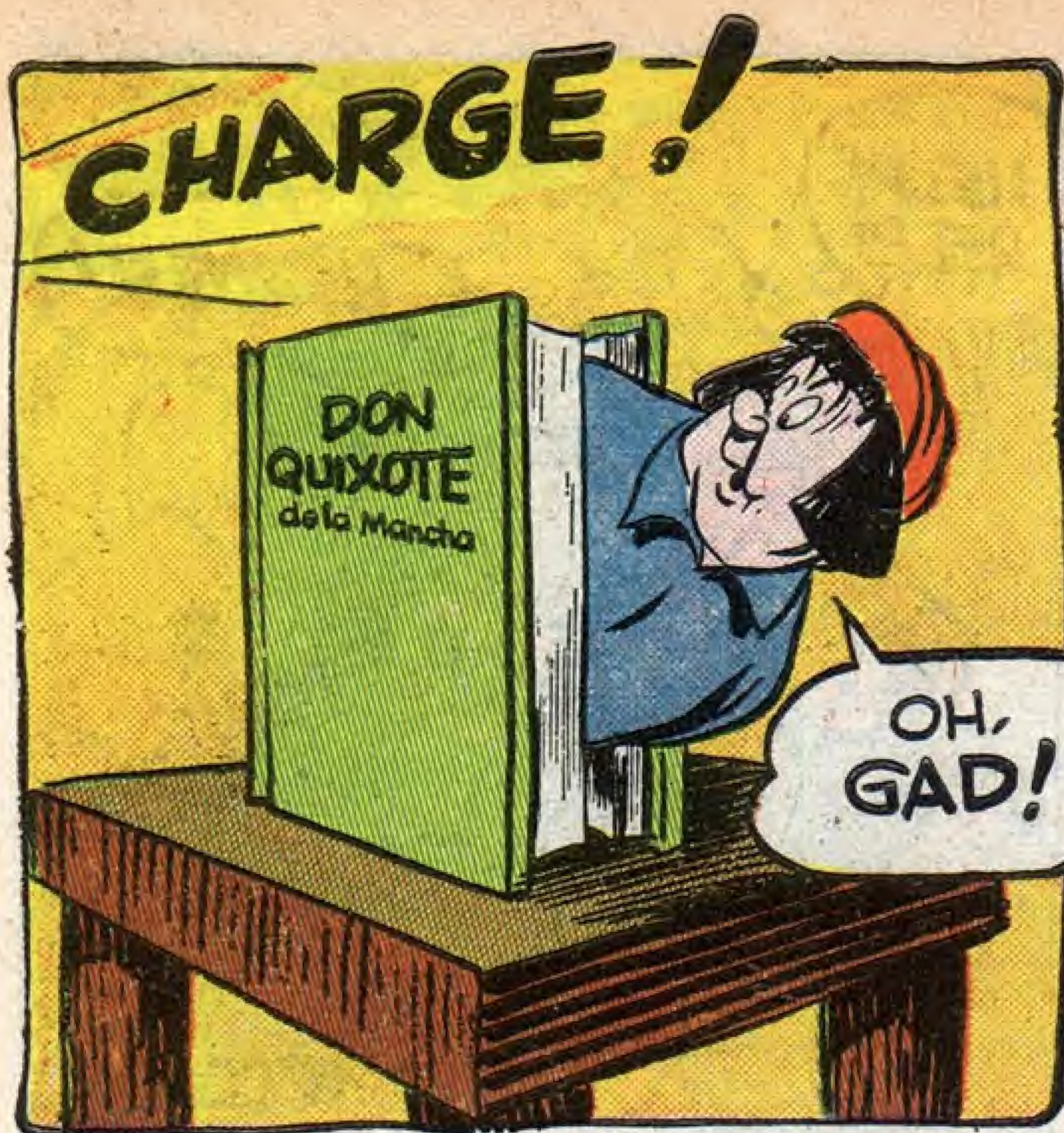
I DON'T KNOW WHAT PAGE IT WAS!

NEVER MIND! I SHALL SETTLE THIS IN ANOTHER WAY!

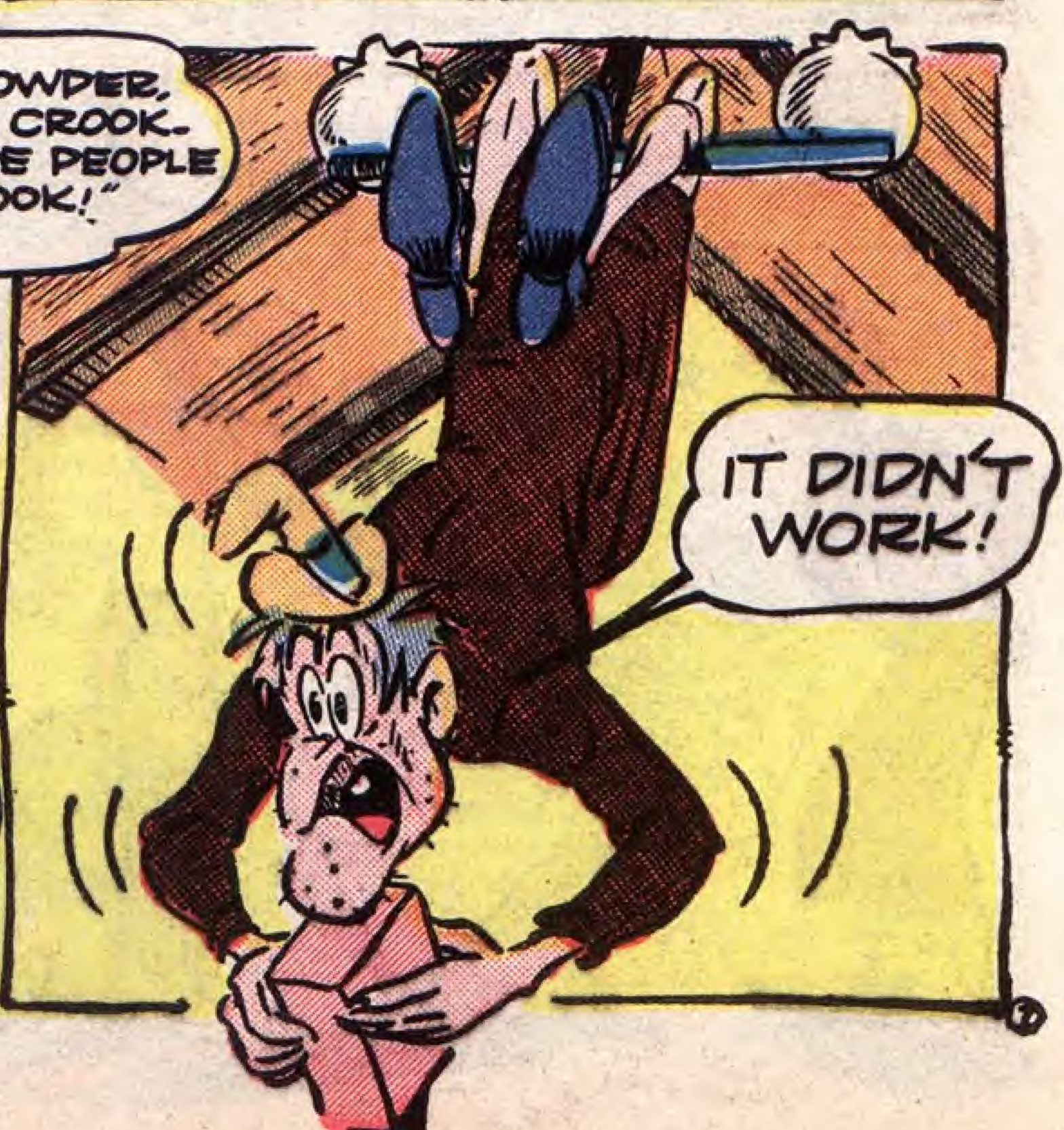
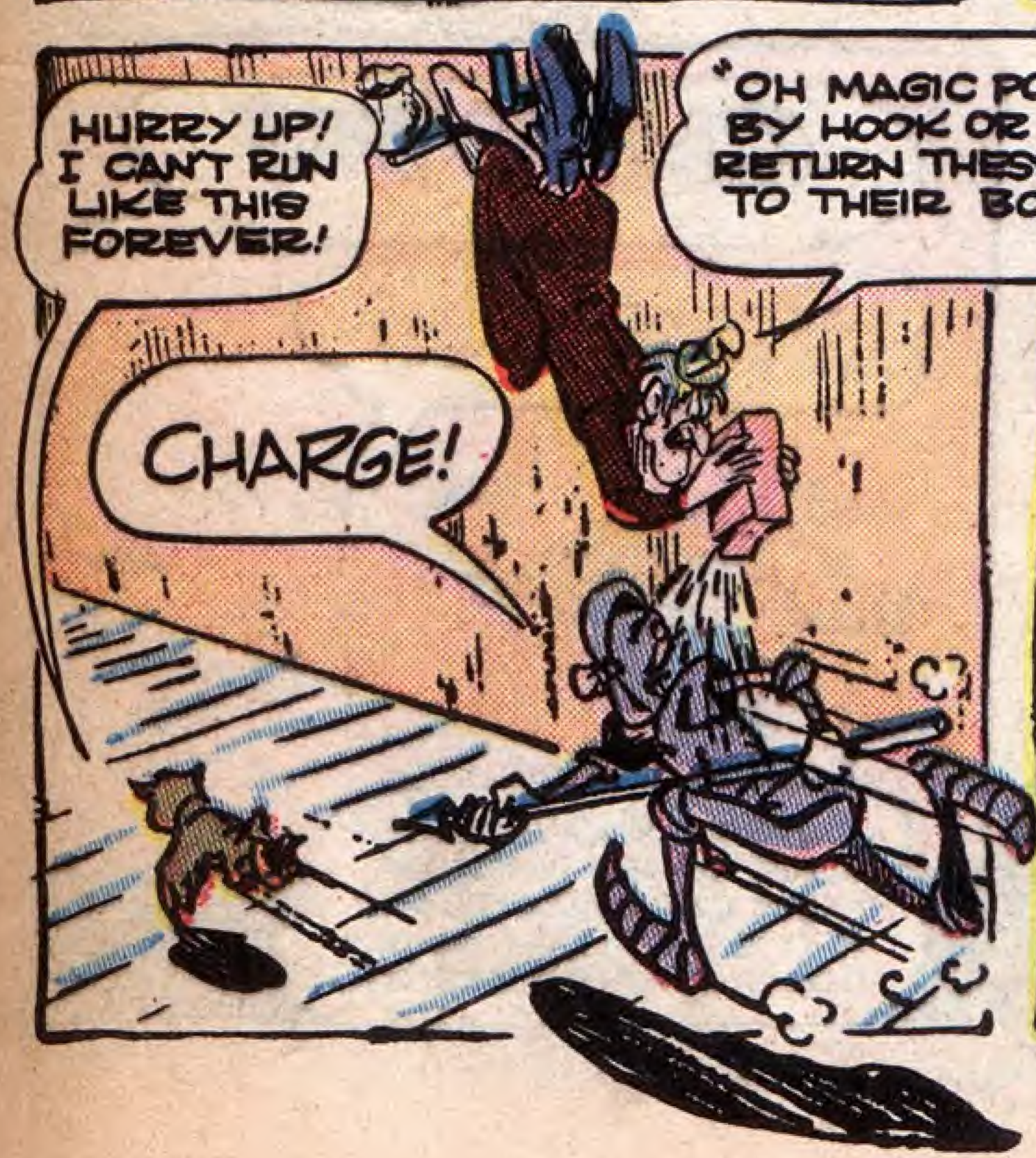
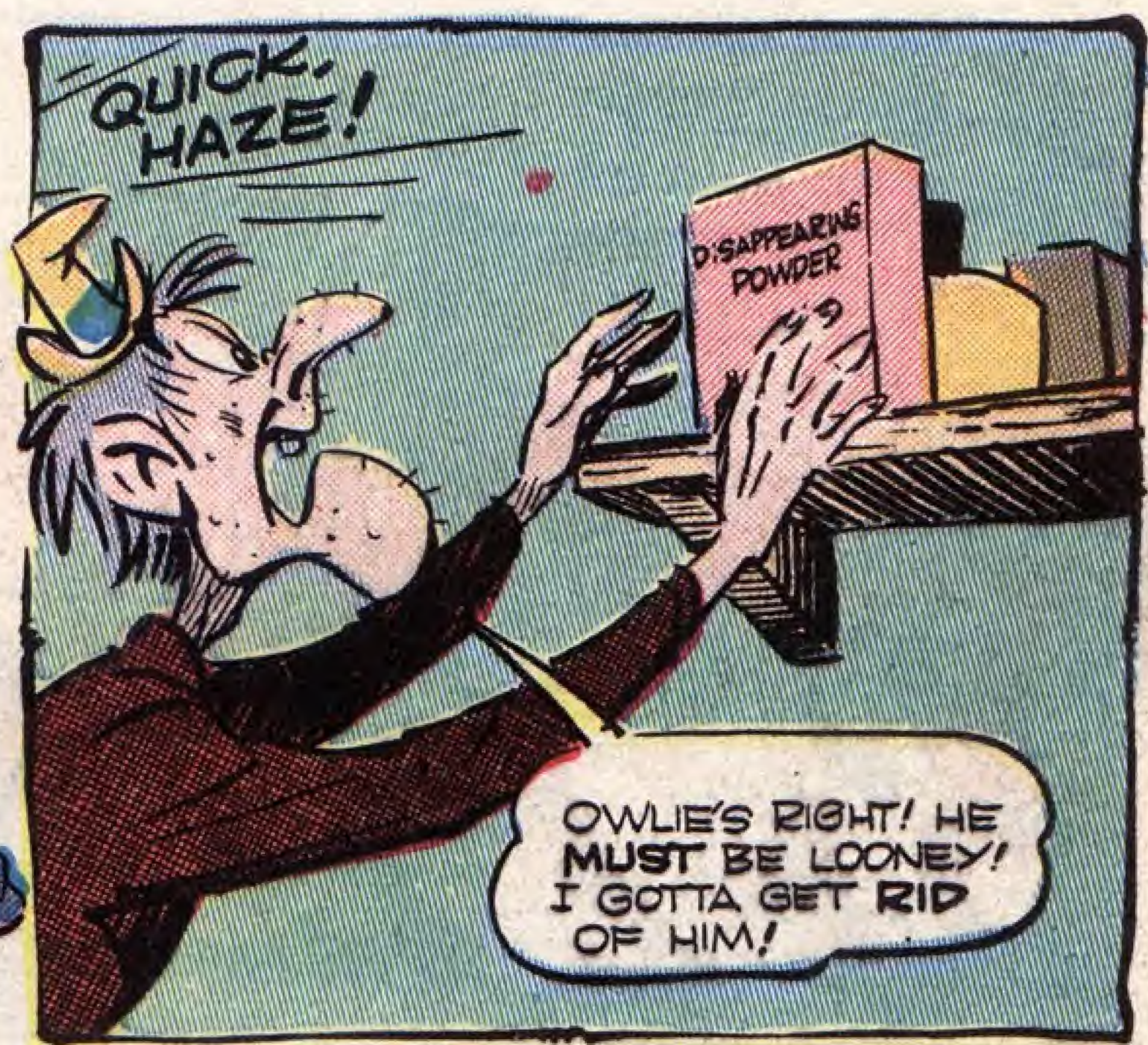
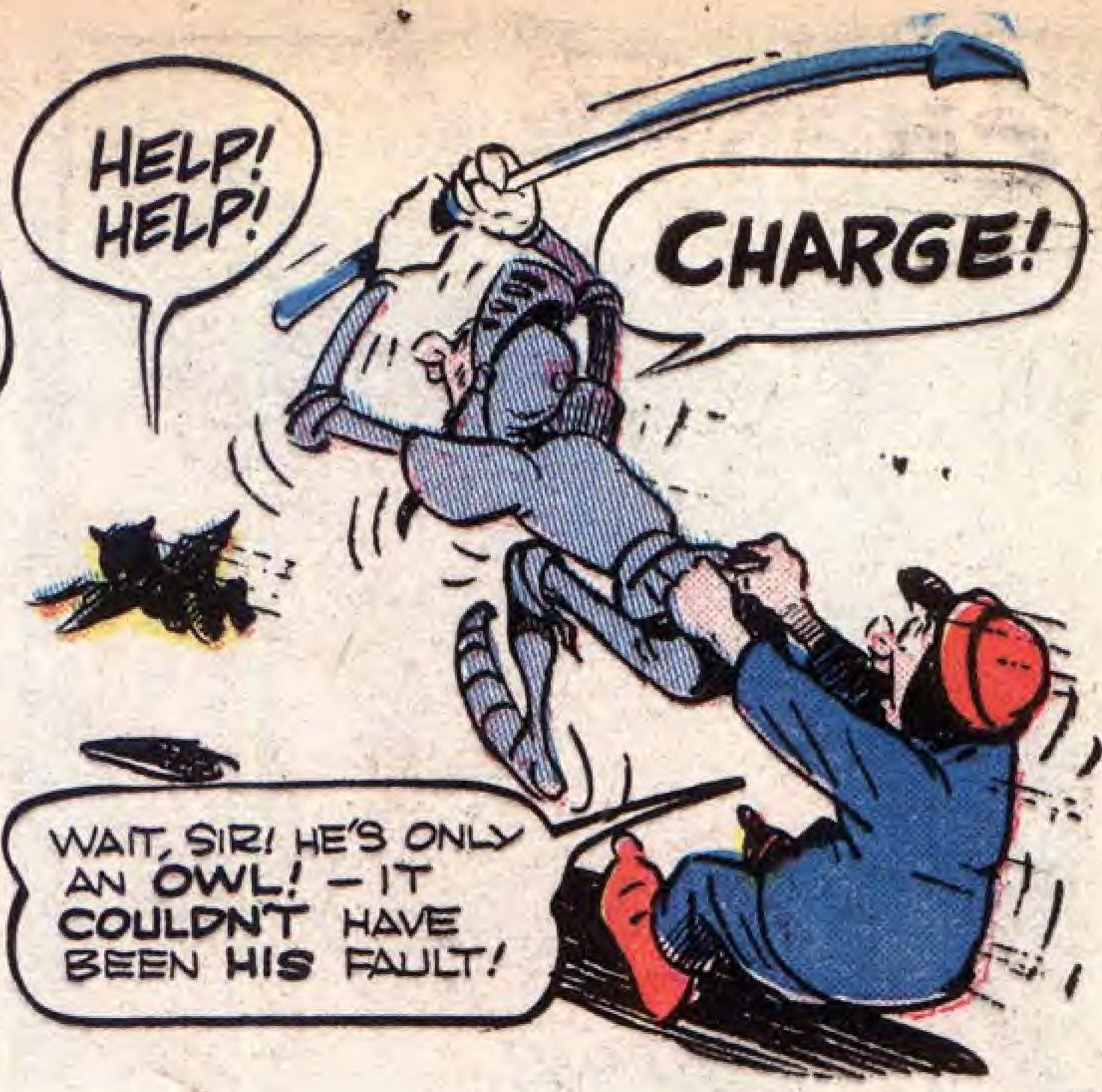


ONE SIDE! NOW CHA-A-RGE!! I'M GOING TO RUN EVERY PAGE THROUGH!

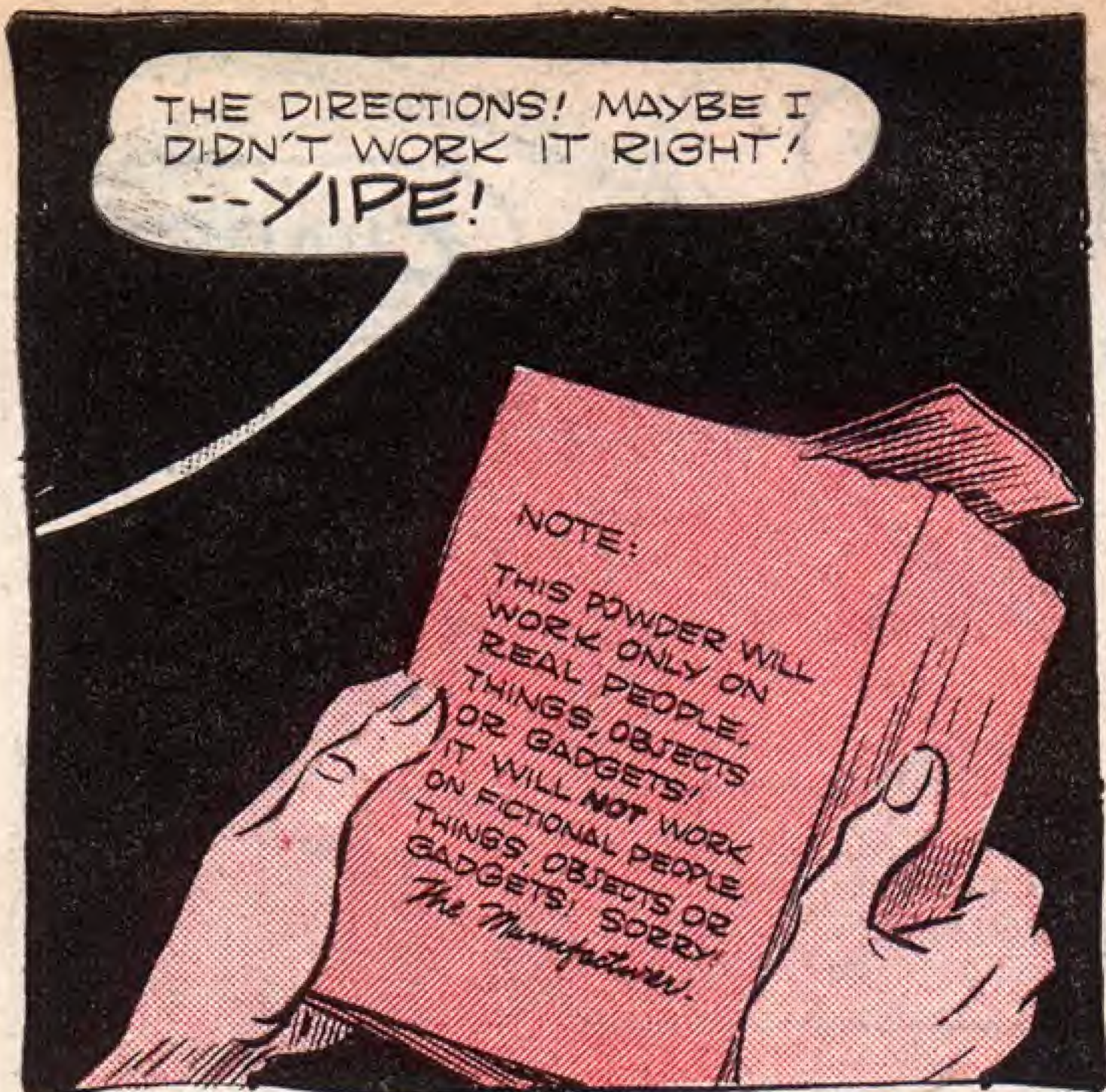




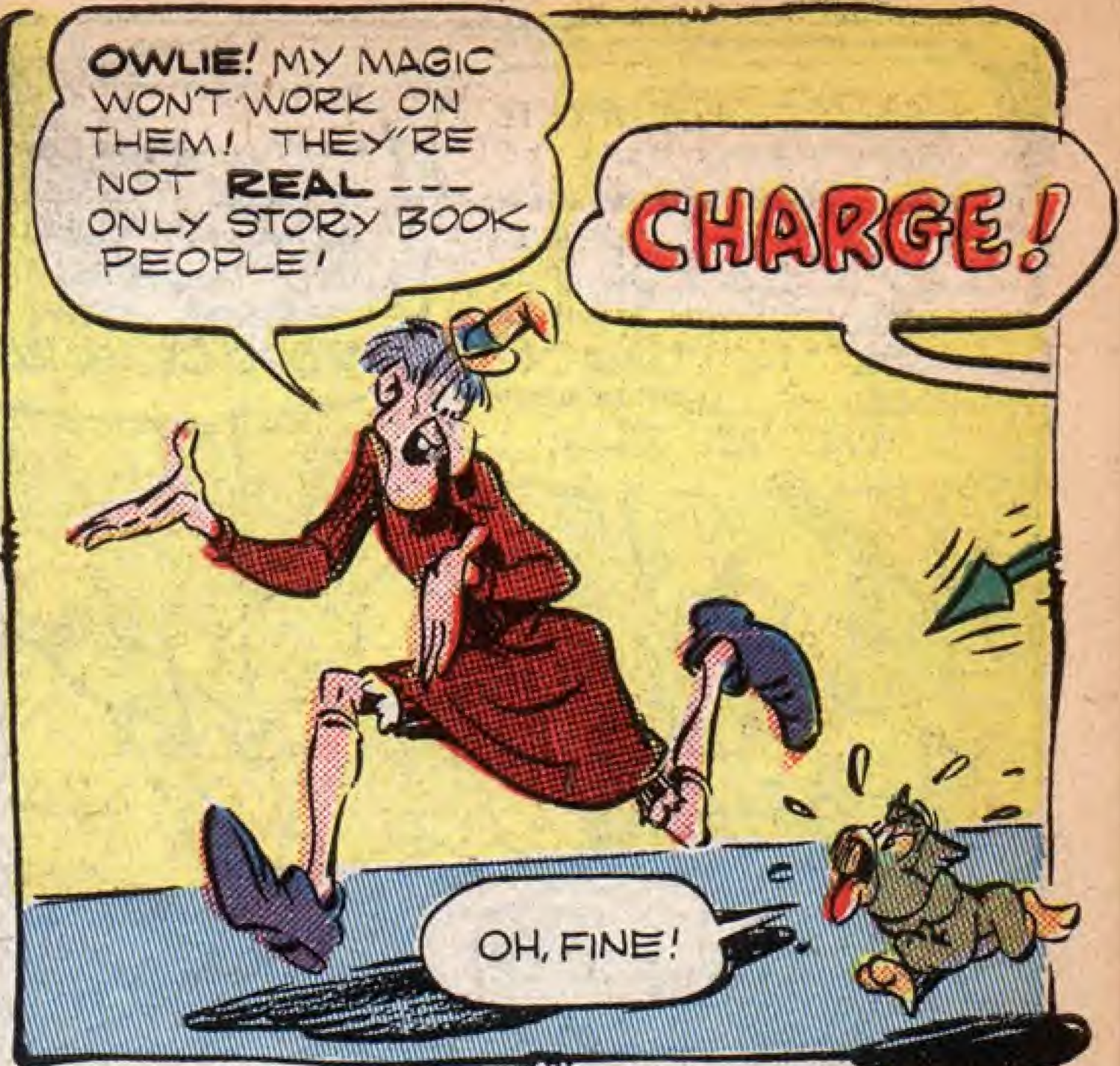








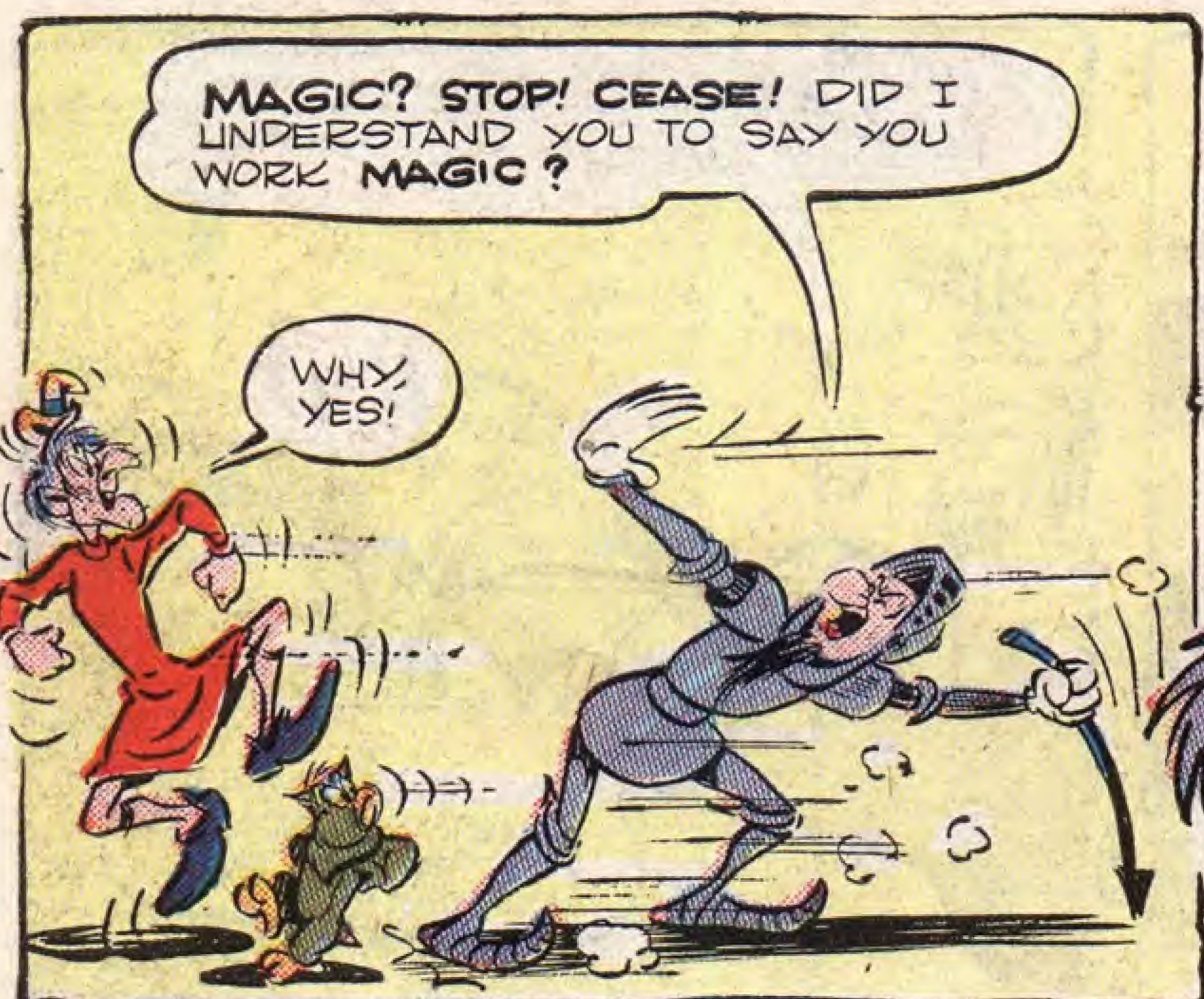
THE DIRECTIONS! MAYBE I DIDN'T WORK IT RIGHT! --YIPE!



OWLIE! MY MAGIC WON'T WORK ON THEM! THEY'RE NOT **REAL** --- ONLY STORY BOOK PEOPLE!

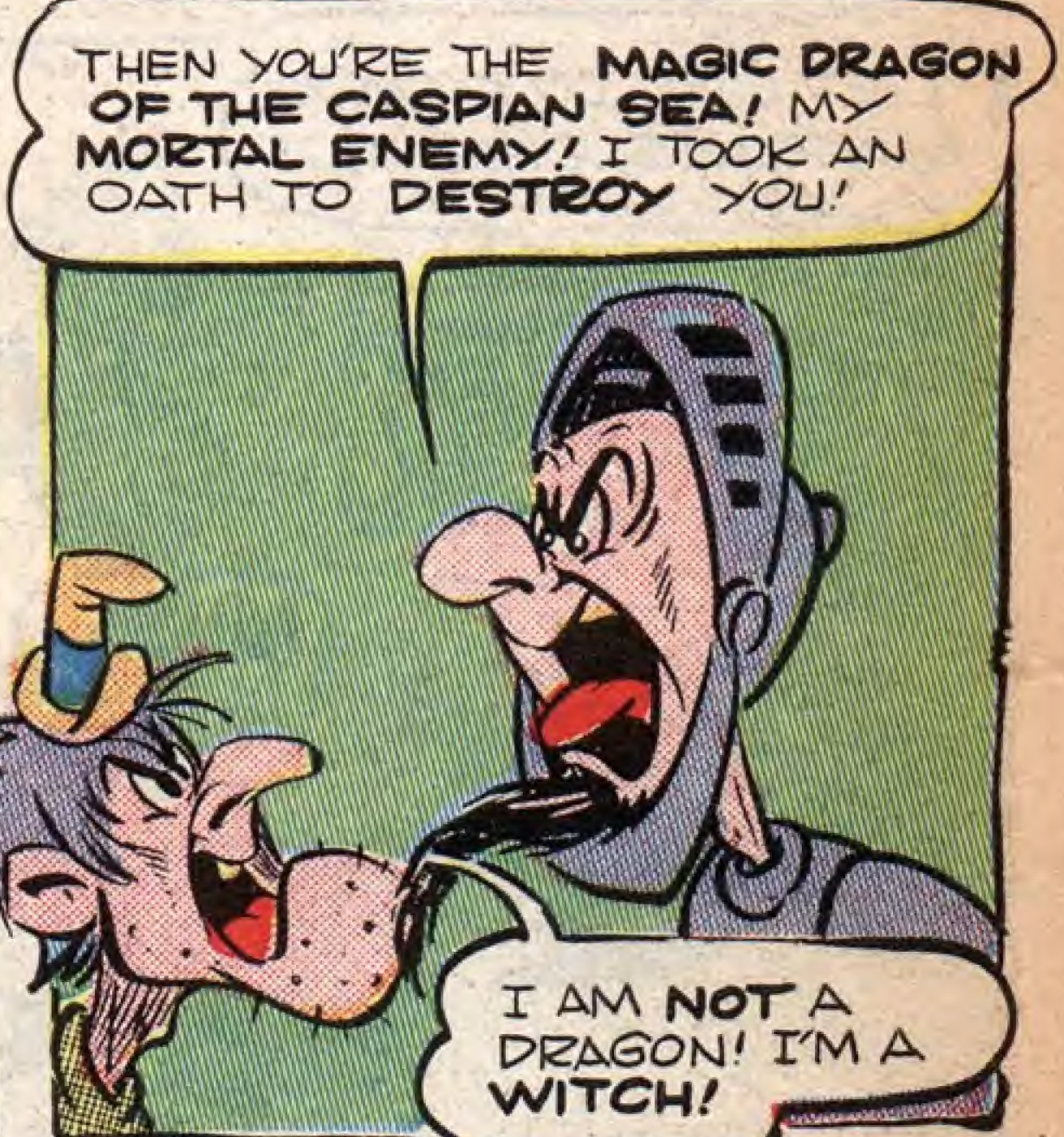
**CHARGE!**

OH, FINE!



MAGIC? STOP! CEASE! DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY YOU WORK **MAGIC**?

WHY, YES!



THEN YOU'RE THE **MAGIC DRAGON** OF THE CASPIAN SEA! MY MORTAL ENEMY! I TOOK AN OATH TO **DESTROY** YOU!

I AM **NOT** A DRAGON! I'M A **WITCH**!



DON'T TRY TO DECEIVE ME! I KNOW A DRAGON'S FACE WHEN I SEE ONE!

THIS TIME I MUST **AGREE** WITH THE MASTER! THAT'S A FACE ONLY A MOTHER DRAGON COULD LOVE!

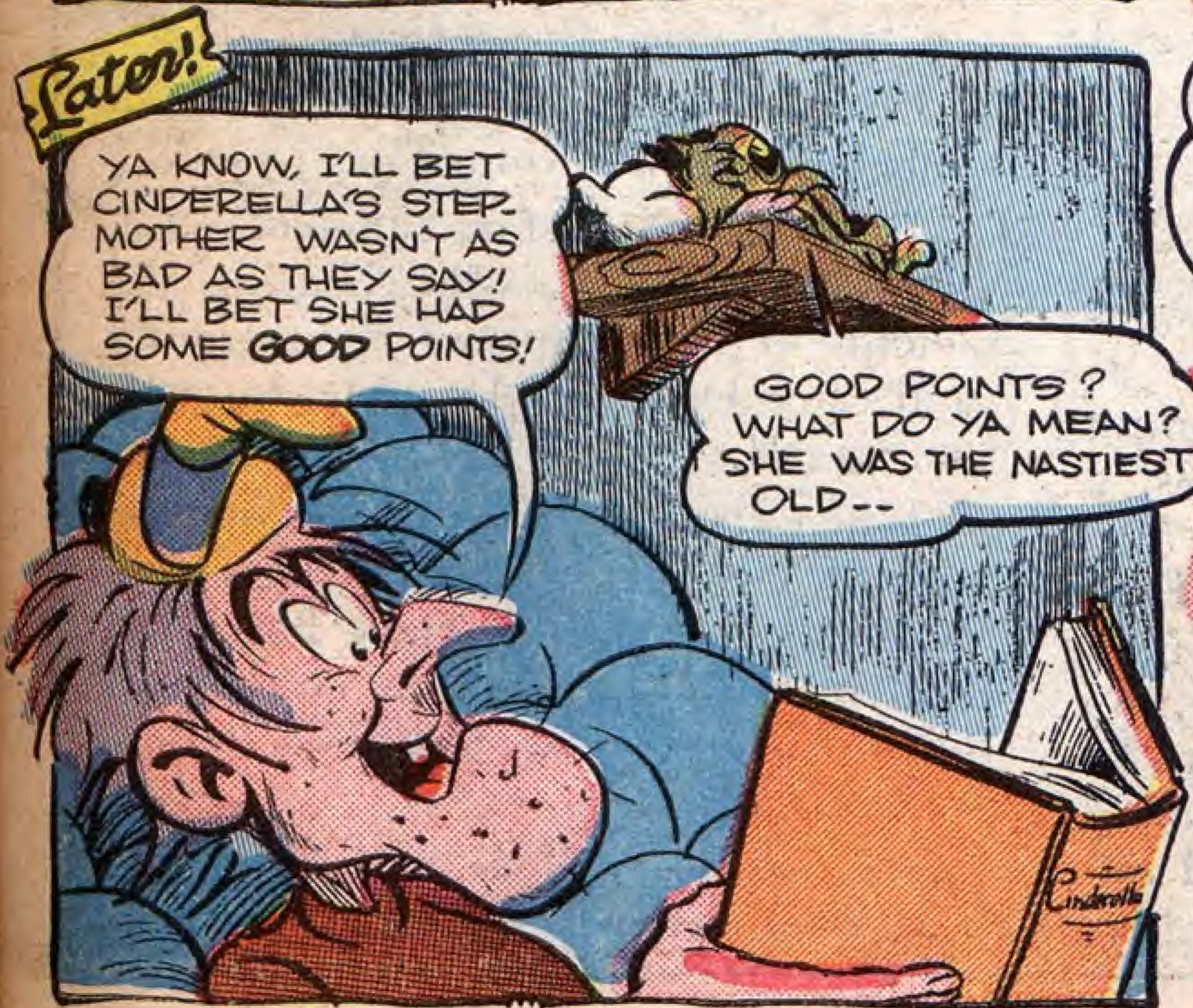
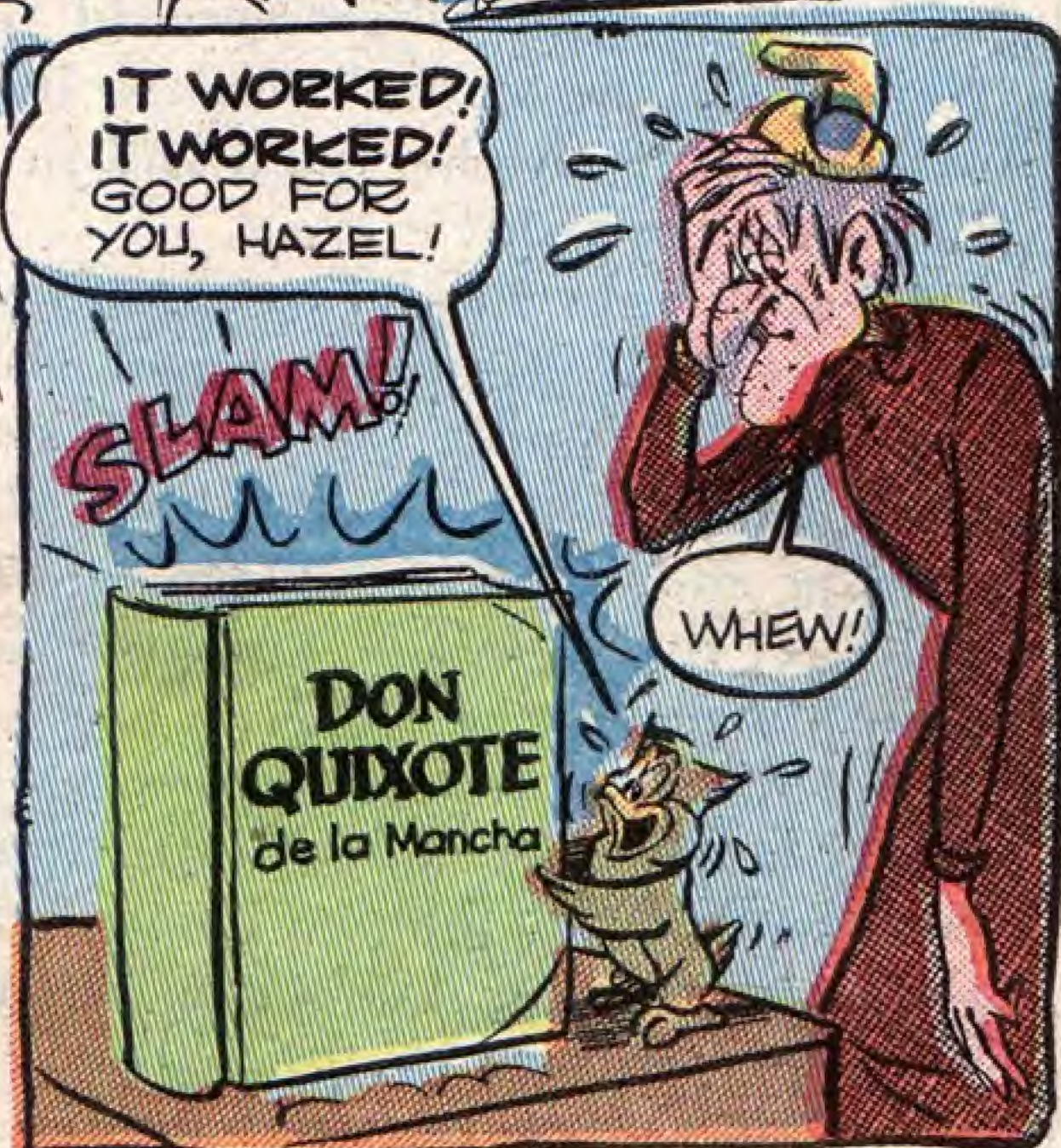
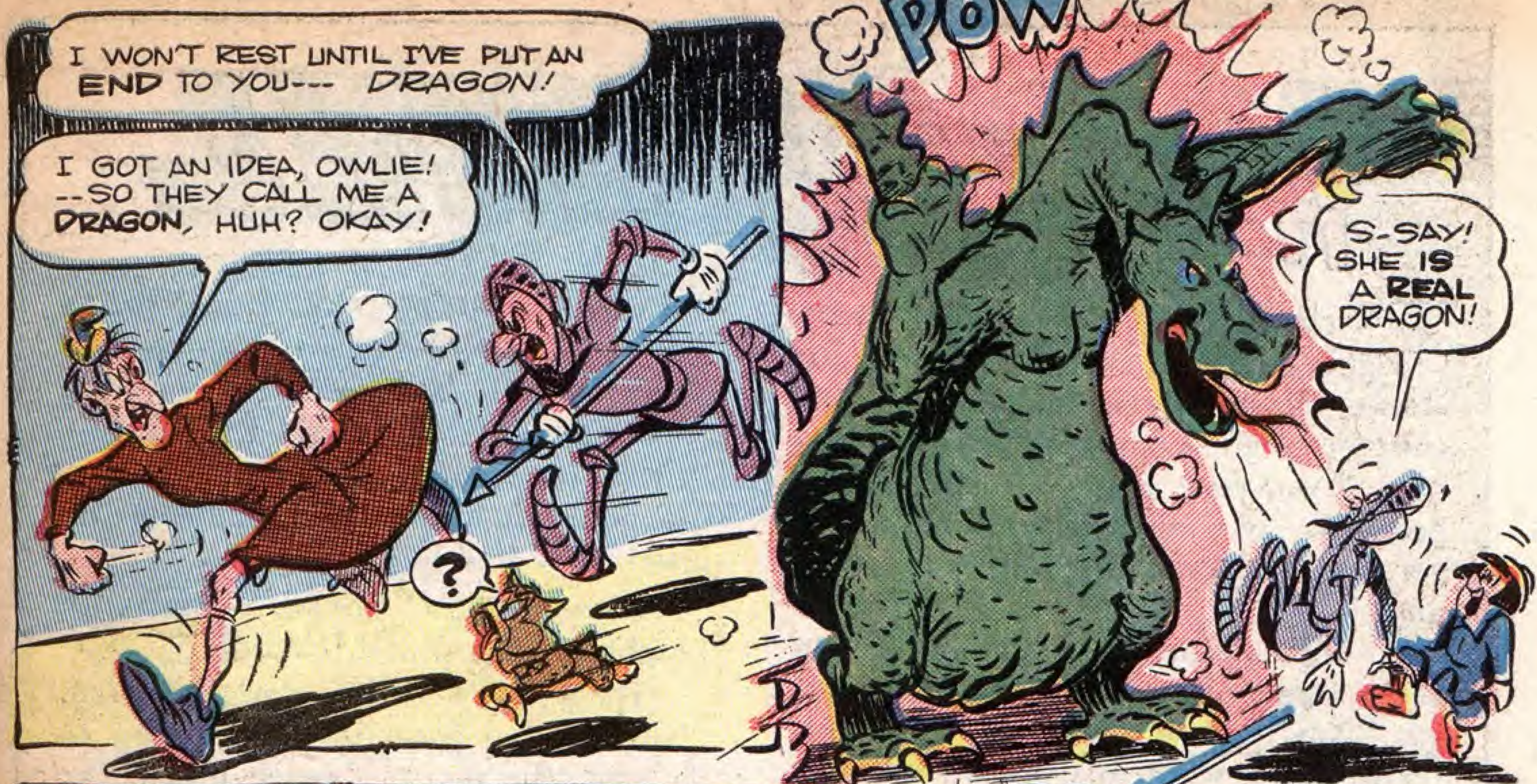


**CHARGE!**

WHAT'LL WE **DO**? HOW'LL WE GET RID OF 'EM?

I DON'T KNOW! THEY HAVE TO GO BACK OF THEIR OWN ACCORD, AND IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THAT'S GOING TO **HAPPEN**!





The End



# THE Hidden JEWEL

THE jewelry store was ablaze with lights and the twinkle of precious stones. Bosco Bear, standing at the counter, argued with one of the salesmen. "Nonsense, my good man," Bosco growled, "if you can't show me a *bigger* diamond than that, don't show me any!"

As the salesman turned his back to get a larger diamond, Bosco whispered, "Now!" And Fred Fox, glass-cutter in hand, went to work on the case with the million-dollar emerald in it. Noiselessly, he cut a window in the case, soundlessly, his hand slid in and lifted the emerald!

"Now!" said Fred Fox. "Let's go!"

The two jewel thieves sped out of the store. Running across the street, they could hear the burglar alarm ringing and then . . . a police siren!

"They're after us," gasped Bosco Bear. "Run!"

Down alleys and across back yards, the villainous bear and the lightfingered fox ran. They jumped fences, scaled walls and hid in doorways. Anything to escape capture by the police!

But the siren sounded louder and louder and the police drew closer and closer. "We gotta hide dis emerald . . . quick!" Fred Fox said.

"Yeah," Bosco Bear agreed. "If dey catch us wid dat, we're *cooked*!"

"Where'll we stash it?" Fred wondered, his brain working as fast as it could. "Dere ain't nuthin' around here but a coupla rabbit hutches, a henhouse an' a . . . *I got it! Dere!*"

Bosco Bear grinned as he saw Fred put the large emerald in a hen's nest, where three other eggs lay cozily. He grinned even more widely when he saw the mother hen come waddling importantly towards the nest and settle on the eggs.

By the time the police came, Bosco and Fred were lying on the grass, at peace with themselves and the world. "Wot emerald?" they asked, their eyes full of innocence. And, since the police couldn't find any evidence of the jewel, they had to leave.

"Haw-haw-haw!" Bosco roared with laughter. "We did it, Freddie!"

"Haw-haw!" Fred laughed too. "Now all we gotta do is walk up ta da nest like dis . . . reach down like dis . . . an' . . . hey! *Ouch! No!*"

Hannah Hen, cackling with fury, had pecked viciously at Fred's hand. "Egg-stealer!" she shouted. "Chick-napper!"

"Ah, don't let no hen scare yuh!" said Bosco. "Here, *I'll* get it!"

"Cut-cut-cut-it-out!" Hannah Hen cried in a rage. Flying at the intruders, she scratched, clawed and pecked . . . fluttering her wings in their eyes until they were almost blinded. And as she beat her wings and raked her claws over the bear and the fox, she screamed, "Villains! Nest robbers! I'll fix you!"

"Help!" cried Bosco Bear.

"Help!" cried Fred Fox. "Won't somebody *please* come?"

It wasn't long before somebody did. It was the police, who, hearing the sounds of battle, turned right around and came back . . . this time, to make an arrest!

When Hannah Hen understood that one of her eggs was a million-dollar emerald, she gave it right back and said smugly, "Each of my chicks will be worth *more* than a million dollars to *me*!"

As for Bosco Bear and Fred Fox . . . *they* were speechless!



# BINKY

KEN HULTGREN

OL' MAN JONES, THE BUTCHER, SOLD ME ALL THESE BONES FOR JUST FIFTY CENTS!

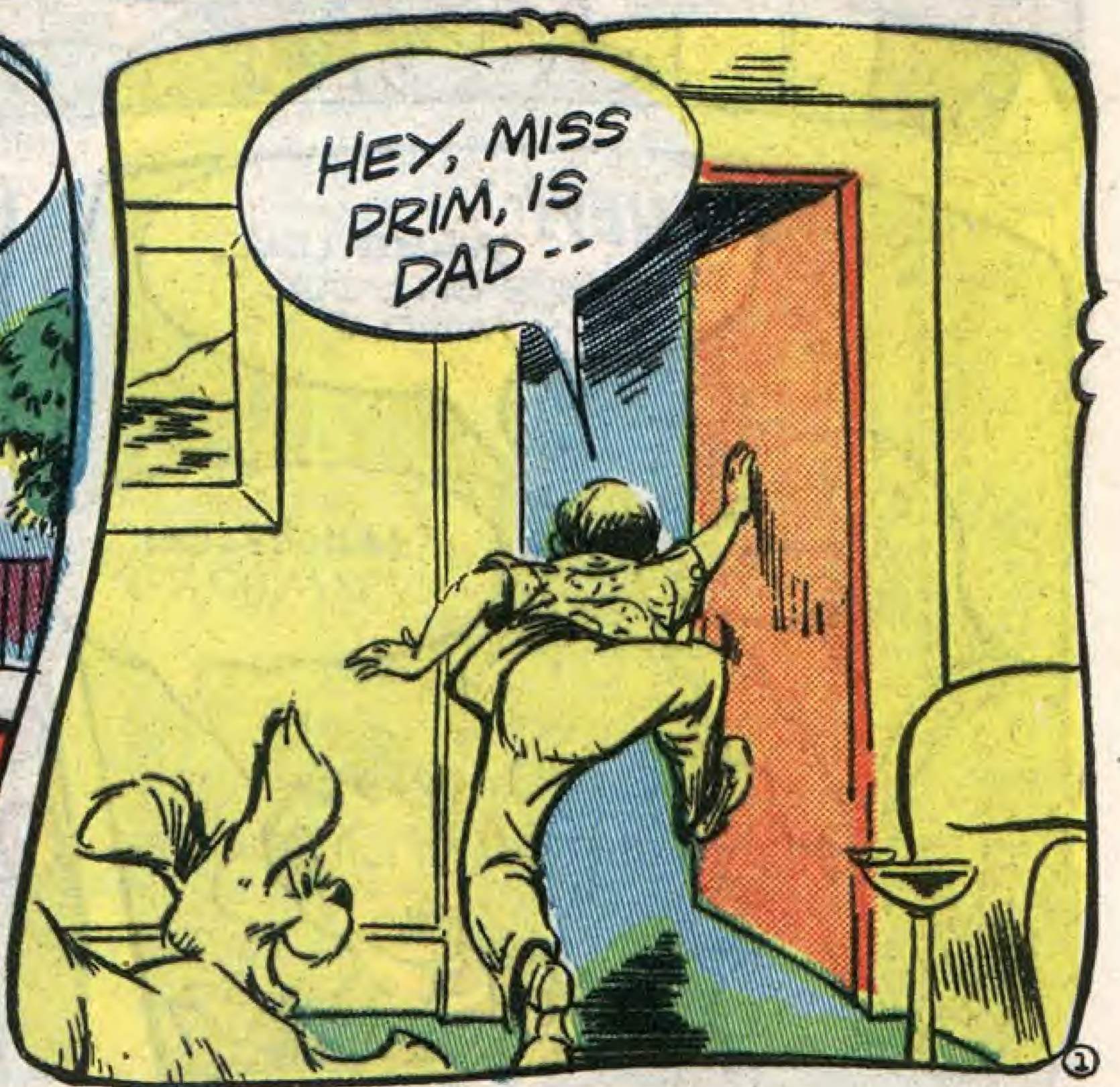
WOW!!  
WOTTA  
DEAL!!



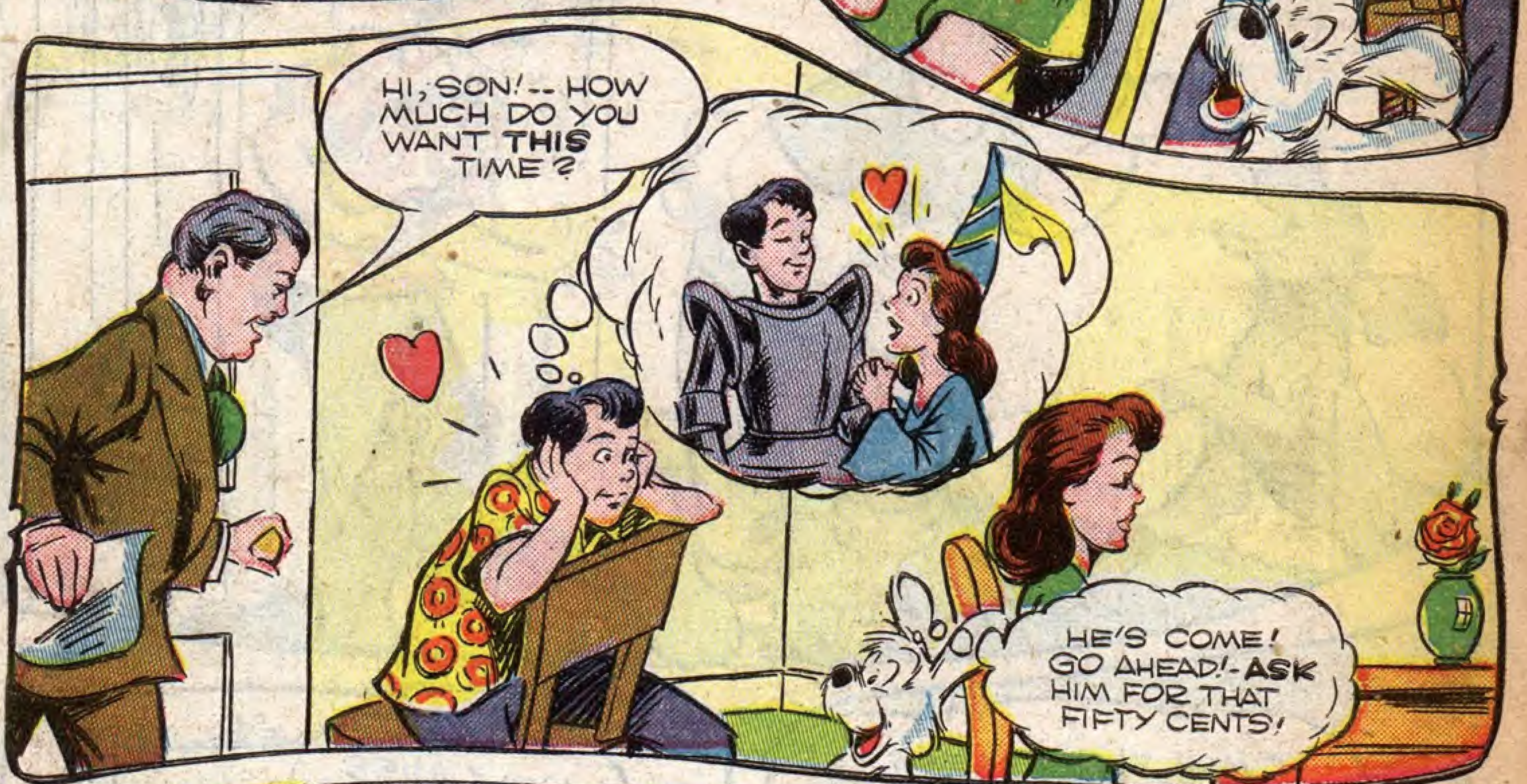
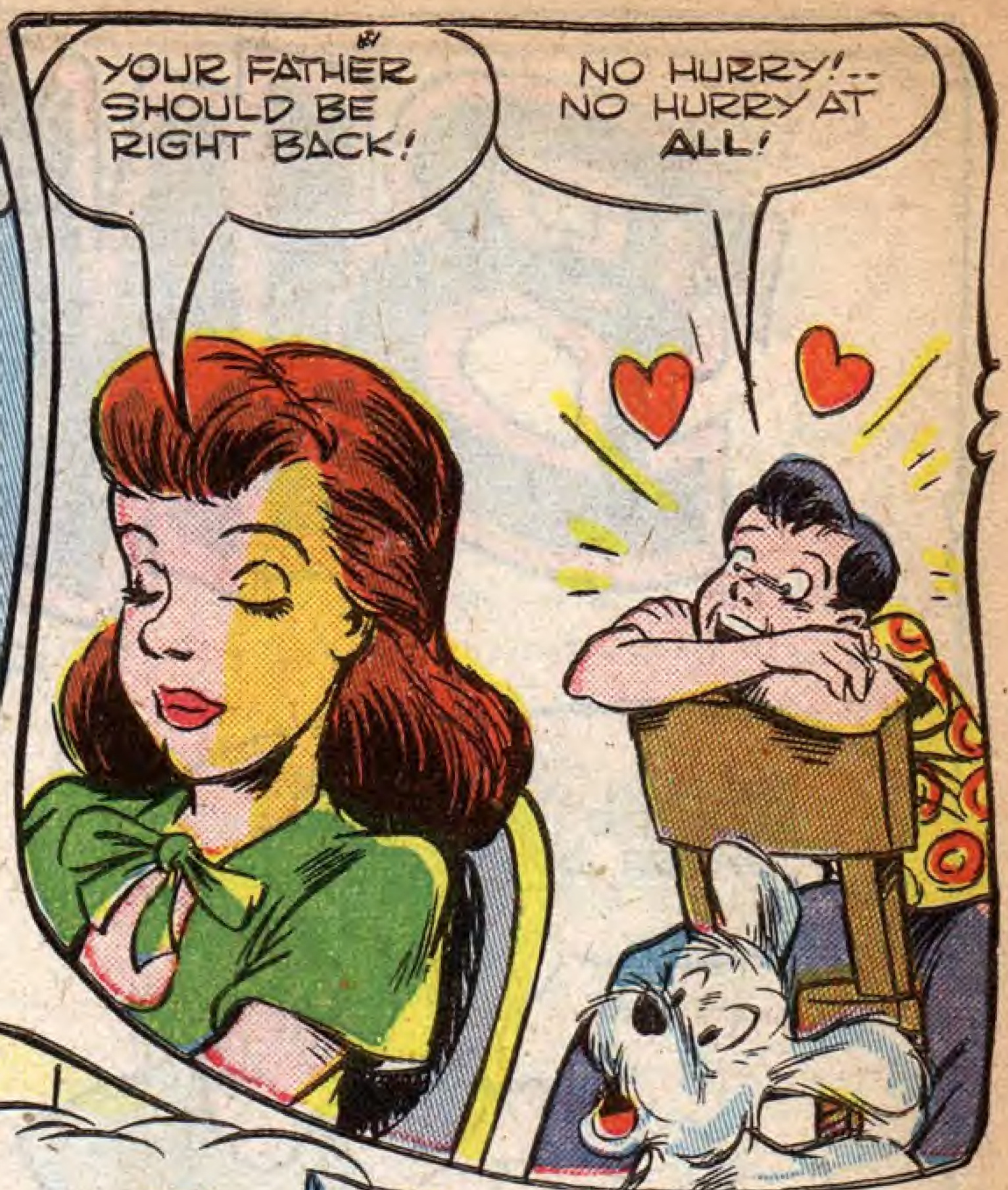
C'MON, BINKY! -- LET'S  
TEAR DOWN TO DAD'S OFFICE  
AND GET FIFTY CENTS!--  
I'LL BUY SOME BONES FOR  
YOU TOO!



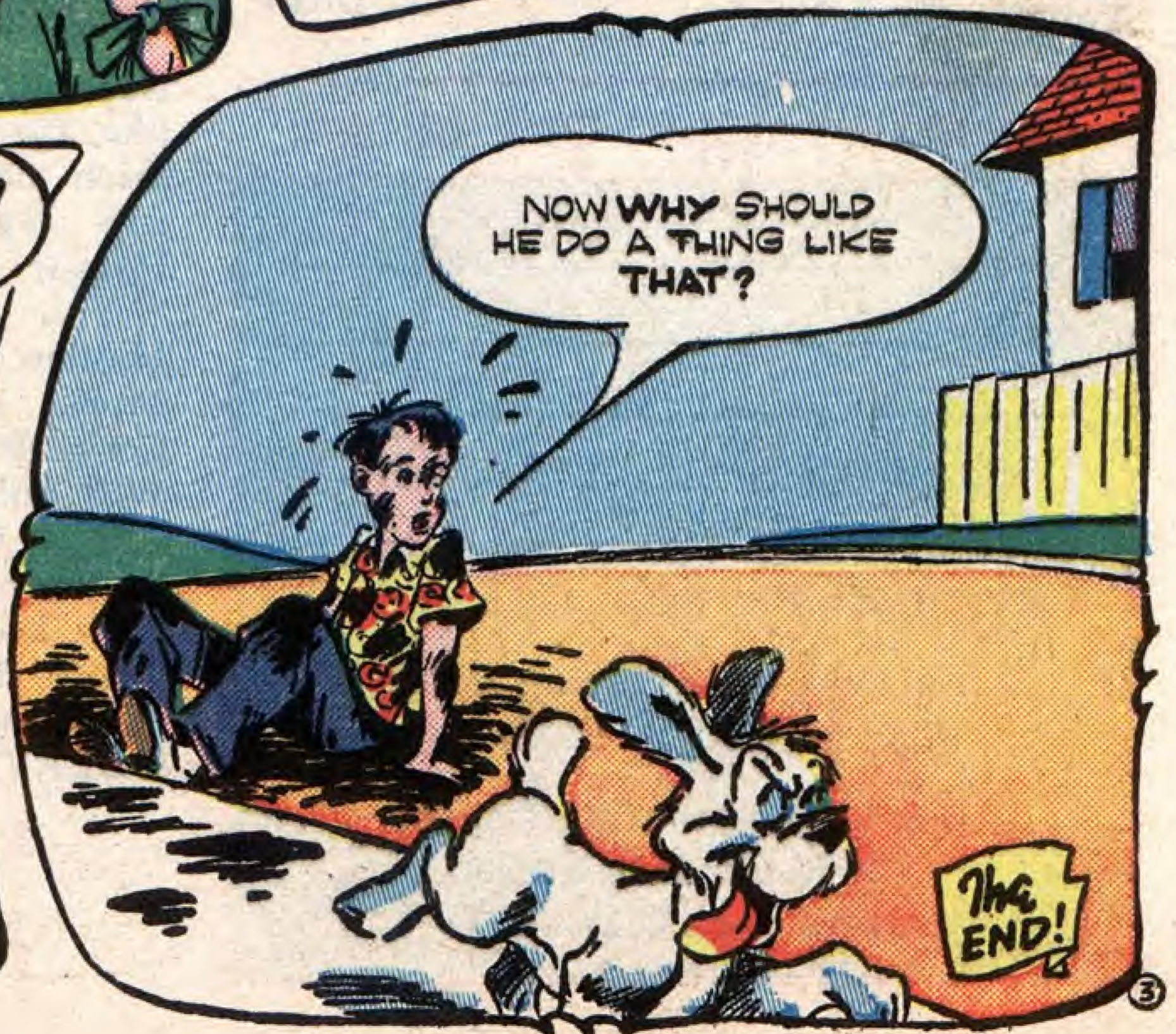
HEY, MISS  
PRIM, IS  
DAD --













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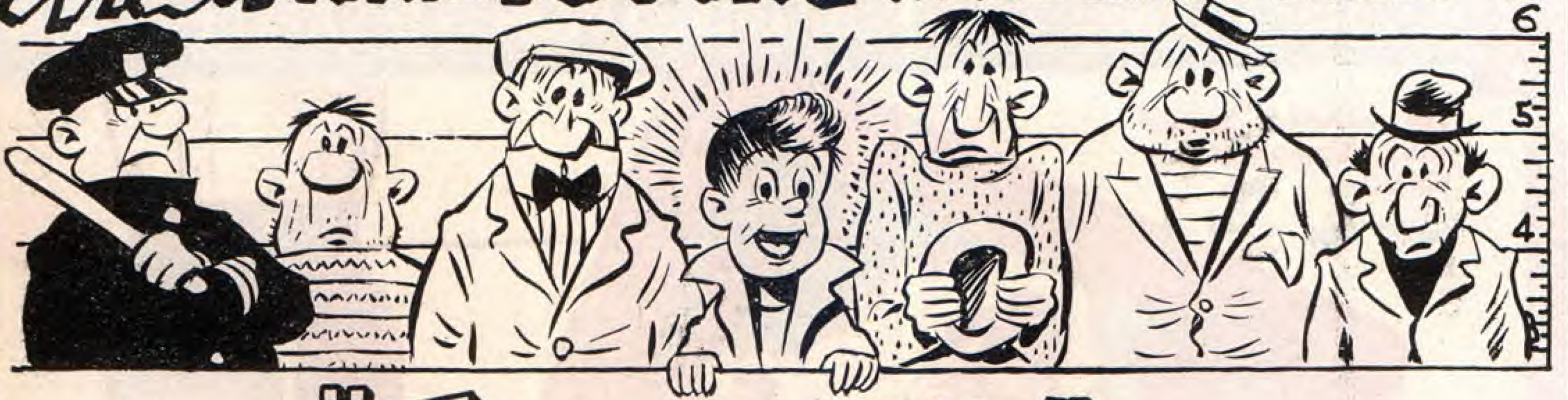
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-- AND HERE'S WHO'S IN IT!



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